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True Stories of the War for the Union

Personal Experiences and Observations of Union Soldiers in the Several Campaigns.

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THE TRIBUNE ASSOCIATION,
1893.

INTRODUCTION.

The New-York Tribune has for many years devoted a page in each issue of its Weekly edition (and in one issue per week of its Semi-Weekly edition) not only to news of interest to Union veterans, but to tales of the War for the Union, written by Union soldiers and sailors who actually took part in the incidents narrated, or who, at least, were witnesses to the stirring adventures described by them. Many of these tales have a value beyond that which they possess as narratives of the heroic deeds of American manhood. They frequently attain the dignity of genuine contributions to the history of war. That which the private soldiers and company officers saw is as necessary to a true understanding of the war as are the general movements of large bodies of troops and the final results of battles and campaigns, which have already been so copiously reported by the brigade, division and corps commanders.

The Tribune has taken great pleasure in bringing out and placing on record the stories of the men who did the actual fighting. Twice before it has published volumes containing the best of these stories; and it now contributes to the permanent history of the war a third series of these stories written by Union soldiers for The Weekly Tribune.

A glamour of romance attaches especially to the great wars and chivalric exploits of the distant past; and the writers of fiction are fond of incorporating in their works the stirring adventures of the time of the Crusades, the wars of Napoleon, the military exploits of Egypt, Rome and Greece, and the exciting deeds of the American Revolution. But no deeds more heroic, no adventures more romantic and no incidents more novel and striking were ever witnessed in any war than can be related of the War for the Preservation of the American Union. Of these latter every American youth should read. And it is especially necessary that he should read of them now, in these piping times of peace, when every influence which will foster a true love of country and the purest spirit of devoted Americanism is so necessary to the welfare of the great Republic. A large number of American families sent no representative from their membership to bear arms for the Union. Among these families (and, strange to say, among some of the others) there are too often found at this day men to whom it comes easy to scoff at the Union veteran and to underrate his services to the country. They do not know whereof they speak. Let every American youth read, if he will, the reports of the great generals; but let him also read The Tribune's stories from the pens of privates and company officers. The former will instruct him in the general history of the war. The latter will inspire him with a sentiment of deepest love of his country and countrymen. He will learn from these to be grateful for the services of the Union volunteers, proud of their manhood, thankful to be one of their countrymen, and filled with the deepest respect and admiration for their character. The man who once comes to understand the motives, the personal character, the sacrifices and the dreadful sufferings of the volunteers of the Union Army and Navy will never again be fond of the company of those who think that the Union volunteer "has been paid enough" for his services and that he is not worthy of the highest honors the country can bestow.

There is no politics in The Tribune's War Stories. Nevertheless, many of them unconsciously, entirely without intention, answer many of the attacks which it suits the convenience of the Democratic party to make on the Union volunteer and the system of pensions. Those who have so little knowledge of the war as to believe that the Union Army was made up largely of "bounty jumpers" should read "The Boys of the Color Company" on the following pages. It is within the memory of every one who was of age at the time of the war that that graphic story presents the exact picture of how the troops were raised and the material of which they were composed in all parts of the Northern country. These were the kind of men who were the Union volunteers.

TRUE STORIES OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

Personal Experiences and Observations of Union Soldiers in the Several Campaigns.

OUR CHIVALRY IN BLUE

A STORY WHICH THRILLS.

THE BOYS OF THE COLOR COMPANY.

THE WAY THE REGIMENTS WERE RAISED—THE MEN WHO COMPOSED THEM—FATE OF THE BOYS OF A COMPANY OF THE 115TH N. Y.

(From The Weekly Tribune of January 18.)

"Without a single officer and with only twenty of the boys." That is the way one company—the color company of the regiment—returned from the war. Of 160 officers and men borne on the company rolls, who had marched away from home and family and friends, only twenty came back, bringing with them "two tattered and battle-stained flags." The story as told elsewhere in this paper is only the plain, unstudied narrative of a veteran who was part of it all, from the meeting in the little church in the village where the pastor and the Sunday-school superintendent, the farmer boys and mechanics put their names to the muster-roll, to the day when the twenty brought back their tattered flags with high and honorable pride, not unmixed with sadness, and were mustered out. To say of a story that it is "as good as a novel," or "as interesting as a romance," passes for high praise. But this story of Company H of the 115th New-York is better and more interesting than either, without suggesting any comparison; it is so unlike anything in the form of fiction. There is no play of the imagination in it: a more simple and unaffected recital of a series of stirring events could hardly be conceived: and yet few readers, we venture to say, will finish its perusal without the quivering of the lips, the rising in the throat, the moisture in the eye which betoken sympathy and deep emotion.

But it is only one of hundreds of just such stories that the rural communities, the villages and small towns throughout the North could furnish of the war period and the active part these little centres of population took in the great tragedy. There is a distinctness of detail, a realistic presentation of local and personal characteristics and a homely simplicity of narrative about this story that make it vastly more effective than any studied elaboration or effort of art. To the old it will bring back with vivid clearness the scenes at the opening of the war; the war meetings in town halls and village churches and district schoolhouses; the universal thrill of awakened patriotism that went through all the land to the smallest hamlet and remotest farm; the stir and movement of the great uprising; the massing of troops, the marching away, the long, wearisome waiting for news from camp and field and hospital, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, which through the four years of war kept the whole people tense, eager and expectant. To the young it may serve as a stimulant to patriotism and perhaps as a rebuke to selfish love of ease and indifference to public concerns. And no one, young or old, can fail to be attracted by its simplicity and unaffected pathos.

It is well, too, to remember in these piping times of peace, when we are beginning to talk about the enormous cost to the country of providing for the surviving soldiers of the war and the widows and orphans of those who laid down their lives for the Union, that it is to such men as these of Company H, all true men, brave, honest and self-sacrificing, that we owe the existence of the Government; but for them we should not have been a Nation.

Half Moon, N. Y., Jan. 14.—In July, 1862, the writer of this sketch, then a rosy-cheeked boy, was raking and binding rye in a field on his father's farm in Saratoga County, N. Y., and was in a deep study over President Lincoln's recent proclamation calling for 600,000 men to put down the Rebellion. I was descended from patriotic ancestry. On my mother's side they fought for liberty in the Revolution. On my father's side by my great-grandfather was a soldier, and lost his eyesight during a great sandstorm on the desert of Arabia. I inherited love of country; and the firing on Fort Sumter stirred my patriotic blood. I relate minutiae in detail because they fairly describe the situation in thousands of homes all over the North; and thousands upon thousands of other boys were led to go out in defence of their country by similar ways, facts and sentiments. I began to feel that the work on the farm was tame and of small importance. It was with great

difficulty that I restrained the fire of youthful impatience and patriotism. As I mowed along in my monotonous work my mind became made up. Suddenly turning around to my cousin, who was raking and binding rye at my side and who was a much younger boy, I said: "Henry, will you enlist if I do?"

"Yes," replied Henry, with spirit, "if you enlist, I will."

Sticking the handle of my rake into the ground, and remarking that I had bound my last sheaf of rye, I started for the house, meeting father on the way. He looked surprised that I had quit work at that time of day and in such a hurrying time; but he said nothing, neither did I say anything to him about what I intended to do, although I wondered what he would think when he found out that he had lost both of his boys, with nearly all of the harvest still to be gathered.

Upon reaching the house I had not the heart to say anything to mother about it, although quite sure that she would approve of my purpose, although it would cause her many a pang. Hurriedly changing my clothes, I made my way rapidly to the little village of Clifton Park, close at hand, and securing a team and wagon made arrangements for taking a load of men and boys accompanied by fifers and drummers and flags and singers to a war meeting which was to be held that night in the church in the village of Half Moon, only a few miles away. Similar meetings were being held in the churches in all the neighboring villages to secure volunteers for Captain Smith's new company.

The church was crowded with people. The pulpit and walls were covered with flags. Stirring speeches were made by George B. Lorrimer, of Boston, and Captain Smith. Patriotic songs were sung by the glee clubs, the bands played, and the pastor of the church kissed the flag draped behind the pulpit, pledging himself as a volunteer in the company, and his congregation to eternal fidelity to the Union. There was wild enthusiasm, and the scene was indescribable. Volunteers were then called for, and enlistment papers were passed down the aisles for the purpose of giving the boys a chance to enlist. All were watching with intense interest to see who would volunteer. Some of those who did enlist were pretty old men, nevertheless we called them all "boys." The pastor of the church passed down the aisle where I was seated with one paper, but did not offer it to me as he did to the others. I had come down on purpose to enlist and needed no urging, but I suppose he thought I looked too young and boyish for a soldier. His ideal of a soldier was a great broad-chested stalwart man about forty years of age. This ideal he slightly modified later on. The superintendent of the Sunday-school, Samuel Peters, who was also the leading physician, was going out as one of the surgeons of the regiment. The neighboring Methodist preacher, Rev. S. W. Clemins, an eloquent speaker and patriotic man, put his name down as a private, afterward becoming the only chaplain the regiment ever had. The superintendent of his Sunday-school followed his example. These enlistments of representative men had a powerful influence.

I was indignant; "Father Abraham" was calling for the boys to come and help save the country, and I was not even asked to enlist. Subduing my feelings as much as possible, I called the pastor back and asked him to let me see his paper, which he reluctantly did, when I quickly put my name down. "Enlisted for three years, or during the war;" supposing, however, that it was only for two years. My cousin, who said he would enlist if I did, was seated right behind me, so I turned round and requested him to put his name down, but he quietly said he guessed not. However, the next morning, before I was out of bed, he was in my bedroom, and then and there enlisted as a drummer boy. He was my first recruit. I confess that there were times in the years that followed when I almost regretted having called the pastor back.

RECRUITING FOR MEN.

Bright and early the next morning, after informing father and mother of what I had done and gaining their approval, I started out with enlistment papers to visit the boys and men of my acquaintance on the surrounding farms. I told them the simple story of my enlistment, and asked them to volunteer, which they nearly all did, although the farmers would be obliged to call upon the mothers and daughters to help secure the harvest, since the boys were nearly all going to the war.

It is indeed a wise and merciful provision of Providence that men cannot foresee the events of the future, although some of the boys who enlisted that day did not fare so badly.

Orlando Swartwout got up from his dinner table and, while talking at the door for a moment, put down his name, served clean through the war, was wounded twice, and is now a prosperous banker in an Ohio city.

James W. Hicks, son of the patriotic Justice of the Peace, I found in the barn; he said he would go; as he was only seventeen, we stepped over to his father's office to get his written consent, which was readily given, although the Judge thought James pretty young; our comrade came back home in a coffin.

Peter Butler lived the fourth house from us; and although Peter became one of the company cooks he always carried a gun in battle, and at the charge of Fort Gilmer seized the flag when the color-sergeant fell, and gallantly led the regiment until he, too, fell, wounded. Coming back home again, like many more, he found his occupation gone, so with a large family of small children he moved to the city to get work. He tried, but failed; starvation haunted his home. One night, coming home sick, that brave man found his wife helpless on the bed with one of her children clasped in her arms a corpse, dead from hunger. Nearly distracted, the poor man ran out for a doctor for his wife, and on returning found that she, too, was dead. In the dead of night, out in the country ("God's country"), Farmer Jones heard some object fall heavily upon his stoop, and thought he heard

a groan. Getting out of bed, he found the insensible form of Peter Butler lying there. The veteran had walked nine miles to a neighbor's near his old home to get help, and fell before reaching the door. Peter did not go back to the city nor look again for work. His work on earth was done. He died in Farmer Jones's home, and he has been quietly sleeping in the village cemetery for these many years.

Will Shants was working in the field when I called on him with my enlistment papers. I held the paper against a rail fence while he signed. A brave soldier, twice wounded, and at length safely home.

Wesley Hayner's young wife said she would never say he should not go; she was for the Union. He went. During the charge at the crater before Petersburg, when the thermometer was more than 100 degrees in the shade, Wesley received a sunstroke which finally carried him off; he was "mustered out." Some time later, the dead body of his faithful wife was found floating in the Hudson.

Losee Filkins left the toll-gate and put on the blue. He now lives a retired and quiet life.

On a lovely Sunday the pastors of the four neighboring churches preached their farewell sermon. All the "boys" were there. So were their mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives. The services were solemn and affecting. The company camped in a meadow near the village of Fonda, where the regiment was forming. It was soon full and more than full. Another regiment was formed with the surplus men. Without taking time to drill, the 115th New-York Volunteers hurried off to the front on the swiftest trains and in a few days were under the fire of the enemy.

After various arduous services and many hardships we found ourselves in South Carolina. Early in 1864 General Gillmore resolved to send an expedition into Florida to stir up the enemy there. He did not, however, contemplate bringing on a general engagement, for he hastily followed the expedition in person and expressly charged the commanding officer to avoid doing so. For the purpose of the invasion all the available troops in the department, both white and black, were concentrated at Hilton Head and placed under the command of General Seymour. On February 4 marching orders were issued to the entire command to carry six days' rations, three of them in haversacks, all tents, camp equipages and baggage to be left behind. This looked like active service and long marches. Late in the afternoon of the 6th the entire division, 7,000 men, embarked on thirty-five steamers and transports and sailed for Jacksonville. The next afternoon just as the sun was sinking out of sight, bathing the deep blue sky in a blaze of glory, the fleet suddenly appeared before the city. The inhabitants were surprised. The vessels were gay with National bunting, decks crowded with soldiers and bands all playing. The first mate of the steamer General Hunter and a colored soldier of the 55th Massachusetts were shot, but without other violence we took peaceable possession of the city.

Camp Finnegan, ten miles distant, the largest in the State, was charged and captured at midnight, the garrison fleeing to the swamps. Baldwin was taken on the 9th and Sanderson on the 11th. We were kept busy day and night making raids. The long and tedious marches in various directions through swamps and the fording of rivers continued until we were pretty well exhausted. Garrisons were left at all of the places captured, reducing our advancing army to 5,000 men.

CARNAGE AT OLUSTEE.

On the morning of the 20th, very much fatigued by our hard marches, and after eating a light breakfast without coffee, we moved forward rapidly to a point near Olustoe, about eighteen miles distant. The boys seemed in good spirits. The woods and swamps bore an innocent and peaceful look, and danger seemed far away. All at once the report of a single gun, sharp and startling, was heard in our front. The order to halt was abruptly given. Why stop for a single gun? Why not march on? Climbing the railroad bank to learn the cause, I saw an unexpected scene. In an open space of ground on the edge of a piece of woods in our immediate front was a long and heavy skirmish line of the enemy. An equal number of the boys in blue were advancing to drive them back. After a stubborn fight the enemy disappeared into the woods. In that wood lay concealed in ambuscade an army of 16,000 men drawn hurriedly from Georgia, North and South Carolina and Florida. The treetops were swarming with expert riflemen who soon did fearful execution. We were soon to receive our first great baptism of blood.

Our batteries of artillery went thundering past and disappeared in the woods. We heard them fire once or twice; then there was a sharp rattle of musketry for a few moments, and all was as still as death—painfully, oppressively silent. The sharpshooters had done their deadly work. The batteries were annihilated, the horses were all shot and piled up in heaps, and the officers and men were nearly all killed and wounded.

The infantry were now ordered forward at a double quick in great haste. Our regiment numbered 578, all told, officers and men, and was under the command of Colonel Sammons, who rode up and down the line during the battle, though desperately wounded. Of this number, during the next three hours more than 300 men were killed or wounded. The odds against us were desperate. It seemed madness for us to attack. Nevertheless, we almost won, yet lost the battle. The valor of no 5,000 men on earth could ever have gained the day. Oh, for a reinforcement of 5,000, or even 2,000, men equally brave to come to our support at sundown! Then we might have won.

Our two file leaders and the tallest men in our company that day were Philip Link and Charles H. Mulliken. If they had not been so tall, perhaps they might both have been alive to-day. Charlie was young and strong, and seemed sure of a long life, but he was the first one to die, shot through the head as we were charging upon the foe. It seemed cruel

to leave his body alone, although his spirit had fled. His father, the village blacksmith, waiting in his declining years for his son's return, would never again see the arm of his stalwart son striking the anvil in his shop. Philip Link was an old, white-haired man; he was destined never to go back to run the old gristmill at home, for while in the front line of battle a rifleman in a treetop fixed his gaze on the old man, and, raising his rifle, fired. Uncle Philip turned black in the face, threw up his hands and fell forward, shot through the head. Our dead were never buried and their bones bleached under the Southern sky.

George D. Cole, shot through both thighs, the left leg and body, was left on the field to die. But he fought off the buzzards, and after lying on the field for three days and spending one month at Andersonville, he still lives and shovels coal.

Our company was the color company and guarded the flags. The flags were beautiful ones, and had been presented to the regiment by the ladies at home at a cost of more than $1,000. We had promised never to allow them to be captured by the enemy. The force in our front tried hard to destroy the color guard and cut down the flags. Their riflemen took deadly aim and mowed down our men fearfully. Solid ranks charged, but were driven back. How Charlie Fellows, of our own company, and Peter J. Keck, of Company E, who held aloft the flags, ever escaped death God himself only knows; they ascribe their preservation to the protection and mercy of God. Braver men never lived. The rebels shook the Stars and Bars at us. Keck and Fellows waved our flags in defiance. Then came an awful concentrated leaden hail of death. Oscar L. Ackley was killed. James Wilson, another boy only seventeen, the life of the company, the son of a widowed mother, having fired his own sixty rounds of ammunition away, secured a fresh supply from a dead comrade's cartridge box. Levelling his gun for the sixty-first time, and seeing a dense mass of the enemy moving upon us, he said to Sergeant Gould in his usual pleasant way, "Which way shall I aim this time, Alf." He took good aim, but never fired, for he fell among the slain and one of the bright lights of our campfire and weary marches had gone out forever.

Richard Francis had been an old sailor, but he must die; and he fell dead at my feet with a great gaping wound, his blood and brains pouring out. In imagination I see the dreadful scene now as vividly as I did twenty-seven years ago.

Charlie De Graff was one of our nearest neighbors at home. A bullet struck him in the leg. After the battle he walked a little way and then lay down in the woods, saying that he could go no farther. I begged of him to make an effort or he would never see home again, but he said he was more comfortable where he was, so he remained. They took him to Andersonville, where he died, starved to death, August 18, 1864.

Three more of the boys, badly wounded, died—James H. Gettings at Andersonville, Andrew Stewart at Tallahassee and William Taylor on the way to prison.

Billy Smith, the jolly, good-natured German, left the Fatherland in order to escape military service there; but he put on the blue, and we lost him at Olustee. Billy never knew what killed him. Paul Englehart, a young German Roman Catholic, crossed himself and prayed audibly every time he fired his gun, and he escaped without a scratch. Among the wounded were Stone, Wing, Sampson, Phenix (drummer), Cudney, Connelly, Carr, Campbell, Brunswick, Van Housen and Clark.

Night came at last, putting an end to the carnage. Hardly a man had escaped some kind of wound. After firing away all of the ammunition, including that found upon the bodies of the dead and badly wounded, the bleeding and exhausted survivors slowly and sullenly fell back, under cover of the darkness, sending cheers of defiance to the enemy, who were too badly punished to pursue with vigor.

The month of May found us again in Virginia. Aaron Dillingham, the old Quaker farmer, who, to the surprise of all, had enlisted in our company, and who went about bidding everybody a pleasant goodby, not even forgetting the school children, had a dream, in which he learned that he would take part in only one battle, and that he would escape unharmed. His dream proved true, but soon after his return he died. The picture of the battle of which he dreamed was vividly presented before him. There were two heights, with a deep valley between. In the centre of the valley appeared a railroad track. On one height was a small army dressed in blue, and on the opposite one was a large army dressed in gray, with many cannons. All at once the men in gray started down the hill; then the men in blue gave a wild cheer and charged down the other hillside, reaching the railroad track first, when they instantly dropped behind an embankment and poured a withering fire into the hosts in gray, stopping their advance. In the mist he dimly saw a sight which chilled his blood—a large body of men in gray stealing around the flank of a regiment in blue, which seemed to be his own brothers, and he felt that they were lost, when suddenly a fine-looking young soldier from the midst of the regiment in blue rose up from the ground, and at a glance saw their peril, and in the face of a thousand bullets, gave the alarm: the men in blue cut their way through the hosts of gray and escaped, but many scores had fallen in the conflict, among the number being the fine-looking young soldier, who had saved his brothers. This proved to be a description of the battle of Chesterfield Heights and of our regiment, and the brave young soldier who saved the regiment was E. Raymond Fonda, of our company.

After numerous battles we reached the front of Petersburg. Charles Berry was killed at Cold Harbor. At Petersburg we charged at the right of the crater, when the big fort was blown up.

NEARLY WIPED OUT.

At the battle of Deep Bottom the regiment went into the fight with 175 muskets; after the fighting was over, only eighty men had been

left uninjured. Some of the bravest men in our company lost their lives at Deep Bottom. At one time during a desperate charge of the enemy a part of the Union line was forced back, and our regiment, maintaining its position, was raked by a most deadly cross-fire. The enemy seemed determined to capture the colors; and color-bearers were shot down almost as fast as brave men could spring forward and pick them up. But there seemed to be no lack of men in our and other companies to give away their lives for the dear old flag. While attempting to plant his flag on the rebel works, Sergeant Keck fell badly wounded; but Sergeant Fellows, close by his side, held his own flag in one hand and with his other hand grasped the falling colors and waved them triumphantly aloft. James K. P. Himes sprang forward and said: "Give me that flag!" Taking it in his hands, he shouted: "Come on boys!" and led the regiment. A bullet struck him in the breast and passed through his right lung, inflicting a mortal wound. He fell forward upon his face, and had just time to gasp: "Charley, I die for my country," when his brave spirit took its flight.

There was a slight-built boy in our company with nerves of steel and great powers of endurance, who never even took his ration of rum in the malarious districts of the Carolinas. The boys made light of this at the time, but were sorry afterward that they did so. He was a lovely Christian youth, who never missed a day's duty or a single battle. His name was Abbott C. Musgrove. His love of country and flag bordered on the sublime. It was sure and certain death to any one who should dare to raise the flag again; but, without a moment's hesitation, this youth once again raised it on high. A bullet crashed through his brain, and he said, "I die happy." The boys managed to carry him from the field and, wrapped in his suit of blue, they laid him away in a narrow grave, and many were the tears that were shed.

In this terrible struggle we suffered nearly an irreparable loss. Captain Smith, who had hitherto shared with the company in all its perils, and originated and led it in many daring and successful undertakings, received various wounds. His arm was shot to pieces and he escaped with his life by the narrowest chance. He was unable to do further service. No braver officer served in the Union Army. George Van Der Cook lost his arm: George Houghtaling was wounded and captured. Ambrose Fowler and others were wounded. The flags were saved from capture but with much difficulty and at a great cost.

On the 29th of September our regiment aided in storming Fort Gilmer and carried the works in its front, obtaining possession of a vital point. Two days later General Lee moved his best troops and made a most determined assault to retake the works, but was disastrously repulsed with the loss of many battle flags and the destruction of a whole brigade. Sergeant Fellows was a big man, weighing at least 240 pounds, and had a big heart. He carried one stand of colors in every battle from Olustee to Fort Gilmer and won lasting glory and renown. He usually kept away in advance of the regiment. He planted his flag on the enemy's works at Cold Harbor and in the midst of a fearful storm of grape and canister gained the crest of Cemetery Hill at the right of the crater and held his flag there. In every engagement he was a hero. At Fort Gilmer we lost him. While charging the great fort, his right leg was shattered, and in the changing fortunes of the day he had to be left on the field, although the boys tried hard to carry him off. After lying there for twenty-four hours the rebels performed a wetched amputation, which did not wring from him a single groan. He was sent to Annapolis under parole and his wife and father saw him die. He was buried with military honors at his old home in Mechanicville, where he sleeps by the side of the gallant Ellsworth. On the day of the funeral all business in the village was suspended and the town was wrapped in mourning. Above the pulpit in the church a beautiful inscription read:

"He gave up his life his country to save,
And claimed for the sacrifice only a grave."

Lieutenant Filkins was my old tent-mate. We fought side by side and we drank out of the same canteen. He was wounded at Petersburg, and he now sleeps in the Union Cemetery at Crescent with Abram Filkins and John Silvernail. On each Decoration Day we place flowers on his grave, which is all that we can do.

George Alexander was killed at Darbytown road. Benjamin Thackerah had his leg shattered and Almin E. Stone his arms. Sergeant Van Housen was badly wounded twice.

The regiment was in the first expedition to Fort Fisher under General Butler, and came near being lost at sea in a great storm off the coast of North Carolina.

A HORRIBLE EXPLOSION.

On the night of January 3, 1865, it marched through a driving snow storm to Bermuda Hundreds, Va., and embarked on the second expedition to Fort Fisher under General Terry. On Sunday, January 15, after seven hours of desperate fighting, the strongest fortification in America and many prisoners were captured. The next morning at 8 o'clock a dreadful catastrophe occurred. While our regiment, with some others of the brigade were eating breakfast, the main magazine of the fort over which they were resting exploded with a terrible noise, wounding, bruising and burying alive nearly the whole brigade. Our regiment with its small force lost 110 men in killed, wounded and buried alive. Some of the boys were buried twenty feet beneath the mass of falling shells, timbers and earth, and were never found. George T. Hoag and John R. Watt, though wounded, were fortunate enough to be rescued from a horrible death.

The southern fever and kindred diseases carried off many comrades—Everetts, House, Richardson, Shepherd, Richards, Hennigan, Near, Dugan, Abel, Gettings and Higgins.

HOME, 20 STRONG, OUT OF 160.

At last the cruel war was over. The last enemy had surrendered, and gallant Company H, which had had 160 officers and men on its rolls, marched through the streets of the capital city of the

Empire State homeward bound with two tattered and battle-stained flags, but without a single officer and with only twenty of the boys. Since that happy day some have crossed over the river We shall never again hear the eloquent and persuasive voice of Chaplain Clemens, the fighting chaplain, for he has gone to his reward. We never shall forget how badly Sam Seymour felt when transferred to a regular battery, but he got through all right, and came back; but one day poor Sam was too sick to drive his team on the horsecar and went home to die. Bayard and Kelley Allen, Look Northrup and Henry Shants have all been "mustered out." Fred S. Goodrich left us to be a captain in Colonel Higginson's colored regiment, and he is now in Washington knocking at the door of the House for admission as Congressman-elect from the De Land District in Florida.

Most of the boys are getting old and gray Isaac V. Irish, with only one eye, is working at his trade at nearly fourscore years. Peter Folinsbee is a pensioner upward of eighty years of age. Johnny Mulligan, a mighty man on picket, with a voice which on a still night could be heard for half a mile, who was the delight of the grand rounds, is, I think, the oldest survivor of the war, being more than 100 years of age. Eleven of the very bravest and best men in the company through some protecting Providence managed to go through the storm of battle to the end of the war without serious wounds, and these living heroes claim a place on the rolls of fame. They are comrades Gould, Gorham, William S. Clemens (son of the chaplain), Honsinger, Halpin, Lappens, Andrew Smith, Steinburgh, Ezra Stone, J. H. Van DerCook and Horace Wing. We are now scattered, and our number is growing smaller. As we meet at our annual reunion only eight or ten of the "boys," and some of these from distant States, are able to meet to talk over the times which tried men's souls. Our last reunion on earth will soon be held, and in a few years we shall all have passed over to the silent majority.—(J. H. Clark.

SIX BOYS FROM ONE FAMILY.

Middlefield, Ohio, Jan. 26.—I was born and raised a Republican, my father, John Bower, being one of the old-time Free Soilers, and a rank Abolitionist. He entertained and helped to run off many a poor "fugitive" from his cruel taskmaster when I was a child at home. He also raised six sons, five of whom enlisted in the Union Army as soldiers. The sixth one, Eli Bower, would have done the same, but his father was getting old and refused to let him go. However, when there was a dearth of workingmen for the Government the father consented to let Eli go as a mechanic.

Eli was sent to Chattanooga to work on bridges. He there contracted malarial fever, which resulted in his death September 4, 1865.

Daniel C. Bower, of the 105th O. M. I., was shot and killed at the battle of Chickamauga, December 19, 1863. He was only twenty-two years old. Three of my brothers in all went into that terrible fight—B. F. Bower, commonly called "Frank," my oldest brother, David C. and John L.

Robert S. Bower was in the 9th Ohio and in all the hard fought battles in which the 9th Ohio was engaged. He was one of the very first to enlist under the first call by President Lincoln for three months' men. He served out the time and re-enlisted for three years, or during the war. The 9th was not, as I understand it, in that fight.

Of the three brothers at Chickamauga only one came out unhurt, and that one lost his captain. Brother David was killed. Frank was struck on the left shoulder by a piece of shell, knocked down and supposed to have been killed; but he recovered, crawled back on his hands and knees to an ambulance and was taken to the hospital. When he was able to go he was sent home on parole. He left us a stout, healthy man; he returned to us simply a skeleton. We do not know where the body of David now lies.

John was an orderly on General Hazen's staff, but was put into the ranks in times of battle. He had a horse at his command. Receiving the news of brother Daniel's death after the battle, he determined to secure his body if possible, and rode out upon the field where his comrades said he had fallen. He had nearly reached the spot when a body of rebel cavalry came yelling down toward him. He was obliged to turn his horse and run for life. A bullet grazed his cheek. He belonged to the 41st Ohio, brother Frank to the 87th Indiana.

The youngest son, Adolphus C. Bower, was born January 14, 1848, and enlisted at the call for six months' men. He was stationed at Cumberland Gap, Ky. We hear a great deal about the "youngest enlisted soldier of the war," a number claiming the honor. My brother has never made a claim, but we think there were few younger men than he in the ranks. He was a large, stout, manly-looking boy, appearing much older than he really was. When he returned after serving out his enlistment he was, as the saying is, "skin and bones." He is now working for the Elmira Paint Roofing Company, in your State, and is a large and fine-looking man. He writes me he is called "Grover Cleveland" by some, in consequence of his resemblance to that celebrity.

All the other brothers are dead excepting John L., who became a veteran by re-enlisting. He was sent to Galveston, Tex., served out his enlistment, was discharged, and now lives in Kansas. Frank, John and Adolphus married after the war closed. Frank had one son, who is finely educated and is now a shorthand writer employed in an office in New-York City. His address is 118 West Sixty-first-st., and his name Ernest Clyde Bower.

Five of my brothers were successful school teachers.

My father died May 2, 1879, of heart failure, the result of hard work. He was a man of noble nature, honest, upright and honorable. He was magistrate for many years, a colonel and a captain in the State militia.

The war made dreadful havoc in our family, but I think we would give it all again, more if need be, to save our country from destruction.—(Mrs. S. A. Gilson.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

LOCHINVAR IN UNION BLUE.

A WILD AND FEARFUL RACE FOR LOVE AND SAFETY—AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

The age of chivalry never witnessed more daring and romantic deeds than were wrought during our civil war, although in many cases the hand of genius has been wanting to preserve them and give them permanent form in print. One instance, in which Truth was really stranger than Fiction, has been indelibly graven upon my mind, having been partly enacted before me, and in part related by those who shared in its pathetic and terrible scenes.

In telling the story I must condense acts which glowed with dramatic vividness into small compass. In the middle of May, 1863, fate brought us—a detached party on special service—close to a fine plantation a few miles back from the Shenandoah. The estate was owned by Judge Livingstone, a bitter Confederate, who held the rank of Major in the Southern army. We were restrained from injuring the mansion and surroundings owing to the fact that his daughter was a faithful Unionist. In the absence of her father she dwelt alone, except that she retained two trusty colored people, old Uncle Jep and his wife, the rest having stampeded. We were all great admirers of beauty, and each day we were delighted with the spectacle when young Isabel walked in the labyrinthine flower garden. Aunt Chloe and her husband were familiar and welcome figures in our camp, for they brought us many dainties from the hand of the planter's daughter.

Not many days after we had pitched camp Uncle Jep brought a note from his young mistress asking Captain Morse to come over to the house for a few moments on business. He complied, and soon afterward a rumor flew among us that a wounded Union soldier was in shelter at the mansion. This was a venturesome thing in every way, because the sentiment of the neighborhood was sanguinary, and the wrath of Judge Livingstone would have been terrible had the facts come to his knowledge. But the old servants were true and kept the secret, except from us, who soon gleaned the few facts they knew of their guest. He was a lieutenant in some Eastern regiment. Uncle Jep had found him, badly wounded in some foray, on a distant part of the plantation.

Isabel's care soon worked wonders, and soon after our arrival she brought the wounded man occasionally to take an airing on a rustic seat in the garden. He was very pale, and moved with apparent difficulty, but we were much pleased with his appearance, and as the days went by began to weave a little romance about the pair. But the old colored couple told us something which greatly aroused our sympathy. Colonel Legare was a wealthy planter, about forty miles up the river, and commanded Major Livingstone's regiment. He was about forty years of age, a burly, uncouth, swearing bully of the worst Southern type. His morals were bad; he was a gamester and duelist. Originally a slave driver, he had made his money in dealing in human chattels, and by other questionable occupations. A thin veneering of politeness masked his brutish nature. It would be hard to imagine a more unsavory character. But he wanted young Isabel, and her father swore that she should marry him. We had little to do about that time outside of the ordinary duties of camp life, and the keeping a watchful eye on our line of communications, and on the movements of the treacherous guerillas. So the boys talked about the plantation episode, which seemed more likely to end in tragedy than happiness.

Before long Allen Lynn, who had hung between life and death for nearly three months in his cosey hiding place, began to appear among us, but always in the obscurity of night, for fear of endangering both himself and his fair hostess. He was a man of fine presence, developing gradually into an Achilles as he gained strength. We soldiers thought no goddess so worthy of him as Isabel Livingstone.

SO THEY PARTED.

All at once information came that the rebels were driving our army. This compelled us to move without delay while we could. The young lieutenant decided to join us, for his life would not be worth a straw if Isabel's father and her elder brother, Otis, should return. Besides, Wade Barton—a dissolute young man of the neighborhood—had been seen spying around for several days. This meant mischief, for Wade Barton had been an unwelcome suitor, and his enmity was dangerous.

I need not enlarge upon the peculiarly sad leave taking of the young man and woman. They had, evidently, plighted their troth, and separation meant they knew not what. Beyond those rugged hills, fiercely swept by the storms of nature and of war alike, she could find safety until peace returned, and with it her Yankee lover; and the whole command made bold, with our captain at the head, to march up to the front of the Judge's house to beg that she would leave this dreadful place. Lieutenant Lynn said nothing, although his wishes were shown plainly enough in his eyes. Still the devoted girl would not fly—as she then might—and leave her old father to find a desolate home. We were soon far away, and the region once more fell into Confederate hands.

Lieutenant Lynn left us at Winchester to rejoin his regiment, his health recovered. We missed him greatly, for he was a genial, every-day young officer.

A number of months passed—months of excitement and danger. Those were the days when Ewell and his opponents were alternately chasing each other up and down the Shenandoah Valley. Several times that region had changed hands. We were too busy to think of much except fighting. Yet my thoughts often recurred anxiously to the probable fate of the maiden whom we had left surrounded by terrible difficulties. One day I chanced to be at a station where several hundred colored refugees were

huddled together waiting for transportation north, when whom should I see but old Uncle Jep and Aunt Chloe? The moment they set their eyes upon me they rushed upon me, almost smothering me with their joyous but uncouth demonstrations. I wish I could depict their joy on paper, and had space to tell the history they gave me in their own racy vernacular.

"Lor' bress yer, Massa!" said Uncle Jep, his eyes rolling with excitement and his tongue lolling from his thick lips. "De sight ob you is better dan 'possum an' p'simmons. You's de fust one Chloe an' me found of Massa Linkum's good sogers dat was kind to sweet Missy Is'bel."

"Ah, Honey!" said Aunt Chloe, with an extra hug of her brawny black arms. "We'uns is jes' losted in all dis crowd of ord'nary fiel' niggers. No dear young lady any mo', an' no one dat knowed us an' keers for dese po' darkies since we'uns left old Luray. We'uns has 'quired and 'quired, but no good Cunnel Lynn, no dear Missy Is'bel."

I understood, and pitied their lonely plight. They were house-servants, and looked upon themselves as of another caste from the common plantation "hands." They were a rare old couple. When they had explained matters I comforted them greatly by promising to try to help find Miss Livingston and Colonel Lynn. I did this on my own account as well as theirs. Their recital brought vividly to my mind the young Southern woman and her brave soldier lover. They vied with each other in telling me what I was eager to hear. I will give the substance of what they told me as briefly as possible.

DOOMED TO A TERRIBLE FATE.

The Confederates came soon after we left; and among the rest Otis Livingstone and his father, joined soon after by Colonel Legare, who intruded his hateful politeness on Isabel, much to her disgust and that of her loyal servitors. Otis, the brother, commanded a company in Legare's regiment; and they were "hail fellows, well met" in conviviality, although the younger man was of a far less brutal nature than the Colonel. Wade Barton did not fail to insinuate his suspicions, but they could not make certain whether the stranger had not been one of our command. Uncle Jep and his wife were much persecuted, for their loyalty to their mistress was well known; but no information was wrung from them, although Legare coolly proposed to have them tied up by the thumbs and flogged until they confessed. This, however, was only bravado, intended to frighten the faithful slaves, but not to come to the hearing of Isabel, whose noble nature held the currish one of the former slave-driver in awe—brave though he was in his way. One thing was evident. There was great risk if our troops happened to gain permanent possession. After many consultations the trio determined that the marriage should be consummated before it might be too late. Of this decision the old Judge informed the hapless girl, instructing her to prepare the wedding outfit at once Isabel wept, and vainly strove to touch his paternal feelings.

"Oh, father!" she pleaded; "you cannot be so cruel as to force me to marry that wicked man. I detest and despise him. I wish only to remain with you."

"I will have no words from you," he replied. "The next thing, if I have to turn my back, you will be running off with one of those cursed Yankees."

"I could have done that when they left if I had any wish to do so," she answered; "but no one could make me leave you, my dear father."

"No matter: get ready without delay. Colonel Legare is a true soldier of the South, and a rich man as well. Obey me, my daughter."

Words were of no avail. It lacked only a week of the day when the sacrifice would be made. They were slow, sorrowful days for Isabel; and the old slaves could offer little consolation.

"Keep up yo' grit, dear Missy," old Aunt Chloe would cry. "Yer know de darkest hour am jus' befo' de dawn." Then she would break down in a flood of tears, which discredited her courageous words; and generally, in the end, the three had a good cry together.

"I wish Allan were here!" Isabel would exclaim; "he is my only hope. But no! It would be certain death for him without helping me."

JEP AND CHLOE CONSPIRE.

Through all the half stupor of her terrible distress there was one thing which greatly puzzled Isabel. There seemed to be some mystery between Uncle Jep and his wife which she could not understand. A number of times they were absent when needed, and frequently she came upon them unawares, catching them in the midst of grotesque consultations, bobbing their woolly old heads and motioning with their hands in a manner that made their young mistress laugh in spite of herself. On these occasions they invariably hung their heads and sneaked away with the unmistakably guilty look of conspirators. Still the girl did not doubt their fidelity, and none the less that they sustained her in the determination of taking no heed of her father's commands. Of course all this was not told me by the old people in so many words, but I easily inferred it from their account without much aid of imagination.

"Oh, honey!" said old Aunt Chloe, with protruding eyes, "Yo'rt to seen de heaps an' heaps ob fixin's dat de ole massa sent up. Pow'ful lots ob money dey cost, too, dese wah times. An' de wite wimin a sewin' day an' night; but dat bressed gal not so much as look at dem fine tings nor try dem on."

Otis Livingstone and Colonel Legare were inseparable companions, spending most of their time drinking and gambling at a low tavern three miles off. This was during the lull succeeding the manoeuvres which followed the decisive battle of Gettysburg. Meade and Lee lay observing each other and watching the progress of several minor operations at different points. It was the ominous calm between two great storms. The Confederate officers in that part of the valley found time to divert themselves for the time being almost without restraint, and this particular party found

plenty of aristocratic planters to assist them in their recreations. Wade Barton wished to join them, but they considered him much below them socially. Still they coddled him a little, for he might some time be useful.

LYNN TO THE RESCUE.

One sultry evening, well along in August, the sun was setting in a bank of clouds behind the Blue Ridge mountains, when two horsemen rode briskly down from them. One was a colored "boy," the other a man of commanding figure, but wearing a plain Union soldier's blouse. Seeming to ignore danger, they pushed straight on until they reached the gate of Judge Livingstone's mansion. The stranger dismounted and hurried to the front door, where Isabel, who, from the west window of the drawing-room, had seen and heard their rapid descent, and had thought she recognized the strongly marked ebony features of Caesar, a neighboring colored boy, stood surprised and timid. He lifted his slouch hat, drew aside the blouse, showing the badge of a United States colonel, and clasped her, fainting, in his arms. Joy does not kill; apprehension makes the nerves strong. Old Aunt Chloe was promptly on hand, and unceremoniously dashing cold water on the pale face of her mistress, hastened the return of consciousness, while old Jep, her partner in the now fully revealed conspiracy, dodging behind the casement of the adjoining room, testified his joy by many expressive contortions of his wrinkled features. Isabel gazed upon Colonel Lynn with a look of mingled love and terror.

"I fear for your safety, dear Allan," she murmured.

"I have won rapid promotion for love of you, Isabel," he cried; "shall I falter in your deadly peril? If you dare the trial, mount with me. We will escape them, or die together!"

"Fear not, dear Allan," she replied, "I will die with you rather than remain in this dreadful place and live."

The old people had everything ready, for it was they who had dispatched the "boy" on foot over the mountains to find Allan. Isabel was a true Southern woman. No girl in the mountain region could ride faster or further. Uncle Jep quickly had two of Judge Livingstone's best chargers saddled and at the door, and in less time than it takes me to tell it the lovers were mounted and off to the west, where the fitful lightning betokened storm. The old couple, dreading the return of their master, who had ridden out to invite his cronies to the nuptial feast, followed after as fast as possible, hoping to rejoin their beloved mistress in the land of the free—to their vivid imagination so exceedingly beautiful.

"T'ank God, massa!" said Uncle Jep to me, "we'se here at las'; but me an' the ole ooman had lots mo' trouble befo' dis bressed day, and po' missy will cry heap ob tears when her po' ole people fin' her, if she be yet in de land ob de livin'. Bress Mars Linkum's sogers; we'uns is free (and the poor old man looked ruefully about him as he spoke). For sho' hoecake an' bakin is skace, but dat'll be all right when we'uns fin's po' missy an' de Cunnel."

A FURIOUS PURSUIT.

In the mean time Wade Barton had seen the newcomers soon after they emerged from the pass. He knew the "boy" and recognized the stranger as his possible rival of months before. Too cowardly to risk any quarrel single handed, he dashed off to the little tavern, where Otis and Legare, with a half-dozen boon companions, were deep in a carouse. A few words told the story, and the whole party, with fierce oaths, vaulted upon their horses and swept madly in pursuit.

Had they taken the short cut, instead of going around by the mansion, Allan Lynn's doom had been sealed, and the maiden for whom he risked all, and who ventured everything for him, would have been helpless in the hands of these enraged brutes. But Fate had arranged it otherwise. Having now reached midway of the ascent, the hurrying and terrified old people beheld dimly in the thick twilight the swift approach of the pursuers, and heard them yelling like bloodhounds on the scent, while in front they could still see the dim outline of the fugitives. Vainly hastening, as a last resort they stepped into the bushes, with the hot breath of the blooded steeds burning their cheeks, and muttered—half-unconsciously—a prayer for the safety of the lovers, and, no doubt, for their own.

"Tell yer what, honey," said the old woman, "de ole man an' me tought we was done gone shuah. Yer could a heard our hearts beat like de hammer in de ole forge down at de corners. We'uns lay jes' as still as possums tel de soun' ob de hufs way off was small, den we put on jes' as hard as we'uns could go."

Near this point the road divides, one fork leading to the left, the other to the right pass, which are about a mile apart. The left road again branches, but reunites at the pass. These three various roads necessitated three parties. For one moment the ferocious pursuers halted.

"Give me the road that leads to the right pass!" shouted Legare. "I have a scent like a bloodhound. I know which way the skulking Yankee has gone. I'll follow the d—— Abolitionist to h——!"

"I'll take the left branch!" cried young Livingstone; "with Joe Hepson. You, Wade Barton, with the rest, follow the centre road!"

Away they dashed with renewed fury. Legare's thoroughbred was reckoned the best horse in Virginia, and he fairly flew over the road, lit up by the terrible lightning, for a dark tempest was already soughing through the mountain pines, which seemed as if moaning for the terrible deeds so near at hand. Aunt Chloe and her husband plodded along as fast as they could in the darkness, rendered more dismal by the fitful flashes. Suddenly, just as they came to the forks above mentioned, and chose the road to the left pass, their timid nerves were startled by the report of a pistol at some distance to the right, followed shortly by another. Then all was still.

"O, Lawd!" ejaculated the frightened negroes, clinging to each other as they pressed forward. "One shot kill po' missy, an' one de good Cunnel. Now where will we 'uns go?"

Soon their alarm was increased by a loud re-

port as of a gun some distance ahead of them. Bewildered as they were, they kept on, and after some time reached the entrance to the left pass.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Dim and unreal in the darkness of the forest they found the sobered pursuers standing dismounted around the ghastly corpse of Otis Livingstone. He had reached the pass—his companion, Joe Hepson, close behind—just as Wade Barton with his followers emerged from the other road. Mistaking them for Colonel Lynn and Isabel, and thinking that they were escaping, Barton took aim with his carbine, fired, and Otis fell. Retribution was reaping a beautiful harvest.

In a few minutes the old father rode up. "O, my Isabel!" he moaned; "and my son! I have deserved all this and more." Sinking beside the body, all his pride and passion gone, he showed scarcely more of life than his slaughtered son. A terrible storm roared through the mountains, but they heeded it not as they bore homeward the dead and the dying. The old people, with slave-like devotion, returned to nurse the old man—the last of his name. He lived but a few weeks, and when the Union army returned they started North.

"But, my old friends," I said, "what of Legare and the Colonel and Isabel?"

"Oh, dat bad man Legare!" cried Aunt Chloe with uplifted hands. "Did he kill my dear missy an' her lubber? He nebber tell till de angel Gabriel blow de las' trumpet. If dey dead, some angel ob de Lawd must hab taken dem up bodily like de prophet Liger in de chariots ob fire, for nebber on erf could we'uns fine one sign ob dem."

THE GULF OF DEATH.

When old Chloe and her man had dried the honest tears drawn forth by these bitter memories, they told me of Legare. He did not return that night nor the next morning. So in the afternoon a party of the soldiers of his regiment was sent out to search. For some time they could find nothing of him, but at last they discovered the tracks of his horse in the unfrequented road leading to the "Gulf of Death." "You know dat place, massa," said Uncle Jep, "whar we'uns tell de boys 'bout de rattlers so plenty." I knew it better than Uncle Jep thought, for I had been there and gone down in its frightful depths with my companions on a foraging excursion during our time there in the spring, attracted by Uncle Jep's highly colored description, to the exploration. The legend ran that rattlesnakes by thousands once swarmed there until thinned out by the swine peculiar to that region. We saw no rattlesnakes, but the hogs were there, regular Virginia razorbacks. But the "Gulf of Death!" It made our blood run cold to look upward from its bottom to the top of this famous precipice, and forced us to think what a horrid death to fall over it! But, looking down from the point in the by-road where the tracks ended, those Confederate soldiers saw something awful. A hundred feet below, crushed out of all form, human or equine, lay the remains of Legare and his unfortunate steed. The old folks seemed to have small love for Legare, and spoke as little as possible of him, seeming to think it almost a profanation of the ground to bury his remains.

But old Jep remarked: "Dat am de las' we'uns eber, eber wants ter know ob him an' all dat gang."

"O, honey!" broke in the old woman, with a pathetic tremor in her voice, "he'p dese po' brack critters to fin' Missy Isabel. But no! no!" she wailed shrilly the next moment, "her an' de Cunnel bofe dead shuah. Me an' de ole man bofe h'ar' de shots an' whar am dey?"

I revived their courage and promised to help them, and did so with such good will that I soon located Colonel Lynn, and in less than two days my hasty note brought him in person to the assistance of his faithful old friends. Isabel, he told me, was safe from war's alarms in a Northern town, which he named, but he carried his left arm in a sling. It was one of the most affecting scenes I have witnessed when the old colored man and his wife saw Colonel Lynn.

"Halleloojah! Halleloojah!" they shouted. "Lor' bress de good Cunnel! Now we'se shuah to fin' dat sweet Missy!"

He had to struggle bravely with his one arm to keep from being overwhelmed, but when he assured them that Isabel was safe and well they were a picture of ludicrous happiness. After they were quieted down Colonel Lynn, at my request, briefly filled in the gap unavoidably left in the old people's story of the pursuit.

LEGARE'S FATE.

"As we galloped side by side along the road leading to the right pass, we were made aware by the rapid clatter of hoofs that a single horseman was overtaking us. Isabel said it must be Legare. No other horse but his could outdistance her father's war steeds in that way. All at once the sheeted flame revealed us to him not more than twenty rods in advance.

"'Halt! you infernal renegade, or I'll take your heart's blood!' he yelled, firing his revolvers.

"The ball struck my left arm between the wrist and elbow. I tried to keep it up so as not to frighten Isabel, and shouted back at him in scorn, but the bone was shattered, and the arm fell helpless to my side. Isabel noticed it and I feared she would faint, but she only bade me in a low tone to be strong for her sake. That was enough. A second ball went close to my head, but Providence was kind. Just beyond that point a narrow road to the left leads to a famous precipice known among the superstitious country people as the 'Gulf of Death.' In his blind rage Legare took this way. The main road winds around the end of this frightful chasm. Just as we were passing this point a neigh of terror caused us to look over our left shoulders across to the other bend of the gulf. There the almost incessant flashes of the lightning showed us a sight never to be forgotten. Legare's horse reared backward with instinctive horror of the dread abyss below, but the cruel spurs and demoniac oaths drove him forward. One instant they seemed to hang poised, as if in midair, upon the brink. Then one hoarse shriek, a sickening crash, and all was still—such an oppres-

sive stillness—save the racket of our horses' feet as we galloped through the rock pass with blanched cheeks.

"My wounded limb caused me great pain; but what was that when Isabel rode close by my side, and together we were nearing friends and freedom! At sunrise we were within the Union lines, and a right royal greeting was given us by my regiment soon after. Then followed a serious time under the doctor's care; then a furlough North with my gentle nurse as escort, where she now tarries, and in good hands, I assure you, while I have returned to share with the boys the anticipation of lively times."

Colonel Lynn returned to his command, after making arrangements for the old people's transportation North. The names, as well as the facts, in this "o'er true tale" are real, excepting the three Ls—Lynn, Livingstone and Legare. These have been chosen at random, no alliteration being intended, but it was thought best to withhold the actual names, as some now living might consider them personal. The next day I met old Uncle Jep and his wife trudging off toward the depot, bent nearly double by the weight of their domestic impedimenta. Their ebony features shone blue with happiness. They wrung my hand heartily at parting, and Aunt Chloe's last words, as she looked back at me gayly and waved her great red bandana, were: "Good-bye, honey; we'uns is goin' straight to Missy Isabel. We'uns reckoned to lay our po' ole bones in sweet Virginny; but bress yer, honey, we wants dat dear gal, an' she wants we'uns."—James Harrolton, 2d Lieut. Co. F, 110th Penn. Vols.

A FAR NOBLER "NINE HUNDRED."

Bangor, Me., Jan. 23.—Lord Tennyson, the English poet, made immortal in his poem entitled "Charge of the Light Brigade," the noble six hundred at Balaklava. This body of cavalry charged the Russian earthworks with 673 men. Of this number 195 answered at the next roll call, though including those taken by the Russian, 230 escaped the fearful carnage. There were lost in the fight of four minutes, 443 men, a loss of 65 per cent. During the war of the rebellion, the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, June 18, 1864, was ordered into a valley of death before Petersburg, Va. This regiment advanced alone in three lines with fixed bayonets across an open field with about 900 men toward a line of impregnable earth breastworks, called the Colquett Angle at the O'Hare House. The distance between the lines was about 300 yards. The Confederate works were manned by General Lee's old veterans and supported by artillery. The works were never taken, but were evacuated when General Lee left Richmond. In the brief space of between four and six minutes, this regiment lost in killed and wounded 632 men. Only 268 escaped. No prisoners were taken. Our loss was 70 per cent. In both cases the order to charge the works was unmilitary. It was nothing more or less than uncalled for slaughter of brave men. HENRY E. SELLERS,
First Lieutenant, Company D, 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, one of the survivors.

*A CHRISTMAS IN WAR TIMES.**

HOW A SOUTHERN MOTHER'S BOYS CAME HOME.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"Hello, Johnnies! What are you penned up for? Are you deserters?" asked Captain Haynes.

"I reckon you'uns have hyearn tell of Wheeler outlaws? The hull forty of we'uns b'long to 'em," replied a fine-looking large man, with a sergeant's chevrons on his sleeves.

"What! forty of you in this little pen? Why that was just the number of the celebrated Ali Baba's band. I suppose you've heard tell of them?"

"No, I reckon not; so far as any of we'uns kin ree'leet. Was they'uns a reg'mental band, or jes' banjo pickers?"

"Neither; they were free lances, independent rangers like yourselves, and had barrels of money, just like you fellows ought to have, if all the stories we've heard of you are true."

"Bar'els of money," shouted the sergeant, amid the boisterous laughter of his companions; "why our money's gettin' so wuthless the full of it wouldn't ekal the vally of the ba'el, an' it would take a right smart pile of it jes' toe pay fo' the bung hole."

The Wheeler outlaws derived their name from a Confederate General who commanded a force of irregular cavalry, which seems to have been greatly lacking in discipline and was permitted the unbridled license to maltreat and murder citizens suspected of entertaining Union sentiments: to murder runaway slaves and even Federal soldiers, whom they sometimes greatly outnumbered and captured on foraging expeditions. From this brutal practice it was only a step for many of them to make no distinction between friends and foes; and in 1864 and 1865 they became such a scourge that they were declared outlaws by their own government, and whenever and wherever caught were immediately cast into prison.

It was a queer phase in prison experience to be incarcerated in a slave pen with Confederate desperadoes—and yet without an exception all of the latter manifested the greatest kindness. They swept a space of the floor clean, and going out under guard brought in cotton and piled it high so that the newcomers might sleep warm and comfortably. To have associated with men so different from their kind seemed to have a restraining effect upon their coarseness, for they refrained from ribald profane talk and entertained the Federals, in their homely Southern style, with many anecdotes of their adventures, both humorous and pathetic. The first evening, as they sat around the fire, one of the outlaws commenced

* This sketch is taken from an unfinished story of the American Rebellion, including the adventures of a little band of Federal prisoners-of-war who made their escape, were recaptured and cast into a slave-pen with forty of the famous "Wheeler outlaws."

picking an old banjo, and the sergeant sang in a pleasing barytone a love ditty with a most beseeching chorus, in which all his companions joined.

"Sergeant, that was a very pretty song and you sing well," said one of the Federal prisoners.

"Yes!" added Brower in his thin voice, "we'd like mighty well to have another at the same price."

"That song has a tarnel sad, excitin' story belongin' toe it, that I reckon you'uns mout like to hyea," replied the sergeant.

"Yes, yes, to be sure we would!" rejoined the Federals together.

"The fus' time I hyearn that song," continued the sergeant, "wus this way: When our side wanted mo' soldiers tha' wus some places whar we'uns wus 'bleeged toe commence conscriptin' right off, way back in '61. Down on the Yadkin, jes' above whar it makes the Pee-dee, thar lives a lot of people what don't keep niggas, an' natu'ally they don't take pow'ful much stock in the wah. They 'fused toe 'list pint blank, an' sed the Yankees (you'uns) wus good 'nough toe stan' up side an' side an' holp wallup the British, an' by right ought toe be good 'nough to live with an' have a sha' in the big offices onct in a while ef you'uns wanted 'em. An' 'bout the long an, sho't of it, we'uns wus kickin' up a muss as wus gwine to make we'uns lose all our land, an' git a bad lickin' intoe the barg'in.

"In '61, jes' a few days afo' Christmas, 'bout twenty of the lot conscripted from down thar skedaddled back, sayin' they wus plenty wil' turkey an' possum in the woods down toe home, an' nobody wus pow'ful 'nough to keep they'uns in camp toe eat co'n an' side-meat fo' they'uns Christmas dinner. I wus sent down with a squad of ten men to 'rest all the layouts" (deserters) "I could sight my eyes on. It was the wust place fo' that kind of work toe be foun' anywhar. Little mountains scattered 'bout every an' tother which way. an' woods an' woods like's if thar wus no end. An' snakes! Well, you'uns never seed the like. They wus as plenty as the dead limbs offn the trees; rattlers, racers, moccasins, whip-snakes, an' pilots a squirmin', rattlin' an' hissin' till they made a fellow's hair stan' up straight an' stiff es broom sedge. Among the names of layouts give to we'uns wus three brothers of a family named Nyby" (Niobe). "So we'uns went thar fust, an' in co'se they wa'n't thar, but a hidin' out'n the woods. But it wus a pooty decent plantation with plenty of chickens, an' sheep, an' shotes, an' co'n, so we'uns 'cluded thar wus the best place fo' headquatahs. Ol' mother Nyby wus a kind-h'a'ted ol' lady, an' though pow'fully sca'd 'bout her boys, made us welcome.

" 'Oh, sir!' said she when we'uns fust arriv', 'I know you'uns be come arter my sons, an' ef yo' hurt one of 'em it will break my h'a't!'

" 'Don't you take on any trouble 'bout that, mother!' says I, 'fo' we'uns aint a-gwine toe harm a har in they heads. We simply gwine toe take 'em back toe camp, if we kin ketch 'em.'

" 'But why caint you'uns let they stay at home? They'uns don't want toe jine in the wah. Jimmy, my oldes' boy, say this wah is a down-right sin, an' if daddy wus a-livin' he wud 'plaud him, an' Henery an' Julius fo' stayin' outn it.'

" 'Yes, but, mother,' says I, 'nobody kin stay outn the wah, unless he kin git away from the country. An' if yo'r boys run off an' go No'th the Yankees, like as not, would conscript 'em an' make 'em fight agin' we'uns.'

" 'Oh, that would be too monst'ous toe make 'em shoot at they'uns own people! I tried toe coax 'em toe buy outn it like Mister Bill Wines bought outn his son Harry; but Jimmy say it would take all we'uns land is wuth to pay fo' all three, an' wud leave me an' Bashee" (Bathsheba) "here 'thout anythin' to live on. He coaxed Henery an' Julius to stay home, by sellin' off the critters an' some other fixin's. But they say no, but Jimmy must stay, an' so nuther was willin' toe have tuthers go an' git killed.'

" 'I reckon you'uns don't 'zactly understan' 'bout buying out?' said the sergeant, turning to the Federals.

" 'No, we don't!' was the reply.

"Well, it's the conscriptin' law that ev'ry one 'tween seventeen an' fo'ty-five he's got toe go intoe the wah unless he is able toe pay outn of it. The sum at fust wus three hundred dolla's. Them as couldn't raise the money had toe go fo' sho'. So you see this is why we'uns call it a rich man's wah an' a po' man's fight.

"Now, ol' Mother Nyby's was sich a oncommon fine place toe stay at, that we'uns wa'n't in no great hurry toe ketch the lay-outs, an' besides it wus so close ontoe Christmas that we'uns knowed ef we stayed thar we'uns wus bound toe have a good time.

" 'Mistah Sa'gent,' says ol' Mother Nyby toe me three days afo' Christmas, 'I feel pow'ful bad this mo'nin', an' it's jes' this way: My own po' boys haint missed bein' home on Christmas Day since they wus bo'n, an' it grieves me toe think they dassent come home this one.'

" 'Yes, mother,' says I, 'it is a downright pity they'uns can't be with you, fo' me an' my men is a-gwine toe cross the Pee-Dee, an' won't get back afo' sundown that day, an' I reckon you an' Bashee will have a lonesome kinder time unless you 'vite in some fren's!' She looked at me quick like, an' seed what I meant, an' got smart an' peart agin right away.

"We'uns got toe know a heap sight of people down thar, an' all 'bout thar fambly hist'ries—way back toe the ol' Rev'lution Wah. An' we find the Mister Wines'es, what ol' Mother Nyby spoke of, wus the riches' man tha'bouts, an' p'raps the meanes' one, too: a takin' ev'ry 'vantage of his neighbors' need'cessities, an' makin' piles of money very fas'—a buyin' up stuff fo' the Govment—bein' a contractor. His neighbors said as how his grand'ther wus a Tory, an' fou't with the British agin we'uns in the ol' wah. His son Harry was a shinin' up toe Bashee Nyby, an' as you'uns will see arter awhile in my story, it was 'cause he an' his daddy wanted the Nyby lan's mo' than he did Bashee; who is the pooties', goodes', sweetes' an' shyes' gal toe be foun' 'roun' 'bout anywhar!

"On the mornin', two days afo' Christmas, Mister Wines'es dogs struck a deer trail on the mountain back o' his plantation, an' Harry Wines, a gittin' down his refle, 'lowed he'd follow them. He kept arter the chase fo' a smart bit, p'r'haps fo' eight o' ten mileses, an' it led him up a little creek atween two mountains. Stoppin' by a big stone he sot down toe rest a spell, an' toe listen which way the dogs was a makin' fo'. All toe oncet he seed a smoke an' hyea'd a pa'cel of men a talkin' an' a laughin' in a lau'el thicket right down below him. Hasty gettin' down an' creepin' fo'ards he peered undah the lau'els an' thar wus five o' the layouts settin' roun' a fiah an' eatin'. Three of 'em wus the Nyby boys an' the tothers wus John and Joe Paulson, boys of Widow Paulson, a cluss neighbor of Mother Nyby's. Quick crawlin' back, Harry Wines lit out fas' fo' home, an' tol' his daddy. They'uns got a pa'cel of frien's with ther guns an' started arter the layouts, instid of a tellin' we'uns.

"When the layouts wus a done eatin' Jim an' Henery Nyby an' the Paulson boys lay down on ther bed of leaves toe sleep; fo' they'd a been trampin' all night toe a frien's fo' rations; and Jule, ther younges' Nyby, 'loud he'd go up the creek a ways an' ketch some fish fo' supper. All of a suddent, while he was quietly a waitin' an' a watchin' fo' a bite, he hyearn a dry stick snap, an' lookin' up he seed a string of men a stealin' down 'round the thicket. Givin' a loud shout of warnin' he dashed up an' back in the woods, quick as a buck, with a couple o' bullets a whistlin' past him. The tother boys run outn the thicket, but wus too late as they'uns wus s'rounded an' had toe give up. Ol' man Wines an' his men tuck them down the mountain, toe a old mill an' penned them up in the loft till evenin'. He then tol' his men it was no use an' need fo' all of they'uns toe go back ten mileses to whar we'uns wus, as by a tyin' the boys' han's an' a ropin' them together he could fotch them back to we'uns easy.

"The nex' mo'nin' Harry Wines come over, an' callin' me out, n'rated a excitin' story as how his daddy was a bringin' in fo' layouts when they'uns made a turn on him, an' he had to kill the tarnal las' one of 'm. Several of we'uns tramped up thar to 'vestigate, an' I tell you'uns it was a pow'ful bad sight we seed. Fo' of as likely-lookin' fine boys, an' the oldes' one not twenty; all roped together, an' the bloody ol' murderer not even ontyin' ther han's toe make his lie hol' out. Jimmy Nyby was shot, and tothers had ther skulls mashed in. We'uns was sich blasted greenies then that all we done wus toe repo't the ol' villain, an' nothin' wus evuh done toe him, es they'uns wus only conscripts. We'uns know so much bettuh now, that hed it happened only six months ago we'd a nevuh said one word, but would a jes' quietly took ol' Wines in sight o' them dead boys an' a hung him right thar. I tell you'uns that outlaws know an' do a heap o' things sometimes down hyar that is a sight bettah fo' the people than anything the loud-braggin' lawmakers an' law-talkers do.

"We'uns didn't say a wud to po' ol' Mother Nyby, nor Bashee, 'bout the killin' of Jim an' Henery, fo' it was too blamed ha'd toe tell, an' that's a fac'. That night was Christmas eve, an' thar wus to be a spang-up pa'ty down at Ajab's. A couple wus toe be spliced, nex' a big feas' toe be spread, an' arterwards a big dance. Me, Co'p'al Boone an' two mo' 'low'd we'd go an' take ca' of Bashee thar an' back, ef the tothers didn't mind. We foun' a tremenjus big crowd thar, an' a great sight mo' gals than boys, on 'count of the conscription; an' consekwently we'uns had a mazin' good time. Harry Wines was there a tryin' toe make up toe Bashee, an' many of the gals wus so mad over it they would a tol' Bashee 'bout her brothers, but didn't have the courage, an', besides, I shuck my head no to them. Arter the supper, an' while the dancin' was a goin' on mouty lively, an' Harry Wines was a talkin' an' laughin' with Bashee, an' I was a standin' elus by, a little youngster comes in an' pulls Wines's sleeve, an' I hyearn him say, kinder low:

"'Mistuh Boten's out thar, an' wants toe see yo', quick! Says he knows whar Jules Nyby is, an' it's ther bes' chance yo' an' yo'r daddy'll have in yo'r lives.'

"As young Wines hurried out I followed arter, and 'bout twenty steps from the do' I seed a young fellow not mo' than half Wines's size, with a white face, and fierce, starin' eyes, a comin' towards Wines, an' he beginnin' toe step back'ards to'ard the do' agin. Suddenly the white-face one sprung fo'ard an' landed with his arm 'round Wines's neck, an' they went down together. The white-face one quick 'rose up toe his feet agin, an' his right han' an' a knife in it, I seed, was red with blood; an' the tother one lay quite still on the groun'.

"The crowd rushed out from the dance, an' the gals all screamin', with Bashee in the mids' of them: 'It is Julius Nyby! Run! Jule, run!'

"'No, I won't run!' replied Jule, a standin' up straight over Harry Wines. 'You'uns all know, but po' Bashee don't know, why I've gone an' done this! Ol' Wines an' this son of hisn plotted toe git our home by this scoundrel a marryin' yo' an' by a gettin' yo'r brother outer ther way. They murdered him and Hen last night, an'——'

"Hyar he was intrupted by Bashee, who give a wil' shriek, dashed fo'a'ds with glowin' eyes an' tightly pressed lips, an' I cotch her jes' as she was agoine toe stamp with her little heels on the dead man's face.

"'Hyer, sargeant!' said Jule, 'I s'render myself!'

"'No, no! Not toe me,' said I. 'Fo' Bashee's sake! Fo' yo' ol' mother's sake! Run! Run!' shouted I; an' all the res' agin tuck up the cry: 'Run! Jule, run!'"

"'I reckon yo'r too late now fo' that, Jule! I 'rest yo' fo' murdah! An' I want the sojers hyar to understan' I'm a constable, an' a civil offisah of ther law! An' if they'uns intoefere, it will be at they own pu'el!' exclaimed a tall, long-leg'd, raw-boned mountaineer. He then led Jule away, an' we'uns sta'ted back fo' home jes' as the sun was a risin' on Christmas mo'nin', with po' Bashee, and she a moanin' all the way. Well now you'uns kin b'le've it was a awful sight when Bashee tol'

her ol' mother: fo' jes' as she done quit tellin' some men toted in the dead boys—an' then Bashee and her mother sunk right down on the flo' in each otha's arms. It was so pow'ful bad toe see, an' it hu't me an' roused my feelin's so mighty, that I jes' reacht down an' raised the po' ol' white ha'i'd woman, an' puttin' her on a chai', I kissed her on the cheek, an' said: 'Don't give way so, mother! God a bein' willin', yo' shall have Jule safe back agin, er I'll die a tryin'!' Then every one of my squad went up an' kissed her an' made the same promise. We'uns done the quickes' rollin' up of blankets, fillin' of haversacks, an' strappin' on of ca'tridge boxes, as ever you'uns seed. An' jes' as we went out, an' fo'med ranks toe ma'ch away, Bashee come a runnin' out, with the tears a streamin' down her cheeks, an' throwed her arms around our necks, a kissin' all on us, an' a blessin' us jes' like a lovin' sistah.

"We'uns marched straight fo' the co't-house town; but arter goin' a little bit, we stopped toe think 'bout the bes' plan, and all on us 'greed if we kept hid an' waited till dark, an' then stormed the jail—by shootin' an' makin' 'nough noise—the people would think we'uns were a strong party, an' mebbe we could git Jule free 'thout sheddin' any one's blood. While we'uns was a sittin' by the roadside, a goin' over our plans ca'fully, so as toe have no mistakes, we hyearn the music of a banjo way down the road, clar outer sight. Hidin' oursel's 'mong the bushes we waited toe see what was comin' an' to keep from bein' seed, accordin' toe the plan' 'greed on. I'm willin' you'uns may shoot me, ef thar wasn't that same, tall, long-leg'd, raw-boned mountaineer constable, with a ride over his right shoulder an' a rope tied roun' his left arm, an' at t'other end, twenty feet away, with a loop of it roun' his neck, an' a wil' turkey feather in his hat, wus Jule Nyby, a playin' on a banjo, an' a singin' that song."

"Sing it again, sergeant," urged the Federals.

A slightly built outlaw, sitting by the side of Nick, with a dreamy, melancholy face, began picking an accompaniment on his banjo; and the sergeant sang the song again, his companions, with Brower to help, joining in the chorus.

COME ALONG, LIZA JANE.

"Yo' know I've co'ted yo', dea' Liza Jane, since ea'ly in the spring;
When only buds wuh on the bria' an' bush, an' blue-birds on the wing.
Th' cotton now is whit'nin' on th' hill; the co'n is yallow'n on the plain—
Then hyea' me now—es sho's yo'r bo'n I won't come back to yo' again!

Chorus—
So come along! Oh, won't you come?
Please come along, sweet Liza Jane!

"Otha' ones may yo' speak so fai', an' praise yo'r eyes of pretty brown;
But he who says the hun'yes' word, kin alius make the bigges' frown!
Ef yo'll come an' grace my home, tha' yo', my own dea' queen, shall reign—
Then hyea' me now—es sho's yo'r bo'n, I won't come back to yo' again!

Chorus—
So come along! Oh, won't you come?
Please come along, sweet Liza Jane!

"My h'a't is breakin' fo' yo, dea'! ol' Cupid's wa'in' mo'nin' clos';
An' ef I die yo'll be toe blame! Then, oh, take pity on my woes!
I cannot eat, no' can I sleep—w'il' thou'ts keep whirlin' through my brain—
Then hyea' me now—es sho's yo'r bo'n. I won't come back to yo' again!

Chorus—
So come along! Oh, won't you come?
Please come along, sweet Liza Jane!

"Ef yo'll come, oh, Liza Jane! my cup of joy will o'run the brim;
But ef yo' don't, I'll go an' jump in deepes' hole whar red-hoss* swim!
In Pee-Dee's mud an' golden sands tha' I will en' my moan an' pain—
Then hyea' me now—es sho's yo'r bo'n, I won't come back to yo' again!

Chorus—
So come along! Oh, won't you come?
Please come along, sweet Liza Jane!"

"That night arter the people wus asleep," resumed the sergeant, "we'uns cha'ged intoe the town, a-whoopin' an' a-yellin' an' a-firin' offn our guns like a pa'cel of wil' Injuns. We made a straight bee-line fo' the jail, an', takin' a long log, nigh mos' es much es we'uns could tote, we rammed it agin the ol' do'—a-bustin' it in at the fus' lick. We got Jule outn thar mighty quick, an' the sher'ff an' people lay low, a-thinkin' we'uns wuz a lynchin' gang. Little Bashee has gin her promise toe wait fo' me, down in the Pee Dee, till the wah is done fout an' peace comes. An' I wish toe heaven the wah was done squelched now!" concluded the Sergeant with a sigh.

"Well, but what has become of Jule—Bashee's brother?" inquired Nick.

"Why, we tuk an' put him in a butternut uniform, blackened his eyebrows an' ha'r with Injun ink. Then we marched straight back, an' po' ol' Mother Nyby had all her boys toe home afo' Christmas Day wus over—one livin' an' two dead. Jule's been with we'uns ever since, an' is that little cuss alongside o' you with the banjo."

There was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the Federals when the sergeant ended his story. Nick turned to the little outlaw and said: "For the sake of your sister Bashee's happiness you did right in killin' that cold-blooded scoundrel! But I would leave the old man to be punished as the Lord wills."

"I reckon you'uns have much toe larn yet 'bout we'uns. When onc'et blood is spilt atween two famblys, thar feud hes got toc be foutn out, es long es thar be any lef' on top o' the green yearth toe face each other," answered the little outlaw earnestly.

"An' I reckon, since I'm gwine toe marry Bashee, that I'll have a hand in the racket!" exclaimed the sergeant with an enthusiastic look.

"Yes, an' it's we'uns duty toe stan' by our commandah!" chimed in all of the outlaws.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Here's a motto for you: Wheeler-men shoulder to shoulder!" shouted Brower in his thin voice.—(S. T. Muffly, Adjt. 184th Penn. Inf., Meratock, N. C.

* "Red-horse," a species of fish found in headwaters of the Great Pee-Dee River.

THE WRECK AND THE RESCUE.

AN EXPERIENCE OFF HATTERAS.

THE STORY OF AN OLD RIVER STEAMBOAT, WHICH SHOULD NEVER HAVE PUT OUT UPON THE DEEP SEA.

Toward the last of October, 1861, accompanied by martial music, a battalion of United States Marines, under the command of Major Reynolds, left the Marine Barracks at Washington. After marching through some of the streets of that city they took passage on the United States steamer Pawnee. Toward evening the vessel left her wharf, and, moving slowly down the river, dropped her anchor. Under cover of darkness her living freight was transferred to an old produce steamer, which made her regular trips upon the Potomac. The policy of this movement was not apparent until early the next morning, when she passed a battery planted on the river's bank, with the Pawnee two or three miles in her wake. The eyes of the enemy were evidently fixed upon the Pawnee; and the ruse which had been resorted to to get the 400 marines safely past the battery was not discovered until it was too late. The old produce carrier had steamed leisurely past the battery unmolested, but as soon as the Pawnee came within range "bang!" "bang!" "bang!" went the guns from the fort. In full view of the rebel battery, but out of range, the four companies of marines were again placed on the Pawnee, after which the steamer proceeded to Hampton Roads to join the fleet then fitting out for the Port Royal expedition.

The vessel designated to convey the battalion of marines to its destination was an old side-wheel, walking-beam, river steamboat, bearing the assuring title of United States steamship Governor. This vessel, on November 1, 1861, with the rest of the expedition, put out to sea. Some of the boys being quite well supplied with money, card playing was the order of the day. On the second or third morning out many sets of players could be seen scattered about the deck, engaged in their favorite amusement. About 9 a. m. the weather became thick and heavy, the vessel began to pitch and plunge, and one party of players after another went below deck. By noon there was not a single game in progress. The first intimation any one had that things were becoming serious was given by the crash of the falling smokestack and its disappearance over the side of the vessel into the sea. Some time after that incident occurred a portion of one of the masts was carried away. As the time wore on something became disarranged in connection with one of the steam-pipes, and finally the rudder failed to do its duty. The vessel, wallowing in the trough of the sea, was then wholly at the mercy of the waves.

After being subjected to the terrible strain of tumbling about on the waves for a number of hours the beams of the vessel began to jerk back and forth with the motion of the vessel, producing ominous creaking sounds, as though there were not a timber in the whole ship which was not being twisted all into splinters. The feelings of those 400 men in that rickety, creaking vessel can be imagined. If, after passing through such an ordeal, their hair had turned white, no one would have been surprised. It is said that the soldiers of the war die very young. With the experience which many of them had, is it any wonder? The motion of the beams opened large seams between the planking, and permitted the water to pour into the vessel. Those who have never been in such a situation have only a faint conception of the feelings which such surroundings produce. To prevent immediate disaster, large ropes were fastened to the walking-beams and then secured to some substantial support. This kept them steady and, to some extent, stopped the water from coming in.

At daylight the next morning, after a night of terrible suspense, we could not discover a vessel of the entire expedition. The men determined, however, not to go down without making many heroic efforts for life. Large bailing parties were formed, leading from the deck down each gang way to the water below. As one set of men became exhausted, it was relieved by another. With an ordinary crew the vessel could not have been kept afloat for twenty-four hours, but with 400 athletic young men in the prime of life, conscious that their safety depended on their own exertions, the prospect for life was a little more promising.

The elements, however, had no respect for strength or numbers. Sea after sea broke over the disabled vessel during the many weary hours of daylight and darkness which followed. The boat trembled and reeled in her struggles. The deeper she plunged and the higher she was tossed the wider became the opening seams and the more the water rushed in, rendering increased exertion necessary to keep it from rising above the point of danger. That there must have been great privation is evident from the fact that the danger admitted of no opportunity to prepare anything to eat, or to partake of it if it had been prepared. The strain then began to tell on those who were engaged in the struggle for life. One man did so far lose his balance as to determine to put an end to the suspense; he plunged headlong into the sea, where any attempt to rescue him was utterly impossible.

At this critical point, the anxiety of the endangered men was in a measure relieved by the appearance of the small gun-boat Isaac Smith, which, after much difficulty, succeeded in passing a line to the disabled vessel. The hopes excited by her efforts to render assistance were destined to be of short duration. Owing to the greater weight of the disabled vessel, there was danger of her pulling the gun-boat under the water and her destruction. To prevent this, the hawser with which she had taken the Governor in tow was severed, and she steamed away out of sight, leaving those in the disabled vessel more hopeless than before.

After a few hours another sail appeared in sight. This proved to be the sloop of war Young Rover. A small sailing vessel, amid the tremendous sea that was then running, would not

be expected to render any assistance. Realizing her inability to afford the much-needed help, she turned and gradually drew away. She was watched until she became a mere speck: and when that speck disappeared beneath the horizon, more than one pent-up sob became audible among the men.

Cruising off Cape Hatteras at that time was the United States frigate Sabine. All at once, the shrill whistle of the boatswain was heard upon her gun deck; and a minute later voices resounded fore and aft: "All hands make sail." In an instant every man sprang to his duty. All was excitement, turmoil and confusion. Sail after sail was flung out to the breeze, rope after rope was hauled taut, and studding-sail after studding-sail was added to the already excessive and dangerous amount of canvas which was sweeping the vessel onward over the mighty deep. Captain Ringold was well nigh omnipresent in every part of the ship, his presence animating the men to do their duty. The object of this bustle, though to them still unknown, was something of great importance. They were pursuing a vessel, which carried at first the French flag: then, becoming more audacious, the English flag; finally the Rebel flag was seen waving from her mast. All these manoeuvres tended to increase the speed of her pursuer. As hour after hour passed away, the race between the two vessels was almost evenly divided, each, with great tenacity, holding her own. Presently, resounding from the cross-trees of the Sabine, came the cry, "Sail ho." From the officer on deck went back the inquiry, "Where away?" The answer was returned "Right ahead, sir." "Can you make her out?" "Steamer, sir. Dismantled, sir. In distress, sir." While this discovery was being made the vessel which was being pursued had shortened sail, hove to and run up the Stars and Stripes. It was the United States sloop of war Young Rover, which by her skilful tactics had been successful in leading the Sabine onward to the rescue. By her disappearance in the morning she had left 400 men in the agonies of despair, but before the day was brought to a close she had again inspired them with hope. She had accomplished a good day's work and was deserving of all the thanks she received.

The disabled and much distressed steamship Governor was now in plain sight from the decks of the Sabine, and that noble vessel sped on to the rescue with every throbbing heart in her gallant crew determined to do its best and lend willing aid.

To say that the hopes of the exhausted men on the disabled vessel were renewed feebly expresses what they felt. The first utterance which reached their listening ears through Captain Ringold's speaking trumpet as the Sabine was sweeping past within hailing distance, under full sail, was the command, "Drop your anchor." The effect produced upon the men to whom these words were addressed was akin to that which must have been realized by the man to whom a still greater Captain gave the command to "come forth," more than 1,800 years before. No sooner was the command given than it was obeyed. After shortening sail and tacking, the Sabine drew up and anchored as close ahead of the disabled vessel as the circumstances would permit. By the time darkness had set in a Jacob's ladder had, with much difficulty, been constructed between the two vessels and the sick taken to a place of safety. It was the intention to continue the work of rescue as rapidly as possible during the night until all had been saved, but the elements, as if determined not to be cheated out of their victims, interposed and cut the work of rescue short. By a combination of events which seemed to have been purposely arranged, the full weight of both the vessels was brought to bear on the hawsers which constituted the Jacob's ladder and snapped them asunder as though they had been pieces of twine. Nothing now remained except to endure another long night of dread and suffering, during which the struggle for life had to be renewed with redoubled energy.

One incident which proved fatal to some and came very near being equally destructive to all occurred about midnight. Some one, without any authority, shouted to the Sabine that the Governor was sinking. Supposing it to be true, the captain of that vessel gave the order to pay out her cable and drop down by the side of the Governor, so as to give what chance he could for those on board of her to be saved. Here again the fury of the elements was felt, and the vessels dashed together with such force as to make it apparent that a few repetitions of that contact would bring swift and certain destruction on the Governor. The capstan on the Sabine was therefore hastily manned and she was drawn back to her original position.

While the vessels were in contact a number of the men on the bows of the Governor made a leap for life. Some of them landed on the deck of the Sabine and some in the rigging, and others fell in the water between the two ships. In an instant all kinds of lights, red, blue, green and white, were shedding their rays upon the surface of the sea. If to the sights and sounds of the night there could have been added rolling clouds of smoke, one could easily have imagined that he was standing upon the verge of hades and gazing down upon the shrieking and writhing agony below. Those who beheld the scene there presented witnessed something they will never forget. Many of the men in the water were saved, but a few were lost.

Early the next morning the work of rescue was resumed. A boat with its crew was successfully lowered from the Sabine, and by means of a rope it was drifted down to within twenty or thirty feet from the Governor. Had the boat, by any mishap, been permitted to strike against the Governor, she would have been smashed into splinters and her crew inevitably lost. A line was thrown to the boat, and one man at a time, sliding down into the water, worked himself along as best he could to the boat, into which he was lifted by the crew. When the boat was full it was pulled by the sailors on the Sabine to the stern of that ship. Slipnooses were then placed around the men and they were hoisted to the bulwarks. No

language can portray the feelings which this sudden transition from imminent danger to a place of safety produced in their minds. During the entire day until about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon was the process of rescue continued, when the last man left the poor old sinking ship.

Before darkness had again set in all that was left of the steamship Governor had gone down amid the surging billows to the bottom of the sea. With many thanks to the little gunboat Isaac Smith for her good intentions; with admiration for the sloop of war Young Rover, on account of the strategic movements; and with hearts overflowing with gratitude toward Captain Ringold and his noble crew, for saving them from a watery grave, all except six of that exhausted and unfortunate company were safely resting on the decks of the Sabine.—(George Pritchett.

SHERMAN KNEW, AFTER ALL.

Beloit, Kan., Dec. 23.—While our squad of captives were "raiding" through North Carolina and Virginia, we fell in company with an old Virginian, who said he was furloughed from Hood's army in Atlanta, and was going home to visit his family. We talked of many things, but his greatest concern was about the duration and result of the war. He expressed doubts of Southern success, and seemed to wish for peace, no matter which way it should turn. In order to draw him out I talked encouragingly.

"Ah!" said he, "I know it's no use to struggle, for it's all retreat, and we are about giving up Atlanta."

I feigned surprise, and declared it impossible: for if so, "Good-by, Confederacy!"

Said he: "I know it's to be evacuated; for I've seen the big guns and ammunition going away on the railroad, while logs are being put on the breastworks and forts."

He again sighed and said he was discouraged, and then added: "The war has lasted so long that it has discouraged everybody."

Before evening one of our squad made a remark which excited his suspicion, and caused him to ask if I was not a Confederate; "for," said he, "I supposed from the uniform that you were a Virginia officer in the old style regimentals!" My clothing had not been confiscated when taken.

My reflection and conclusion was that if he had known me as a Federal he would not have been so communicative.

Some ten days or two weeks after, at Fortress Monroe, we heard the glorious news of the evacuation of Atlanta, and we then concluded that the Virginian had been very observant.

Sequel: In 1877 Hamilton, Illinois, made a Fourth of July celebration, which was graced by the presence of General Sherman and two of his staff. General R. F. Smith acted as master of ceremonies, and when my turn came in introduction I said: "General, I preceded you through North Carolina, and perhaps knew of the evacuation before you."

After the ceremonies he asked how my operations in his advance had been conducted, and I briefly narrated the story.

"Well," said he, "that is good; but I did know all about it from many deserters and contrabands, and was not surprised when it happened."—(R. P. Kendall.

TOLD AT THE SUGAR CAMP.

THE GENERAL'S RAILROAD TRAIN.

A RIDE WHICH IS NOT AS FAMOUS AS SHERIDAN'S, BUT WAS QUITE AS EXCITING IN MANY RESPECTS.

Back Bay P. O., Boston, Dec. 26.—They were seated around a glowing campfire, and it was Uncle Ralph's turn to relate a story or an adventure.

Outside the camp the night was still and cold, and the bright, clear moonlight revealed the dark figures hovering around the sugar maples. Inside all was light and warmth and comfort, and the ruddy blaze brought out, in vivid contrast with the roughly built camp, the strange and picturesque costumes in which the boys had arrayed themselves for their week in a sugar forest. They were seated now, pans of sugar in the hands of each, on opposite sides of the huge, roaring fire; and the eyes of the eight rested upon the face of Jack Bundy's Uncle Ralph.

"My turn," said Uncle Ralph, "and my stories all told!"

"Tell about that ride," prompted Jack. "Not Sheridan's, but your's."

"We'd like that every night!" said the others.

Uncle Ralph, in whose closet hung a captain's uniform, was a hero in the boys' eyes. He had served during the entire war, had languished in Libby Prison, had been thrice wounded, and yet never spoke of any of his grand exploits, unless, as now, he yielded to their demands and related to them some adventure of the war. Uncle Ralph then told his story.

Well, boys, at the time of the battle, which was fought at B., and with the details of which you are all familiar, I was on the staff of General Y., who was then in command of our Third Brigade. He was a man of brilliant and intrepid courage, and also upon, fortunately, rare occasions, a man of the most reckless determination. We had marched for two days. Following the line of the K. and D. Railroad, we had as we proceeded destroyed it. At nightfall of the second day our men, having tramped thirty miles through rain and excessive heat, were greatly exhausted. Perceiving this, General Y. ordered a halt and a distribution of rations. On the night preceding our march he had received this dispatch: "March the 24th over the K. and D. Railroad to P., destroying road. At Q. Junction leave railroad and strike across country to P., saving men a march of twenty miles. Reach P. by daybreak of 26th. Hold command in readiness for attack, but await orders to attack."

At nightfall of the 25th, then, we were forty miles from P. if we followed the railroad; twenty miles if we proceeded as instructed. The darkness and the heat were intense, and the night set in with heavy rain and mist. In addition to these disadvantages the air was charged with smoke from distant, burning woods. Under these circumstances our march was necessarily slow. At the end of an hour we entered a wood which

was but a thick tangle of low, scrubby cedar trees, whose sharp-pointed, interlacing boughs caused many a loud exclamation and many a stumble. About 9 o'clock General Y. ordered a halt. Upon hearing it the men cheered feebly, and then, exhausted, flung themselves upon the swampy ground to snatch what little rest they could.

Calling his staff about him the General said: "We are making slow progress, and by daybreak, even should we succeed in reaching P., the men will be in no condition for battle. We will therefore retrace our steps and go on to P. by rail!"

At this decision, so directly in defiance of orders, yet given in a calm, matter-of-fact voice, we were startled. After a brief silence Colonel B. said: "But, General, are you not assuming a great risk in acting against orders?"

"The risk is mine," said the General. "I have decided. I will bear the responsibility and the consequences."

"I think you are right," I said; "we are in an unknown country, and we may flounder round and round in this black wood till daybreak. I approve your decision, but, General, I have one question to ask."

"And that is?"

"Who will run the engine?"

"I will!"

A resounding laugh echoed through that fog-enwrapped wood at this—a laugh in which presently the General himself joined. The staff made no attempt to dissuade him from what to most seemed a mad project; and in weary silence we retraced our way to Q. Junction. The troops were so tired with beating about in that well-nigh impassable wood that the General ordered rations and absolute rest until 4 o'clock.

"General," I said, venturing to remonstrate, "shall we reach P. at daybreak if we halt so long?"

"We must make the run in half an hour," the General answered.

"Over an utterly unknown road in this fog, —this pitchy darkness?"

"It will then be nearing daybreak."

"But—forty miles over a road that may not be in good repair!"

"War has its risks," replied the General. Then putting his hand upon my shoulder, he added, "Go, now, my friend, and rest, and later you may bring a clear brain to the management of yonder engine."

"What!" I stammered, "I assist you! Why, General, I know absolutely nothing about it."

"Nor I," calmly.

"Yet you mean to take us over the road to P.?"

"I mean to take you over the road to P."

"It is certain death!"

"Oh, no!"

He then repeated his advice that I should seek rest and sleep, and, sad at heart and discouraged, I turned away. Meeting Colonel B., I expressed my conviction that we should meet death, not in battle, but on the rail.

"Cheer up, my boy!" was his unexpectedly hearty answer. "When the General pitches into a thing he's apt to put her through!"

Fortunately for the General's suddenly conceived determination, a made-up train stood upon the track—passenger, baggage, freight cars, coupled, abandoned, empty. Into one of these I made my way. My brother officers were scattered, some smoking and pacing the narrow platform, some lying upon the hard benches in the desolate waiting-room, while others had followed the course pursued by the men and had flung themselves upon the ground.

Alone I abandoned myself to the thoughts I would not—could not—utter. When we reported at headquarters would the offence of our beloved General be overlooked, or would he, disgraced, be dismissed the service? This was the question that repeated itself over and over, and kept me wide, wide awake. For disobedience is a grave offence, my boys. Presently I sprang from my seat, and at the risk of giving offence I determined to seek the General and implore him to listen to the thought which had just presented itself. Here, there, everywhere, I looked for him. At last I found him—where?

In the engine cab!

With head bared, coat thrown off, sleeves rolled up, he stood by the side of Jim, his colored servant, holding a candle, by whose feeble light Jim seemed to be examining the boiler. I sprang up the steps and entered the cab.

"General," I said, in a low voice, "it has just now occurred to me that, among all our men—men of all trades, as they are—there must be one who could understand this engine. Find that one, I implore you!"

"Would you have me rob all my men of the sleep they so sorely need that I may find one to do this thing?"

I accepted the rebuke in silence.

"But," continued the General, "I think you may dismiss your fears. Jim tells me that he understands this monster, which shall soon throb with motion."

"Yes, massa. Sure 'nouf, massa," said Jim, rolling his eyes as if to confirm his extraordinary statement. "Yes, massa, I knows."

"How is that?" I asked. "I thought that all your life you had been upon a plantation?"

"Yes, massa. But 'twas this way, massa. You see, ole massa, he own big part ob de railroad what run troo our town, an' he own big part ob de town, I specs. An' ole massa he lub ter ride in de cyars berry frequentious. An' Pompey he run de injine—sure 'nouf! An' he show dis chile. 'Mebbe you an' me'll dribe her ober de road ter freedom,' say Pompey. Sure 'nouf, massa! So he tell me how to pull out dis an' shut up dat an' fire up dar, an' oh, eberyting! Sure 'nouf! Fur Pompey he jess de mos' superest nig dat eber war borned inter dis worl' ob sorrer an' lamentatin. Sure 'nouf, massa!"

"So," said the General, cheerily, "you see that one difficulty has vanished."

"Well, if Jim understands, I am very glad."

"Sure 'nouf, massa. 'Taint no grate shucks ob

work. Blow her up, easy as wink, ef I don' do jes what Pomp say."

It was not an inspiriting suggestion, and, but half relieved of the burden which oppressed me, I said in a low aside: "General, this road may be torn up ahead."

"It may. It is one of the risks I considered. War has its perils, I repeat."

At 4 o'clock the men were aroused, served with hot coffee and ordered on board the abandoned train. By the General's request I took my place in the cab. Jim, complacent, buoyantly hopeful, stood with one hand upon the lever, the General on the footplate, peering out into the thick, misty darkness. At 4:30 Jim announced that all was in readiness.

"Are all the men on board?" asked the General.

"Every man," I replied.

"Have all had their rations?"

"Every man."

"Start her up, Jim!" the General commanded. "Pile on the steam!" With a long-drawn, wailing shriek, with puffs, with snorts, the engine started. For about ten minutes we ran along so smoothly that my misgivings as to Jim's capacity vanished And then! And then the General, watch in hand, shouted: "More steam, Jim! Faster, Jim, faster! We must put her through." Jim, grinning with satisfaction, pulled out "dis" and "dat." On we rattled, on we jerked, on we pounded, on we flew! Over that abandoned, desolate road at frightful speed! On, on, on, through the gray, enwrapping mist! On with a bumping of buffers, a rattling and a clanging of coupling-chains, that, in the weird silence, echoed and re-echoed!

"Faster, faster yet, my lad!" roared the General through and above the din. "Faster, faster!"

Opening, shutting, gesticulating, chattering, Jim obeyed, and at a still greater speed we dashed on. On, on, on! Swaying from side to side, thundering through the black night! On, over narrow, sloping embankments, on over rotten, tottering bridges, on over deep, rock-lined ravines —on, on, as every man on board that leaping, flying train believed, on to certain death! Thundering, plunging, bounding, swaying, on we flew! And still the General shouted: "Faster! faster! Crowd on the steam! Put her through, my lad!"

Helpless, hopeless and terrified were the members of that valiant brigade. In their hearts they believed the General suddenly to have become a madman. Yet with grim, unflinching courage they bore the terrible strain on nerves and body. Well, my boys, at last it ended, that wild, that terrible ride. Strange, improbable, impossible as it may seem, we entered the outskirts of P. as the rising sun threw long, oblique lines of golden light into the slowly lifting mist. Daybreak! At P.! And—alive! I looked at Jim, as he shut off the steam and sprang to the brakes, and then at the General.

"Well, Jim," he said, "you deserve promotion. Had you burst a hundred boilers, you'd have brought us through!"

"Sure 'nouf, massa!" said Jim, doubling himself up with sudden, complacent, chuckling laughter. "Sure 'nouf! Specs I should, massa!"

Uncle Ralph leaned back in his roughly constructed log-chair with a sigh, and awaited the questions he had learned to expect. They were not long in coming.

"Was there a battle?" asked George, with an interest as vivid as if he had never before heard any incident of the war. "Was it a victory for our side?"

"There was a hard-fought battle, a hard-won victory for our boys in blue."

"Was General Y. court-martialled? Was he dismissed the service?" questioned Frederic.

"He was not dismissed," said Uncle Ralph, sadly. "Yet that day he left the service. That day, dear boys, he gave up his life for his country."

A moment's pause, and then:

"What became of Jim?" asked George.

"Oh," cried Jack, "I was just going to ask Uncle that very same question!"

"Jim?" said Mr. Ralph Buttress. "You see Jim every day."

There was a second's silence. Then:

"What! Big Jim, who has the fruit-store under your office?"

"The same. Though," with an almost involuntary smile, "his ideas of rapid locomotion are somewhat changed now. But Jim the fruiterer is Jim the engineer, though now a snail's pace suits better his weight of flesh."

"He's made lots of money," said Frederic, reflectively. "He said so himself! He says you gave him the money to begin."

"Well, he's free!" exclaimed George. "The General made him free. Didn't he, now, Uncle Ralph?"

"The General, and hundreds and thousands of our country's brave sons," said Uncle Ralph, tenderly and reverently. "They died to set him free!"—(Mary A. Sawyer.

HE GOT THE MULE.

When Richmond surrendered it was found that many of the citizens were without food, and others were in a positively starving condition.

All the agencies at hand were set to work at once to furnish food to people in need of it. The Government issued rations as soon as possible, and in the mean time the Sanitary and Christian commissions furnished what they could. Among those who assisted in issuing the supplies of the Christian Commission was the Rev. John O. Foster, of Chicago.

Each day supplies would be issued according to the amount on hand and the number who crowded into line to receive the rations. Black and white, rich and poor, old and young, marched slowly up to the table where the generous Foster listened to their wants and directed his assistants in furnishing the necessary supplies. All shared alike the bounty of the Christian Commission.

One evening after the last basket had been filled and the last applicant had left the room, a colored man who had been sitting back in a corner

on a box came forward with his old torn hat in his hand, bowing in a most obsequious way.

"Why did you not come when the others did?" questioned Foster.

"Kaze I didn't want no rashuns. Ben, he done got 'em and gone long ago. I cums on business."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I'ze 'mos' 'shamed ter tell you, Capt'in," and he put his old hat up to his face and chuckled for a moment. Then he went on:

"You see, Capt'in, dey is sellin' lots of Gov'ment mules. De wah is ovah an' dey got no use for gov'ment mules no mo'. An' dey er gwyne cheap—'mos' cheap as dirt. I can buy a b'utiful Gov'ment mule fur twenty dollars." Then there was an awkward silence.

"Well?"

"I tho't maybe you'd len' me twenty dollars to buy one."

Foster laughed and the colored man shuffled his feet and looked at the floor.

"How could you ever pay the money back?"

"Easy 'nuf, massa—by hauling at de w'a'f. Sometimes a dollar a load. Big speculation in it, sure."

"But you have no wagon."

"Oh, I'ze got good 'nuff wagon—one ole massa throde away. I'ze fixed it up 'mos' good's new, an' I've picked up plenty rope. I'ze got eberyding but de mule."

"Well, I think you ought to have the mule now," was Foster's generous reply; "and here is twenty dollars to buy one, but you must pay it back," and he handed him a $10 and two $5 bills.

"My Lor, massa! Neber had so much money 'fore in all my life. If I dun fail to pay it back, de mule's yourn, sure."

"Now, don't allow yourself to be robbed or cheated out of it."

"No, massa, I hain't goin' to let nobody know I'ze got nuthin' till I git hole on de mule."

Two days passed and he saw nothing of the colored man. On the evening of the third day the colored man came in late, and took a seat in the corner on a box. But after all had left the room he came close up to Foster with his hand on his pocket.

"Well, did you get the mule?"

"Yes, massa, I got de most beautifullest mule dat you ever seed—de bes' kind uv Government mule." Then he took from his pocket two clean, crisp $5 bills and handed them to Mr. Foster. "'For Sat'day night I gwine to pay all, I 'spects; I'ze doin' a busten bus'ness."

The next Saturday evening the colored man was there, and as soon as the room was cleared he came forward, and, making sure that no one else would see, he took out quite a roll of bills and from them selected a clean, crisp $10 bill and handed it to Mr. Foster.

"How in the world did you make so much money?"

"I tole you, massa, der war a speculashun in it, an der war. Me and de mule and Ben arned evry dollah. He's the beautifullest mule you ever seed. Ben brung him round so as you could see 'em."

Mr. Foster went to the door; there, sure enough, stood a good, strong mule, as docile, as quiet and sedate as though he had not hauled the artillery into the fight and stood near the big guns amid the thunders of battle; for Ben said, with great pride:

"Dis mule is one uv dem best mules that pulled de big guns ober de hills. Oh, he's an awful strong hos."

Little Ben sat on a board placed as a seat at the front of the wagon, his white, even teeth showing from ear to ear, and his eyes sparkling with gladness. Ben managed to buy a lot on a back alley and build himself a shanty and a little stable for the Government mule.

Judging from his thrift, he is, no doubt, if alive, one of the wealthy colored men of Richmond now.

NOT TIME TO SEND FOR THE COLONEL.

Clinton B. Fisk was chosen Colonel of a regiment made up largely of ministers and religious men. The morality of the regiment was a matter of favorable comment, not only in the camp where they were drilled before leaving the State, but also as they advanced down the Mississippi River. Some one suggested that Colonel Fisk should do the swearing of the regiment, as he was "as religious as a preacher."

The Colonel, who was not to be nonplussed by such a proposition, readily accepted the duty, the men all assenting.

"Soldiers," he said, with great gravity, "if there is any necessary swearing to be done in this regiment, call on your Colonel."

Weeks passed, during which not an oath was heard in camp. The first hard camping place was at Helena, Ark. The regiment pitched their tents on the bluff back of the town, on yellow clay, which after a rain became like putty. It was more than a mile to the steamboat landing, and all the supplies had to be hauled through the miry streets of the town and over the corduroy road, a road made of logs firmly fastened together, and then up a long, steep hill, where the mud-like yellow putty gathered upon the wheels and upon the feet of men and beasts.

Colonel Fisk sat in his tent one day attending to official business, when he heard one of his men, a teamster, swearing like a Hessian. He recognized his voice, and determined to reprove the man at the first opportunity. He had not long to wait. "John," he called, "come here." John responded with a military salute and stood before his Colonel unflinchingly.

"John, did I not hear some one swearing dreadfully down the hill a little while ago?"

"Yes, Colonel, that was me."

"You, John? I am surprised. Don't you remember that I was to do the swearing for this regiment?"

"Yes, Colonel, I know, but, you see, I was coming up the hill with a big load and the breeching broke. The swearing had to be done right away, and you weren't there to do it." And the teamster made the military salute and retired.

Many of the other privates were so full of wit that it was almost impossible for the officers to reprove them. General Fisk, years afterward, used to say, laughingly, that it was little worth while to try to argue a question with John, his teamster, as he always got the best of the argument.—Annie Wittenmyer.

WAR ON THE PLAINS.

A YARN OF THE TIME OF THE SIOUX UPRISING.

FIGHTING AND CHASING INDIANS IN MINNESOTA IN 1862.

Clark, S. D. Jan. 4.—When we returned from Fort Snelling to Mankato we had orders to press into service horses for our whole command of 110 men, and were sent to Crystal Lake. The settlers had all left the country and we could see the midnight sky lighted up by the burning buildings at New Ulm. Now and then we discovered on the horizon the faint light coming from some settler's cabin, the last of his earthly possessions. We were very impatient to get to New Ulm. We knew we were needed there. We heard that the town was surrounded by Indians, but our superior officers ordered otherwise.

There was a man in our company by the name of Jim Hoosier; for short, we called him "Whiskey Jim." When we had camped for the night, he said to the captain: "I am going to New Ulm: my father, mother and youngest brother live twenty miles west of New Ulm on the banks of the Little Cottonwood River: and I am going to know this night whether they live or have been chopped up by the red imps."

"Well, if you go," said the captain, "you must look out: it will be running the gantlet."

But Jim had lived on the frontier and was not easily scared.

When darkness had once more cast her protecting mantle over mother earth, he mounted a powerful black horse, sallied forth from our camp, and wended his way toward New Ulm. The Big Cottonwood River was crossed, and there was a lonely ride of five miles through a dense forest. Nothing of note occurred until Jim came within two miles of town. The Indians had a fire by the roadside, and were evidently guarding the main road.

Jim said to himself: "Well, now, this is a pretty go. What is to be done now? I guess I will have to flank you fellows, for I reckon there are too many of you for me to tackle single handed."

So, leaving the main road, and making a detour to the south for a mile, he came upon a hill, whence he could plainly see the smouldering ruins of the outside portion of the town. He now advanced in a bee line for the fire, lying close to his horse, peering in every direction for red skins. He moved cautiously along, and seeing nothing, straightened up, feeling that he had flanked the Indians completely. But to his disappointment, he was awakened from his security by the whizzing of an arrow close to his head.

"Well, old Tom, we will have to run for it," said Jim. Putting spurs to his horse he made a dash for town. The outer buildings were all burned and smouldering. They were reached and passed, when came the challenge of "Halt! or I will shoot!"

"Don't shoot: I am a white man and have run the Indians' guard.

"What's your name, stranger?" said the sentinel.

"Jim Hoosier."

"Oh, yes: I know old man Hoosier: they all came into town yesterday before the fight. The old man and the boy did some tall fighting."

The boy had had a double-barrelled shotgun and was on the outside breastworks, at a point where the Indians had then determined to come in; and the little fellow had caused many a red devil to leap into the air and come down in his death agony.

"Where is your next guard?" asked Jim. "We will have to double the guard, for they fired at me with their bows and arrows, and may attack us before morning. Where will I find my father?"

"He is on the next post north on the main road. Wait here until the relief comes around. Then you can fall in with them, and they will take you to him."

Throwing himself from his horse, he cast his eye back along his trail. He dropped down on his knees and could see above the rise of the ground a dark object crawling toward them.

"Whist, come here!" he whispered to the guard.

Kneeling beside young Hoosier, the guard said: "That looks like a dog or a wolf."

"Hold my horse," said Jim, "and I will show you what kind of a dog it is."

Crawling off to one side, so as to come broadside to the moving object, he brought his old musket to his shoulder. A flash belched forth and a leaden minie sped on its errand of death. The terrible whoop of a brawny savage broke the stillness of the breaking dawn.

"There, you red cuss, take that for sneaking around after me," said Jim.

The yell, however, was soon answered from different points, seemingly from a thousand throats.

"Well, pard," said the guard, "that was like tipping over a beehive: they will be down on us like a swarm of 'skeeters, and we had better fall back to the rifle pits and prepare for a battle."

Jim wanted to get his father first: and they had to be quick, for it was fast coming day. The next post was soon reached, and father and son were in fond embrace.

"Well, Jim," said the father, "I knew that wasn't any popgun which sent that redskin to the happy hunting grounds. We will soon have fun. Fall back to the rifle pits."

Jim wanted his father to take the horse and ride into town and give the alarm, he and the guard holding the rifle pits. But there was no use in that, for the yells would have raised the dead, and by the time they reached the rifle pits there were a hundred men there. Everybody was clamoring. "Whose gun was it that

bursted?" Nobody's gun had bursted. The guard explained:

"Jim Hoosier came up with an army gun, a regular cannon, and a redskin came sneaking along after him; and Jim says, 'Hold my hoss, pard,' and he crawled off to one side, and the next I saw was a flash; and that Indian went up higher than my head, and came down ker-whallop. Hark! they are coming! Get into the pits!"

Like so many demons they came thundering on. They were on their ponies. Owing to the darkness and their mad hurry, they came rushing on, not clinging close, as is their custom, but sitting upright in their saddles.

"Ready! aim! fire!" ran along the line. An awful, trembling, roaring sound bellowed like an earthquake. The volley was sudden and unexpected, and the aim was close. Of the howling and screeching and rearing of horses, no pen can ever tell the story. All who were able to wheel and get back to the rear went there.

"There," said the old man Hoosier, "they got a good send-off that time."

The scampering of the ponies soon died away, and all was quiet at post No. 1. But, hark! An attack was being made on the other side of the town.

"Twenty-five men stay here; the balance follow me!" was the command of the old man Hoosier; and the party were soon in the thickest of the fight. The Indians had been more cautious on that side of the town. They had crawled up toward the outpost, and were just in the act of knifing the guard when he shot the foremost Indian and gave the alarm; but he had fired his last shot. He went down under the stroke of a tomahawk. The Indians were soon driven back.

Several more attacks were made, but with heavy losses to the Indians. The sun rose clear upon a sickening scene. It was the most beautiful valley and town on the Minnesota River, and the plain was strewn with dead and dying human beings, while the defenders of the town were grimy with powder and pale and haggard from long and weary watching and hard fighting.

Satisfied that there would be no other attack for a while, Jim Hoosier went to see his mother and Johnnie. The meeting between mother, son and brother was an affectionate one. After breakfast a scouting party was sent out along the timber. Not a trace of an Indian was seen. Coming to a small bunch of hazel brush, one of the party said: "There was where poor Ben Foster got his last shot last night. He and Charley Tidling were here, having come home on parole from the 3d Regiment. They were in the fight of yesterday." After the Indians had fallen back to the woods they had followed them to this clump of brush, and secreted themselves in here, and many a redskin had been made to bite the dust from their long range Springfield rifles. The Indians having disappeared altogether, Ben had grown restless, and told Charley he was going to stir them up. So he had started for the woods, but had not gone five rods before he was shot. Then a brawny savage had sallied forth to scalp him, but an unerring shot from Charley's rifle sent him to his happy hunting-ground. Charley was determined to save his comrade's scalp or die in the attempt. When darkness once more mantled the earth, he had come back to town, got help, and brought back his dead comrade.

Thus ended the first day's fight. Seeing no more signs of Indians, Jim Hoosier set out for camp. On reaching the river, he saw a red blanket on a bush below the ford. "Well, let's see what this means," he said. Tying his horse to a tree, he crawled through the brush as near as practicable, and saw two Indians in swimming. Drawing a bead on the largest one, he sent him beneath the water. Hastening back to his horse, he crossed the river, and lost no time in getting back to camp, and reported that New Ulm would be evacuated the next day.

When the 27th Wisconsin Infantry relieved us from New Ulm we were sent back to Camp Criss, twenty miles west of Mankato. Shortly after we camped there two half-breed Indians came to our camp with orders for twenty-five of our company to act as escort for the 27th Wisconsin. They were ordered to march to Sibley's camp for duty. We joined the 27th at New Ulm, and then started for General Sibley's camp, at Mud Lake, forty miles above Fort Ridgley. We reached the fort at noon, crossed the river on the ferry, and reported to headquarters for dinner. The commander of the post said: "There has not been any communication with General Sibley since the half-breeds went down to your camp, and I am afraid the Indians have got between his forces and the fort; and I will have to hold you here until I can send a courier through and see what is the trouble."

"Well, commander, this is unexpected. If it had not been for my men and horses I should not have crossed the river to the fort."

"It is better as it is, Lieutenant, for it was only day before yesterday that Captain Marsh was shot by the Indians. He was taking his company across the river, and the Indians drove them back with heavy loss, and Captain Marsh has not been found yet."

The men were impatient. They said: "We are scouts to hunt up the red devils and punish them for their infernal deeds, and now here we are trapped and shut up in this old fort. This is unbearable. Well, boys, we will have to make the best of it."

It was too confining for us rangers, however, so, after dinner, we wanted to see how many Indians there were in the woods. We made a break and skirmished for two hours, charged on a plum thicket and carried off about a barrel of plums. We saw the remains of one good Indian during the excursion. On returning to the fort we saw a crowd at headquarters and soon learned that they had found the remains of Captain Marsh and were preparing for burial. We fell into line, marched to the grave and witnessed the solemn burial of a brave soldier. Three volleys were fired over the grave.

On returning to the fort several of the wounded had just arrived. "Halloo, what's up? Has there been a battle? Well, I should say so." There was one poor fellow all shot to pieces. Why was it that we could not have a little fight with the Indians? We had been scouting every day and yet the Indians would not give us one squint at their noble form. There were thirty or forty all told of the wounded. "How many did you hurt?" we asked. "That we can't tell," they replied, "but we think the Indians lost double our number." Oh, how we wished—we would have given anything if we could have ridden in on their flank and lifted the topknots off from about a thousand of them.

The mule train had been sent out to the Indians' gardens for forage. The Indians gobbled them all except one man. This man loosened a mule, shot his way through the Indians, reached camp and gave the alarm. The mule train had been surrounded and captured by the Indians. The 3d Regiment grabbed their guns and was off on the double-quick to the scene of action. The Indians were on a rolling prairie. The 3d Regiment took advantage of a ravine, opened fire and slew them right and left. Although the Indians outnumbered our force two to one, they could not stand our long-range rifles, and the 3d Regiment sent them howling back to their town like a pack of wolves.

The wounded men were taken to the hospital and had their wounds dressed.

After our little squad had turned in for the night the Indian problem had to be solved. Lieutenant Roberts made a little speech: "Fellow comrades! We have been called upon to witness another sad burial of a dear comrade, cut down in full health and vigor by the red devils of the forest; and again we are called upon to behold the mangled and bleeding forms of more of our comrades. We cannot help it, boys. You know it isn't my fault, and it is none of yours, for we have ridden night and day, rain and shine, and worked hard to get them to attack us. But they won't. They dodge us on every hand. But I will make them one promise. If we ever get them out of the woods we never will leave one to get back to tell what became of the rest."

"Three cheers for Lieutenant Roberts." They were given with a will, and we went to sleep for the night. But I did not sleep much. My head was filled with dreams of wounded men and Indians, and my stomach was too full of wild plums.

At 3 o'clock in the morning there came orders for our company and six pieces of artillery from the fort to move to General Sibley's headquarters at once. By reason of my having had two suppers—one of supper and the other of plums—I had to be left behind. I was left in care of O'Connor, one of our men, who had been detailed in the arsenal at the fort. Our men filed out into the darkness and across the river, and all was quiet once more. There was no sound except the lone sentry's tread. Day dawned at last and found me somewhat worse for duty. O'Connor went over to the Commissary's and got some tea, coffee, beef, cabbage and other provisions.

"Now," he said, "stuff yourself. A cup of that tea just as strong as you can drink it will fetch you out all right."

"Can you cook cabbage and beef," I asked; "I want an old-fashioned boiled dinner just like what my mother used to cook."

"I don't know how your mother used to cook," he said, "but I can cook the way my mother used to very well."

"Cook, then, your way, and I will be the judge."

I tested the virtue of the tea, and it worked like magic. I had the boiled dinner so nearly perfect that O'Connor almost went into hysterics. He said it took him back to when he was a little boy and eating his mother's cooking; it made him think of his grandmother and Ike and all of her relations.

"Well," I said, "I think to-morrow I will be able to go to Sibley's camp." "What!" said O'Connor, "you don't think of starting out from this fort alone?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Because you would be charged with desertion, arrested and brought back."

"I would not be deserting," I said. "I would be going to my own company." "It makes no difference," said he, "that is military orders. No enlisted man can leave any post or garrison alone."

"That is tough," I said. "I have got to stay cooped up here like a rat in a trap."

"I expect you will have to stay right here until your company comes back."

Well, I always was unlucky anyway, but it is a very foul wind that blows nobody any good. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills, and its golden rays were playing around the topmost corners of the battered old fort when I went to the back yard to draw a pail of water. To my surprise I found two pretty girls there drawing water. They had not noticed me. I stepped to the side of the largest one, seized the well rope and said: "Please let me assist you, fair lady!" They both fell back startled. I said, "Don't be afraid, ladies; I am not a crow, nor a Comanche Indian on the warpath."

"Oh, you are not to blame," one replied; "we were just talking about how long it had been since our father and mother had been killed by the Indians."

"Were your folks killed by the Indians?"

"Yes," he said, "and we barely escaped with our lives."

"I am a soldier," said I, "and I would be pleased to have you stay, for I have been a-scouting for six weeks, and have seen so much of their hellish works, it moves me with the deepest of sympathy for the survivors."

She then told this story:

"My father moved to the Yellow Medicine last spring, near the Indian village. All was peace and quiet until the morning of the outbreak. My mother sent us to our neighbors on

an errand. We were returning home when we met another neighbor who lived nearer to the Indian village. He was running and hallooing at the top of his voice: 'Run for your lives; the Indians have broken out and are killing everybody; don't go home, for your father and mother are both killed; now, run for your lives.' We turned and ran to the woods, and followed the timber and windings of the river until we reached the fort. We arrived here only the night before they attacked the fort. That was a hard battle. We thought surely the fort would be burned. You see the top of that frame building?" pointing to the only wooden building in the fort.

"Yes," I said, "I was looking that over yesterday. I see the upper story is all riddled with bullets."

"The Indians would run up to the walls of the fort and shoot arrows with burning rags tied to them to set the buildings on fire, and they nearly accomplished it. The soldiers cut holes through the roof to throw water on the fire. The Indians besieged the fort for three days, but were finally driven off."

"Well," I said, "it is dark, and I am keeping you out here in the night. Can I see you here to-morrow?"

They replied: "We shall go to St. Peter as soon as we can get there. We have two uncles living at Forest City, and intend going to live with them."

I then went to my quarters for the night. My dreams were troubled. I could see burning buildings, flaming arrows, and the form of a brawny savage with a long knife pursuing a frightened woman, or about to lift the scalp lock of a shrinking, fallen victim, and I seemed to be chained, unable to help them. But at last day broke and I rushed out to get breakfast. O'Connor was already out, and before I had breakfast half ready, he came rushing in to say: "If you want to go to Sibley's camp, now is your time, for Major Skelly has come with a dispatch for Sibley, and if you insist on going, I will get him to take you in his company."

"All right," said I, "many thanks. Just throw my horse a handful or two of oats, while you are handy by. Thank God, I will get out of this old dismal fort for a while. Now, then, you take my canteen, fill it with water, take my haversack and fill it with bread and meat."

O'Connor gave me sixty more cartridges, saying: "You are going with strange men, and you want to be prepared for the worst. You don't know as you will ever get to Sibley's camp. Take enough provisions to last you a week."

"We have always found plenty to eat without carrying it with us," I said.

"You may not find anything where you are going," said O'Connor.

But I being young and thoughtless took bread and meat enough for one meal. The rest of the men did not take a bite of anything to eat with them.

We crossed the river and took the trail. All went well until noon. Then the men were hungry, but had nothing to eat. I gave my piece of bread and meat to a boy about my own age and told him I would divide with him. He took it, broke it in two, kept a generous half himself and passed the rest on to his chum. I made up my mind that my generosity would eventually bring me to hunger. About 2 o'clock the sergeant of the squad fainted and fell from his horse. The doctor gave him some restoratives and got him up again, and we went on. About 4 o'clock he fainted again. The doctor applied his restoratives, but the sergeant was so overcome with fatigue and hunger that he could not rally. So the Major said: "Two of you stay with him and when we get to camp we will send a wagon after him." Then on we rushed.

To our disappointment, the sun had set when we reached the old campground at Mud Lake. A few empty barrels and the rifle pits were all that was left to testify to that having been Sibley's camp.

"We'll all be kilted," says Pat. Dorgan; "three of our men left behind, Sibley gone to the d——, and Ingens all around us. Bad luck to the day I iver jined to foight Ingens."

Somebody suggested that he had moved to the Yellow Medicine, about four miles; we could easily follow his trail and reach there before dark. On we rushed, but only to another disappointment. Darkness had cast a gloom over mother earth long before we reached the river. The Indian village, situated on the north side of the river, lay in smouldering ruins. The gentle night breeze fanned the embers into a blaze and sent up a sickening glare, and made the timid think that every spark was an Indian.

"Oh!" said Pat, "we will all be kilted: I seed an Ingen lape rite out of the fire."

We crossed the river, wound around a small thicket of brush, climbed a hill on the north and hallooed long and loud. But all was still as the grave. We then filed to the left and followed the main road for a mile, but all was blank. Then said the Major:

"We will return to the rifle pits, and encamp for the night. About face, march!"

As I had been near the rear, the order brought me in front. My horse was nearly exhausted, but the doctor's was more so; and when I was about half-way down the hill, "Halt!" came the order. The doctor's horse had fallen down; but the man ahead of me moved on, and two more passed by. Then I turned my horse across the road, and said:

"Don't desert your commander!" Then the man in front cried out:

"Boys, do you see that?" A gust of wind had taken the sparks heavenward. It made my hair stand on end. "For God's sake follow me!" he yelled, and away they went. Another man passed me. Then I shouted:

"Don't another man pass me, or I will drop you right here."

Then came the order, "All right, forward!" We rushed on to the rifle pits. No deserters

were there. The order was then to go out to good feed, and then camp. Two miles took us out to good feed. Then we let out our bridle reins, held one end, rolled ourselves in our overcoats, and soon forgot the troubles of this world. Just as the gray streak of dawn was creeping into the eastern sky I awoke, sprang to my feet and gazed over a group of tired men and horses, wrapped in silent slumber. I aroused my poor, tired horse, crossed to where the major and doctor lay and awoke them.

"Come: it is time we were on the move."

We soon had the men all awake, but the doctor's horse was done for The men lifted him to his feet, but he could not stand.

"Well," the doctor said, "it is very plain I am out a horse. Now, boys, I have a dispatch that must go to General Sibley. Will you go with me to take it?"

"Bedad," said Pat Dorgan, "it's not the loiks of me that wants to run the risk of me loife going through that burnin' valley agin. We'll all be kilted." Another man said: "If you will go back and get the sergeant and the rest of our men, we will all go willingly."

So back we went to where we left the sergeant, but all were gone. Then came another parley. Not a man wanted to go with the Major, but the doctor said: "Major, if you will let me ride your horse part of the time, I will stick to you." Said I: "Major, are you in command of this company?" "I am," he replied. He straightened himself in his saddle and said: "Men, follow me," and once more headed his horse toward the burning valley. I fell in behind him, and said: "Come, boys, if you go to the fort the Indians will scalp every last one of you." We followed the Major. When we reached the Indian village, the sun was high up and everything looked differently from what it did in the dark. We followed the trail until afternoon. Our horses were badly jaded and the men were tired and hungry. I got off, left my gun hanging on the saddle, and let the doctor ride my horse. The party moved ahead, then stopped. When I came up to them the Major and doctor were forty rods in advance of the others. I said: "What's up now?" "Bedad," says Pat, "we're all scalped; them Ingens have surrounded us; the Major is out on the hill spying them." I went up to where they were sitting on the horses.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" said I.

The Major replied: "We have got to go back to the fort to get reinforcements. I am afraid that the Indians have captured Sibley and his whole command."

"That cannot be possible," said I; "and if they had, there are not men enough in the fort to help him any. I think those new tents to the right are Sibley's, and those others are the Indians', and that white flag in the centre is a flag of truce. If we follow this road it will take us right into camp."

"No," said he, "it would be foolhardy to run into danger, so we will return to the fort."

Said I: "We never can stand the jaunt. Our horses are all tired out and the men haven't tasted food since yesterday morning. It will take us two days more to reach the fort. Doctor, if you will give me my horse I will go to camp alone."

"No," said the Major, "you will have to go to the fort with us. You would bring the Indians all down on us."

"Well, give me my gun and I will go afoot."

"No, we won't do that, either. You are subject to my orders and if you desert us now I will report you as a deserter."

"You are a set of d—— cowards," I answered.

"Young man, do you know you are talking to a commissioned officer, and I could have you court-martialled for insult to your superior?"

"Well," I said, "I think if I were a commissioned officer I woudn't disgrace those brass buttons with such cowardice."

Facing his horse to the rear, the Major said: "Young man, follow me." I arose, but they moved off and left me standing and unarmed. So much for getting into bad company. I turned and trudged after them about five miles. The doctor then gave me my horse. Near the Yellow Medicine we found an Indian garden and dug up some Irish potatoes, and we made a fire at the rifle pits and roasted them. We travelled all night and the next day, and just as the sun was sinking behind the tree tops we pulled into Fort Ridgely tired, sleepy and hungry, as we had been three days and two nights with nothing except a few half-cooked potatoes to eat. The next day my company came down; and Major Skelly found I was right about the tents and the flag of truce. The next day we bade farewell to Fort Ridgely and returned to Camp Criss

F. E. MILLER.

Co. E, 9th Minn. Infantry.

A FRIENDSHIP MADE ON THE FIELD.

Monticello, Ill., Jan. 28.—It was after the terrible charge at Jackson, Mississippi, in July, 1863, that our old colonel, Isaac C. Pugh, called on us to go over to the battlefield the next day after the charge with a flag of truce, and see if we could not get permission from the Confederates to remove our wounded and bury the dead. We were only too glad to do this.

In company with Uncle John Fletcher, our old mail-carrier; Robert W. Rickard and James D. English, field-bearers, we started on our mission. We had always thought that it was against the laws of civilized warfare to fire on a flag of truce and felt no alarm while carrying this emblem of peace. We went down to the woods where we had been when the charge was made, and instructed the field-bearers to stop in the timber until we went forward and secured the consent of the Confederates to remove the wounded. Just as we stepped out in the open field we saw three Confederates on their post. They jumped up and grabbed their guns. We waved the white flag and mounted a stump about a foot high, so that we would be in full view of the enemy. We were just on the eve of calling to them and explaining our mission when one of them raised his gun and fired, the ball passing just to our left. We made

a leap and fell on the ground. That Johnnie may have thought he had silenced one Yankee, but he was badly mistaken, for we still live, although it was a very close call. Old Uncle John Fletcher called to us to "come on and get out of there"; and they sent a ball after him, but it did not hit him. We were boys then, and this was our first experience in the flag of truce business.

The next day General W. T. Sherman sent in a flag of truce to General Joseph E. Johnston, and there was a cessation of hostilities all along the lines until the dead who fell in that terrible charge were buried. They had lain there for three days and were changed almost beyond recognition. I had been wounded in the right hand and shoulder, but made my way over on the battlefield to where the Confederates were burying the dead. They received me kindly and gave me all the information they could about the killed and wounded. Our loss had been fearful. Of the remnants of four old regiments, the 28th, 41st and 53d Illinois and the 3d Iowa and one section of the 15th Ohio Battery, over two-thirds of the number who went into the charge had been killed or wounded.

While on that field I met the men who did the burying of the dead. They were of the 2d and and 3d Florida Confederate Regiments. Among them was a Mr. Samuel Pasco, who was a member of the 3d Florida and lived at Monticello, Fla. He had ,formerly lived at Cambridgeport, Mass., and all his relations were living there. He asked me to do him the favor to write to his parents and family at Cambridgeport and let them know that he was alive and in the army. I told him that I would, and requested that he write a few lines on a leaf of his day-book and sign his name. This he did. I enclosed the leaf with my letter. When the bugle sounded and the signal-gun was fired we had to separate and each one go to his own side. I bade him farewell; and when I arrived at camp I sat down and with my left hand wrote a letter to his family, I could not use my right hand, because it had been torn by a minie ball. The two armies separated and his went off into Tennessee, while ours went back to Vicksburg, Miss. In a reasonable time I received a letter from his sisters, who were glad to hear from their brother. They sent a letter for him, but I carried that letter until almost the close of the war without having had an opportunity to deliver it.

Time rolled on and the war ended. We returned home, forgetting our old friend Pasco, never expecting to meet him again on this earth; but when the National Democratic Convention met in Chicago in 1884 and the National Committee was made up, I saw among the names that of Samuel Pasco, of Florida. I wrote him to know if he was the same man I had met on that battlefield at Jackson, Miss., twenty-one years ago. He replied that he was the same man, and gave me a brief history of his army life. After meeting me there his command had been sent to Tennessee, and he had taken part in the battle of Missionary Ridge. He was wounded there and was left on the field, and was captured and taken North, where he remained until the close of the war, when he was exchanged. At the close of the war he went back to Florida, married and raised a family. We kept up our correspondence, and met for the first time at the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, Mo., in 1888. Mr. Pasco was elected president of the Constitutional Convention of Florida, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1877, and he is there now serving his State. He is a gentleman who is well liked by all who know him.

E. T. LEE,
41st Illinois Infantry.

SENT AHEAD OF THE COLUMN.

TORPEDOES IN THE ROAD AND A SQUAD DETAILED TO FIND THEM—GENERAL SHERMAN UNDER A HOT FIRE OF CANISTER AND SHELL.

Emery, Ill., Jan. 23.—On December 10, 1864, at the termination of that ever memorable "March to the Sea," a detachment of cavalry at the head of the column under command of a handsome and soldierly looking lieutenant was making its way along the sandy causeway which at that place ran some thirty yards to the right of the Georgia Central Railroad as it entered the city. The horse of the lieutenant suddenly trod on a buried torpedo, exploding it. The horse was killed and one of the officer's feet was torn off at the ankle. The head of the infantry column (the 17th A. C.), which was a short distance in the rear, was instantly halted. General Sherman was on foot at the head of the corps, and was very angry over such modes of warfare. He immediately ordered a detail of six rebels from among the prisoners, saying in his impulsive way "he would be d——d; if they wanted to blow men up by such means they could try it on some of their own." Sergeant Cole, of my company, had charge of the detachment, which consisted of six rebels and six bluecoats. Sergeant Cole being my bunkmate, I volunteered and went with him, which made thirteen of us. The rebel detail was quickly and quietly made. I suppose none of us were free from a feeling of dread while we were getting ready and watching the surgeons dress the wounded lieutenant.

We moved forward in sections of four, close ranks, and covered thirty or forty paces to the front before the troops were put in motion. We had orders from General Sherman that if we saw any signs of torpedoes, the Johnnies should dig them up or tramp on and explode them. After we had marched some distance the feeling of dread gradually wore away. My gallant old comrade Cole and I talked of the campaign just ended, while the rest of the guards, as dashing a lot of fellows as there were in the Army of the Tennessee, guyed the Johnnies in an unmerciful manner. All of the latter, with one exception, were scared half out of their wits. The exception was a little captain, a regular gamecock. The boys would say: "Now, walk right up, Johnny! If you get blowed up you are certain of good company, for we will all go together." We

tramped along the causeway in the yielding sand until we came to a place which was clear of trees lying between the road and railroad, the latter being some thirty or forty yards to our left as we went toward the city.

Just as we entered the woods beyond, which fringed the borders of a narrow swamp, some rebel batteries, the proximity of which we were entirely ignorant of, opened on us with a hot fire of shell and canister. We immediately halted, and the compact blue column closed sullenly upon us, with General Sherman at its head, on foot. By this time a perfect hurricane of shell and canister was coming down the road through the strip of woods between the road and railroad. During this fusillade "Uncle Billy" stood within three feet of me. He wore no sidearms; none of his staff were with him; his coat was unbuttoned and flared open; he had the stub of a dead cigar, which he placed and replaced in his mouth, and tapped in his quick, nervous way with his fingers. As I watched his eyes, which fairly glittered, I said to myself, "Well, Uncle Billy, if one of those canister hits you in the ribs the head of the mess will be gone, sure."

The troops had spread out the full width of the road when a murderous shell exploded in Company I, 53d Illinois, killing five and wounding other men. One of the poor fellows, apparently a boy of eighteen or nineteen, lay at my feet completely eviscerated by the cruel shell, and with his left arm torn off near the shoulder. The little strips of red flesh were hanging down and the red blood was dripping from them like water from melting icicles. He talked as coolly as if he were sitting quietly by his campfire with no danger near, and he died like the glorious hero that he was.

A colored "man and brother" was trudging along on the railroad in conscious pride of his new-found freedom, on the way to Savannah, fresh oysters and perhaps some dusky maiden, when a shell struck the roadbed in his front and, glancing up, took his head off.

The troops began to file to the right and take position. The rebels ceased their fire, except that they sent an occasional shell which went far above our heads. They doubtless concluded that the advance was only a skirmish line and that they could do more damage by sending their shells farther back. But the fact was that they had been firing squarely into the head of the column, the road being filled with a solid mass of troops. I took notice that the Johnnies we had did not stand fire nearly as well as our own boys. The most of them started to run, and Amos Salmon came near to shooting one of them down before he would halt.

After the firing had ceased, and while I was chatting with two comrades, General Sherman came along and chatted a moment with us. One of the boys had a shovel with which he was scooping up, and looking at the sand, said: "Well, General, I reckon we will have to dig some rifle-pits over there," pointing toward the rebel batteries, "if those fellows will let us." The General good-naturedly answered him: "Well, we will not ask those fellows where we will dig rifle-pits We shall dig them where we please." This was the only instance in which I saw Sherman under fire during the war, and I venture to say he was never in a warmer place for a few moments at any time during the entire war. It is hardly necessary to add that "Uncle Billy" "didn't scare worth a cent."

The next day we took the road for Kings Bridge on the Ogeechee River above Fort McAllister. We were exceedingly hungry It seemed to me that I walked like a drunken man, I was so hungry. When night came on John King and I managed to secure a piece of beef liver, which we divided and grilled before the campfire, dipping it into the ashes to give it a salty taste. I told John that "to have anything to eat at all was something, and while this was about the hardest meal I ever had in nearly four years' service, yet it was a great sight harder on the steer which furnished the liver." The next day we arrived at our destination, not having had breakfast or dinner. On the way Joe Ware and myself found a cavalryman on guard by the roadside over three or four bushels of shelled corn. We tried to beg or buy a little but could do neither. The guard said that if the corn were his own to dispose of he would have given us some. Farther along we ran against a potato speculator. Joe was the banker of our party, he having one dollar, and he bought four little potatoes with it, each one about six inches long and as big round as an ordinary man's thumb. These we ate, peelings, dirt and all as we tramped along. I hope that speculator will be allowed to go to heaven for a little while, for Joe and I want to point him out to the boys as the man who charged two hungry comrades a dollar for four little Confederate sweet potatoes. Joe and I hope that old Saint Peter will let us two slip in anyhow for what we did for the old flag.

So far as I know, the principal incident referred to above is the only one of the kind during the war. Generals Grant and Sherman both speak of it in their memoirs. General Grant seems to have fallen into error in believing that Sherman sent the whole body of rebel prisoners ahead of the column by themselves; and General Sherman has been severely criticised on that supposition. But we had only about 100 prisoners with the 17th Corps, and of this number only six were made to take this disagreeable tramp at the head of the column. They were accompanied by seven bluecoats, making thirteen in all in the squad. These are the plain facts in the case. While we did not discover any more torpedoes, we took our chances of that, without the faintest hope of being able to defend ourselves in any manner against harm should we explode one. It was as cold-blooded an expedition as any one was ever called upon to take part in during the entire war, great as it was.

My gallant old comrade Sergeant Cole and I always have a chat about this incident when we meet. The seven bluecoats in the squad were all members of Companies A and B, 41st Illinois Veteran Battalion, there being at that time only enough of the regiment left to make two companies. We were all farmer boys, just creeping out of our

'teens, although we were "veterans" of nearly four years' service at the front with that, to me, incomparable body of troops, the Army of the Tennessee. It is stating the case mildly when I say I greatly prefer to sit here in my bachelor quarters and write about it rather than to take such another tramp. It is seldom even in such a long war, with constant fighting, that one has the opportunity to volunteer under the eye and personal supervision of such a leader as General Sherman, and perform such a service. Sometimes when I read about the fellows who were awarded medals for meritorious acts I think that some of them would be without the medals to-day if they had been called upon to go ahead of the column to find, tramp on and explode torpedoes in order to save the troops. At this date, in my more mature years, it seems to me that I would shrink from the performance of such a duty again. At times, even when I am very busy at work, the risk we ran flashes through my mind, and I stop my work instantly and look around before I can remember where I am. Well, I have been asked what I would take as an inducement to make such another tramp. A deed of my native State, the whole State, the grand old State of Illinois, would not be the slightest temptation.—Joseph Ray, late Co. A, 41st Ill. Vols., First Brigade, Fourth Division, 17th A. C.

TOWN CLOCK OF VICKSBURG.

The Court House of Vicksburg stood on high ground in the centre of the city. It was surmounted by a tall tower, and near the top of the tower was placed a large white faced clock, the four white faces looking toward the four points of the compass. The black figures indicating the hour of the day and the hands could be seen miles away with the aid of field glasses.

During the long weary months of the siege of Vicksburg when the heavy guns of the Union Army poured in hot shot and shell night and day, many a skilled gunner trained his gun at one of the white faces of that clock. Shot and shell came from every quarter, but the clock kept time for both armies unscathed. The Confederate flag staff was cut to pieces above it: the tower above and below was riddled with flying missiles, but the clock remained untouched, and ticked off moment by moment, hour by hour the exact time, until the last gun was fired, and the last wail of agony was hushed in the solemn ceremonies of the historic surrender. Even then the old clock went on unmoved, and told time with resonant tongue as though nothing had happened.

It was a matter of surprise to artillery men that they had not been able to send a ball through one or the other of the four great white faces of the clock at Vicksburg. After the surrender an old colored Methodist preacher explained it to the satisfaction of many. He said, speaking of the fall of their great brick church:

"You see, we ust to go dar to pray, and we al'ers prayed for liberty an dat de Yanks would git de victory, an so to stop de prayen dey jus tore don de church."

"And that stopped your praying?"

"Oh, no, missus, dat couldn't stop our prayin'. We just 'greed to pray whenever de clock struck 12, night or day. And oh, missus, how we did pray!"

"The Union men tried very hard to hit that clock, but somehow they didn't happen to strike it."

The old man's face was radiant. The joy of his heart was shining through the black skin, as he swayed and slapped his hands. "Oh, honey, dar's no happen about dat. De good Lor' he jus' put his han' over it, and kep' it goin' an' goin', for us poor color fokes to pray by."

What perfect trust! It is easier to accept the theory of the old colored preacher than to explain why it was that the army with a cordon of guns pointing toward that clock did not reach the clock or stop the regular swing of its pendulum, or the merry chimes of its bell.

FOUR DOLLARS A MONTH, NOW.

ONE MAN'S WAR HISTORY.

THE MULES NEARLY ATE UP THE WAGONS—FIGHTING PRICE IN THE SOUTHWEST—A VETERAN'S MODEST QUESTION AS TO PENSIONS.

When the first call came for 75,000 men Charles Atkinson proceeded instantly to the work of enlistment. In a few days he had raised a company, with Thomas Harvey as captain, afterward lieutenant-colonel of the 84th Illinois. This company was in excess of the quota of Illinois, and could not be mustered. When the call came for 300,000 men, the company was accepted and placed in the 28th Illinois.

Atkinson was a Methodist pastor at Vermont, Ill. He did not take a military position until the close of his pastoral year, when, having mounted and equipped his only son capable of military duty (who enlisted in Company L, 7th Illinois Cavalry), in a few days he himself enlisted as a private in the same company, leaving his other son, a cripple, in care of his family. At Bird's Point, Mo., he secured a chest of tools, with which he put the regimental train in efficient state. The mules had in the absence of hay eaten up the wagon bodies. When a move was made for New-Madrid the train was in perfect running order. Passing down the Mississippi to Pleasant Point, honored en route with an artillery salute from a rebel battery on the Kentucky side, his next move after the battle of Shiloh was up Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing; thence to camp before Corinth. He had divested himself of the distinction of an artisan, but was again detached for the necessary repairs, which corduroy roads and the mules made urgent. The next movement found camp at Jacinto, Miss., with the heat of a June sun inviting him to the shade; but the demand of the quartermaster again forced him, as an absolute necessity, to put the wagon train in order for transportation of forage and stores from the Tennessee River. After this came the advance to Alabama. The 7th Illinois cavalry was stationed at Cane Creek, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad in the midst of cornfields, which supplied the mules and gave considerable rest to the wagons. The retreat from Alabama soon terminated this repose. We marched to Iuka, where we were prevented from staying more than a day by the absolute requirements of General Price, who desired the place for his own convenience. In obedience to necessity we pushed for Corinth, whence another necessity turned us back again, on the night of the same day. At Burnsville, again in camp, the foraging process was reinstated, but the interruption of succulent feed had been hard on the wagons and called for the use of the tool-chest for a few days. This was suddenly terminated by the instigation of General Price, who appeared at our picket lines. "Boots and saddles!" was the bugle note, and the quondam artisan was again mounted as No. 1 "right guide"

at the head of the column composed of six companies 7th Illinois cavalry, 11th Missouri and 26th Illinois Infantry, three pieces of artillery and Birge's battalion of sharpshooters. On reaching the picket line the right guide and his comrade were advanced to the vidette post, from which a movement was immediately detected. The comrade declared it "Johnnies," and brought his carbine into action, while "right guide" plied his spurs and reached company in time to order "About, face!" "Forward!" was the next order, and with cavalry in line, Birge's sharpshooters clearing the front, we advanced through bush and brake into open ground, with Iuka in sight. A few shells from the guns distinguished the enemy by a cloud of dust from their cover. Here Colonel Mower, commanding the brigade, ordered a sabre charge. Our blades glittered in the sun until we reached the ridge in front of us from which the Confederates had modestly retired. We reached the cover of the timber. At this point Company L was ordered to reconnoitre the road to Iuka, and when the lieutenant in command became cautious, "right guide" was directed to cross a field and examine a cabin in the opposite corner. With Blucher as his trusting power he galloped forward, disdaining the interruption of fences, which only gave an opportunity for Blucher's agility, and he found an empty cabin, but decided that the well-worn road from Iuka to Eastport signified a military presence. He reported "Iuka occupied in force," and received the hooting of the entire company, which was checked, however, by a light volley from the front and an impression on the back of one of the boys which indicated buckshot, the ball having carried higher. Influenced by this expression of opinion from the front the lieutenant showed us how to retreat by galloping off. When he had put the safety of distance behind him he halted for an observation, and saw an officer in gray making similar observations from near the same cabin which had just been explored. This indicated the propriety of reporting back to our commander. Colonel Mower was found making observations from the cover of a rail pile. The day was now advanced and dinner would have been acceptable. Believing that in Iuka there would be found culinary supplies, the boys vigorously declared, "Iuka is empty. Take us into Iuka." But from Blucher's saddle came the contradiction, "They are there in force, or what is left are all buglers," because when the little volley which started our lieutenant was heard, bugles were blown along the cover of the timber. And, as learned afterward, 5,000 Confederates were then in saddle. Colonel Mower did not go on to Iuka, but tried strategy. In the shade of the evening, while a battalion of cavalry made a feint of a sabre charge from the right, the whole front of the woods behind was lighted with fires to indicate an encampment. When the thick brush and the night, with the emphasis of a volley in front of us, induced the return of the gallant battalion, the absence of Colonel Mower on his way back to Burnsville decided our return. To break the silence of the night march we had the doleful notes of a railroad engine which the enemy had captured midway between Burnsville and Iuka; they had built under it its last fires, which made the whistle blow continuously till its voice died away to silence. The next day witnessed the investment of Iuka, while no notice is taken of him who had made the careful reconnoissance and the correct report. He had done his duty. Price was now in the trap, with gunboats on the Tennessee in the rear, and Grant and Rosecrans in the front. Out of all this, however, the wily Confederate made his way after all. History has reported the result. But how did he get through our lines; for really there was no battle of Iuka? It is stated that a feeble pursuit of Price was made. When the lines were closed on Iuka Colonel Mower commanded the brigade composed of the 26th Illinois, the 11th Missouri and the 6th Ohio Battery. From an officer of the 26th Illinois I have it that Colonel Mower lay drunk in his tent, the brigade at rest, and the artillery with horses detached. I have this from one of its men. A bluff covered one side, and along this Price advanced until he got his artillery in range of the Ohio battery. He shot down the Ohio horses, spiked his own guns, and attached the teams to the Ohio battery, with which he went off while Mower was waking up, and, forgetful of his brigade, gave the tactical command (?), "Eleventh Missouri, pitch in!" The faithful men did "pitch in" at the word of their commander; but when the Major in command got to horse he hastily rescued his regiment from unprotected slaughter and Price's surprise. When the Major came back Mower met him and ordered him under arrest, to which the response came: "You dry up, or I will put you under an arrest from which you will never obtain release." And this came from behind the Major's pistol. Mower went to his tent.

It is with regret for the man who was otherwise capable of the position he occupied that this mention is made.

Price's intentions as to Corinth were evident. While he was in column we were scattered around the country; and in the race we had hardly got into occupation before Price's guns began to pour their thunder on the key of the South. Why did he not succeed in capturing Corinth? To answer this the circumstances have to be considered. A Louisiana regiment proffered their service for the assault; but when the light of day revealed the teeth of the fortification, their courage failed them. Had they held steadfast Corinth would doubtless have changed commanders that day. To supply their place and effect Price's purpose, two regiments from Texas were drafted for the work. The indispensable whiskey was applied "to get their courage to the sticking point." On our side determination was working in a scientific manner. And, with the aid of hay bales, a flank battery was erected to cover the face of Fort Robinet. When the fated moment came, the foe, eight deep, walked into the trench, and the flank battery, with grape and canister, laid them low as grass in swath from the mower's scythe. Not a man

passed the rampart except the officer who led the assault, and he was introduced unceremoniously by the hair of the head. One of our men reached over and caught the reckless leader. I did not witness the carnage, and I am thankful that I was spared the sight. It was sufficient to see the ghastly picture which the photographic camera gathered of that pile of the carnage of war.

While with breathless anxiety the Union force was waiting the fearful shock which we have just related, and the cavalry was massed in a hollow, the bugle gave "Officers' Call," and hastily the Union officers went to their chief. That brief interview showed the doubt of General Rosecrans as to the event of the day. If it had not been for the storm of iron hail which fell from that hurried hay pile, the story of the Rebellion would have been told differently in the Southwest. An order now came sending a cavalry battalion to the cross-roads on the east, to Kossuth; and Company L, 7th Illinois, was soon beyond the line of the storm of battle. It was a most important position, but for the hour a quiet place. The soldiers found secreted a pen of corn, which was very acceptable to the horses after a twelve-mile march in the night previous. The men took breakfast and dinner. Scarcely was this done when "crack, crack," went the carbines on the picket line. A moment, and we are in the saddle, and retired under cover of a ridge, while the captain in command, who could not wield a pen, perhaps, with skill, but could give forcible expression verbally to what was on his mind, as he used to do when he guided his stages with the United States Mail from Galena, rode out in full view on the crest of the ridge. Here he was saluted with the firing of revolvers, for Price and his staff were seeking a way of retreat to the Hatchie Ford, as the most convenient route. In response to these small arms, the captain demanded "that they dry that up," and in his confidence declared "if that is the game you are at, we will give you enough of it, for we are here in force." The question was heard, "Who are you?" The answer came, "Jackson's cavalry, by——!" emphasized by breech-loading carbines. This pebble in the brook changed the current of Price's retreat, and sent him to the bridge, where he had to contend all the next day with our reinforcements for a passage. We had the shortest road, however, and during the same day had artillery ready, which told heavily on the rear of Price's column.

Having made a final disposition of Price in the South, we began to think of a warmer place for the winter. We passed through Holly Springs to look at Abbeville, a fearful fortification in defence of the passage of the Hatchie. A few days were spent in camp in this neighborhood, and foraging was again the order. The condition of the wagon train had not improved, and the work of repair had to be repeated. A ginhouse was relieved of a lot of its flooring, and the blacksmith shop of the plantation supplied a bellows. We had six portable forges, but no coal, and could not raise a heat with the fuel we extemporized, but with this one bellows we could do more than with all the forges. While reconnoitering before Abbeville one of our men said to our Major: "I don't believe there is a soul left in that fort"; although the dark features indicated great guns, and loud reports from them warned us not to intrude on the heights across the river. He proposed to risk the investigation and cross the river. The bridge had been burned, and he swam his horse over. With the spurs of anxiety urging him, and the rowels giving speed to his horse, in a little while the battlements of Abbeville displayed a man on horseback waving his hat, and the signal testified the correctness of his opinion. In answer a shout of delight was heard. The quiet of camp was changed to the excitement of the march.

Caution was observed in the movement into the very heart of the Confedracy, and a brigade was sent in advance, in command of Colonel Dickey, of the 4th Illinois Cavalry, with the 2d Iowa and 7th Illinois cavalry at Coffeyville. As evening was falling a train on the Mississippi Railroad came dashing up from Grenada, and poured out a flood of troops, covering flanks, front and rear. Colonel Dickey said to Colonel Hatch, of the 2nd Iowa: "I must surrender," and here's the reply: "I will not surrender my regiment, and I can take out the brigade." The command was turned over to him, and he dashed along the lines of his regiment. He ordered, "Dismount!" and "Advance to cover!" and "Reserve your fire till you find the position in the front of the enemy, by their fire"; then, "Fire at will." To the other regiments he gave the order, "Break ranks and retreat!" In the cover of the night the incessant discharge of the cylinder carbines was heard, and the tempest of horse resounded; and they left the way open for the successful retreat of the beleagured brigade, which did not halt for twenty miles. The Confederacy was determined to hold, as an important position, the fort we had attempted. The next thing being to occupy winter quarters and await events, we are found facing North again, and a Sabbath morning found us pulling up stakes for the last move to the Hatchie. The rain of the previous night had made the ground yielding, and there was more discord than devotion in camp when every teamster refused to allow another ounce to his burden. One wagon remained devotional. It was loaded with six dark cylinders, whose peace had never been disturbed since the confiscated bellows had come to camp. The train had to be kept moving, and the day sacred, and the confusion was great. The action struck a balance, in favor of the Confederacy, and left those six forges behind. He heard, once after this, and only once, an inquiry, "What was the authority by which those forges were abandoned?" The reply was, "By common consent." If the Confederacy treated them with any more respect than they obtained from the United States, they are entirely welcome, for we lost nothing by the exchange.

A few more zigzag motions. Holly Springs was left behind and La Grange, Tenn., found us

in winter quarters. The "Extra Duty," of "Wagonmaker" for the 7th Illinois Cavalry, continued all winter and into the spring, until the move was made for Baton Rouge by Colonel Grierson. At this period an entire change of my military history came. I was exposed to rain and want of food; was attacked with chills, then with sciatica and afterward with other troubles. I broke down and was sent to a hospital in Memphis, then to Fort Pickering, then to St. Louis and finally to Washington, D. C. During this time, I was enrolled in the 1st Missouri Veterans, as chaplain. My debility increasing, I applied to Secretary Stanton for discharge, and it was immediately ordered, but the surgeon would not let me go. Secretary Stanton heard of it later and was angry, and peremptorily ordered my discharge and a reprimand of the surgeon.

I receive a pension of $4 a month, am past the age of seventy, and my condition has deprived me of all means of obtaining a livelihood, while I require special care on account of my diseases. I did my share, to the best of my abilities, to save the Union. My infirmities are the result of exposure in the army. What is this I hear about "paying too much for pensions," and the pensioners being "frauds?" C. A.

MEMORIES OF THE 24TH IOWA.

INCIDENTS OF THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN AND AN EXCITING AFFAIR IN THE WOODS.

Chadron, Neb., Dec. 3.—I enlisted in Co. I, 24th Iowa Inf., at Maquoketa, August 11, 1862. The regiment was organized as a temperance organization. Seven out of our ten captains were preachers and the colonel was an elder in the Methodist Church. I was mustered in as a private August 29. October 20 we embarked on transports and started for the sunny South, going into winter quarters at Helena, Ark. During the winter of 1862-63 we made what was known as the Coldwater and the White River expeditions.

In the spring of '63 we were assigned to the 13th Army Corps, commanded by General McClernand, and joined the great and victorious army under Grant which, on July 4, 1863, broke the last iron band which held the Confederacy together. By the capture of that great stronghold, Vicksburg, the Confederacy was completely, to all intents and purposes, severed in twain. The final triumph of the Union Army was only a matter of time.

After the capture of Vicksburg the 13th Corps was disbanded and the larger portion was transferred to the department of Trans-Mississippi, being placed under the command of General N. P. Banks, who was then making preparations for the Red River campaign. These preparations occupied the greater portion of the winter of 1863-64. Once he made a sort of a raid up the Bayou Teche as far as Opelousas, which was known as the Opelousas campaign. On our way back we were attacked in the rear by a rebel force under General Green, and had a lively time for about two hours. But I think Green was not quite so green when we were through with him as he was when he made the attack.

Early in the spring of 1864 Banks's whole army, with a great flourish of military style and military discipline, started on the Red River campaign, well equipped with everything necessary for a successful foray into a hostile country. The plan was for one division to go around by the Gulf of Mexico to Matamoras; a large fleet of transports to go up the Red River, preceded by the gunboats and monitors; and the main army to march overland. The fleet was to meet us at Natchitoches, La., and the expedition around by the Gulf was to meet us at some point on the Sabine River in Texas.

For about the first five or six days' march it was rain, mud and water to wade through. Our cavalry marched well in the advance and kept the mud well stirred up for us. One night, as we were going into camp, after marching all day in a steady rain, our division commander, General Cameron, riding along the line of our camp, was heard to tell his orderly to go and tell the quartermaster that it would take six barrels of whiskey to get the Second Division out of there. Judging from the noise there was in camp in an hour from that time I should say they must have received the whiskey.

One morning, when we were within about twenty-two miles of Natchitoches, a cavalryman came flying back from the front with the news that the enemy were in full force at Natchitoches and the cavalry wanted support. Immediately our division was ordered forward at a double-quick. We went on a double-quick most of the way to Natchitoches. When we came in sight of the town from the east the rebels went out on the west. We took possession of the town without firing a gun.

There was a man in our company, Cyrus McKee, who, though not especially intellectual, was as good a soldier as ever carried a musket and brave to rashness. But he was unfortunately afflicted in such a way as to make him sick for a day or two after any violent exercise, such as a forced march. As usual, after our arrival he was on the sick list for a day or two. On the second day McKee, feeling a little better, craved better fare than an army ration. He had always carried a large navy-size revolver in addition to other equipments, but on this occasion, feeling a little weak, he did not put on his revolver. He started out to forage something to eat, either chickens, eggs, butter or something of the kind. He was well known and hardly ever had any difficulty in passing outside the picket line after promising to divide upon his return. On the way out he fell in with two boys from an Ohio regiment, the 48th, I believe, who were on the same errand as himself. About three miles from camp they came to a plantation which seemed to be well stocked. Going to the house they found nobody except a middle-aged darky woman and some half-breed children. The woman refused to sell them anything, but the boys made up their minds that the proprietor of the place was either bushwhacking or in the Southern Army and they concluded to help themselves. So, going out to the barn, they began to catch chickens. McKee climbed up in the hayloft to look for eggs, when all at once, as though they

had risen out of the ground, three men appeared on the scene with guns and demanded the surrender of the two men on the ground. They were caught and they surrendered. McKee, hearing the noise, came to the edge of the loft and peeped over, when the bushwhackers saw him and ordered him to come down. He had no revolver and was obliged to come. The bushwhackers tied their hands behind them, ran a rope through and tied them all together; and, one of them taking the lead with the other two behind, they started off in a southwestern direction from the town into heavy pine timber. On the way McKee asked them what they intended to do with him. They told him he would find out probably sooner than he wanted to. "Well," says McKee, "you can't scare me, whatever you do; but if you intend to shoot us there is no need of going so far, and I want you to understand I am not going much farther." "At any rate," they replied, "you had better keep your mouth shet." McKee replied that he would talk when he pleased for all of any d——d rebel, and that they could not stop him unless they killed him.

At a place in the woods where the timber was so thick that the rays of the sun could not penetrate, they halted, and two of the bushwhackers retired to a distance, so as to be out of earshot, and seemed to be holding a council. They had a long rope in their hands and seemed to be talking about it. McKee was meanwhile working with all his might to get the rope off his hands. In fact he had the rope off one hand and had the rope that held them together untied. He had begun to pull it out when the man guarding them cocked his gun, placed the muzzle against McKee's breast and demanded to know what he was doing.

Instead of replying, McKee motioned with his head and partly whispered to the man beside him to kick the gun away; but the man was afraid to try. McKee, looking the rebel square in the eye, let drive with his foot and kicked the gun clear out of his hands. This disturbance brought the other two men to the scene. One of them ran to McKee and placing the muzzle of the gun against his side shot him dead. His two comrades being free from each other, but with their hands still tied behind them, took to their heels. One shot was fired after them, but the trees were thick and the men ran zigzaging among them, and after a long pursuit they made their escape and got back to camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They gave the alarm, and a company of Illinois cavalry, with the two Ohio men as guides, went out to the spot. They found poor McKee and brought him into camp, but saw no rebels. The two Ohio men said they owed their lives to McKee's bravery and rashness. We buried him near the banks of the Red river with military honors; his grave was marked with a wooden slab lettered with the date, manner of his death, name, age, etc. The next morning our captain received an order from General Grover to take our company and a company of cavalry and go to the plantation and lay it waste; and we did it in good shape, you may depend. One of the men who captured McKee was the owner of the plantation. Captain Charles Diggs, and the mulatto children were his offspring, and, of course, his slaves. We offered to take the woman and children to camp, but she positively declined our hospitality.

In a couple of days more we again took up the line of march for Texas. After the first day's march our cavalry were skirmishing with the enemy nearly all the time until we reached Sabine Cross Roads, where the final battle was fought.

Then followed the disaster of Sabine Cross Roads, and the next day the battle of Pleasant Hill, where General A. J. Smith arrived just in time with parts of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps to save the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps from annihilation. There are events in my soldier experience which I cannot dwell upon at this late day without a feeling of indignation against those high in command. The way our brave men were handled was a blunder. But criticisms at this late day are of no use. E. M. COOK.

ONE LEAF FROM A SOLDIER'S MEMORY.

THE VARIED DANGERS AND EXPERIENCES WHICH HE WENT THROUGH IN ONE DAY.

Ohio, N. Y., Feb. 4.—Time, early morning, May 9, 1864. Place, Violet Station on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, and camp of the 81st New-York Veteran Volunteer Infantry. Order, "Turn out." Obedient to command, the soldiers quickly crawled out from their "dog-tents" ready to receive and obey the expected orders for duty. A movement of some kind was on foot, an advance to the front in light marching order. Fifteen minutes was allowed in which to make coffee. In a moment all was bustle, but there was no confusion. Three years of hardship and exposure had made the men veterans, and they proceeded quickly before the gray twilight of early morn had begun to break in the eastern horizon to perform those little duties so common to the soldier when he knows the affray is at hand and at the next roll-call his name may not be answered to.

At 5 a. m. the troops were in motion. As they filed out of the rifle pits and neared the picket line the adjutant-general galloped up to the colonel and saluted with, "Compliments of the General. The 81st is ordered to the front as skirmishers." More than a quarter of a century has passed, and the memory of many stirring events has become little more than a shadow upon my mental vision, but these scenes and the mental strain incident to them leave an impress which death alone can efface.

"As skirmishers, deploy; on centre file take intervals; forward, march!" Often in the silent hours of the night a soldier awakens in the act of obeying some like command. The skirmish line was in motion. Brigades in column followed after us, the glorious old flag gently fluttering in the morning breeze. Aids and orderlies were galloping from right to left of the moving column with orders for the different commands. The skirmishers moved quickly forward

until they reached the wood, when they slackened pace and proceeded with greater caution. We knew the enemy was near, for the advance outposts of their picket line had been abandoned, and we found the fires where they had spent their night's vigil as videttes still burning, and their knapsacks abandoned as they had fled from our approach.

Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the retreating foe and to escape the much dreaded ambuscade. The report of a musket, a puff of blue smoke and the cry of "My God, I am shot!" from the comrade on my left told us we were upon them. A rattle of musketry gave warning to the columns following, now hid from sight by the wood. The skirmishers sought cover behind the friendly trees, and reloaded their guns. "Forward!" came the order in clear, ringing tones from the officer in command of the line, and again the advance began. No time to help a fallen comrade now. We could only turn to take a look at him, murmur in broken accents, "Good-by, Scottie," take our place in line, and move on. We closely followed the retreating foe through the wood into an open field.

Here new adventures awaited us. "Rebel cavalry!" The soldier who has heard this cry can realize its full import, and no other man can. On came the galloping horsemen. "By fours, rally!" was the order, and the four "comrades in arms" rushed to each other, firmly planted their feet together, came to a "charge bayonet" and awaited the rush with bated breath, determined to do or die. The cavalry discovered our timely movement, wheeled to the right, turned into a lane, and trotted back, while we gave them parting shots from our Enfields and cheered them—for what I hardly know, except that it was a propensity indulged in at every brave act of either friend or foe, and reviving to our spirits.

The line was again reformed and strengthened. We took "half distance" and moved forward at "quick step" until we caught up and were again engaged. But with the line strengthened we forced the retreat without stopping. Ask an old soldier how he felt when chasing a retreating "butternut," with his long hair and old slouched hat, and I venture to say he will become animated in a moment, take a chew of navy, and proceed to tire you out with an account of exploits in pedestrianism, "graybacks," wormy hardtack and flag planting which would insure the vote of every M. C. for a pension; and every word of it true.

We examined our cartridge boxes and found that ammunition was growing less, which reminded us to make our shots with better aim. Another impediment confronted us. Black clouds of smoke were seen to ascend in our front, and we discovered the woods on fire. The rebels in their desperation at our rapid advance and to retard our progress had set fire to the woods, and now the fine pine leaves and cones furnished material for a quick and hot fire through which we must pass. There was nothing which should stop a soldier when following the retreating foe, except impenetrable difficulties and death. Through this burning wood with the meridian sun pouring its direct rays upon their unprotected heads, never doubting, never questioning, never halting, but finding this heat far more destructive than the enemy's bullets, the soldiers pressed forward.

We soon again found the enemy and in force. Our line crossed the R. and P. R. R., and we were met with volleys of musketry and with screaming shells, which tore through the tree tops, causing more damage from broken limbs of trees than from their own fragments. Coming upon a score or more of rebels in command of a captain who by some means had become detached from their command, we invited them inside our lines, which invitation was reluctantly accepted. The chaplain of the 98th N. Y. Volunteers, a man who could fight rebels as well as sin and the devil, took the captain's sword. The writer, hoping to learn where the shelling came from, asked the captain whether it was from a light field battery or fortifications. His answer rings in my ears yet: "You'uns said you would be in Petersburg before night. When you get there you will find out." He was a fine-looking officer and I could only admire the answer, although I was not a bit the wiser on account of it.

It was 4 p. m., eleven hours since we had deployed as skirmishers. No rest, no dinner, except the nibbling of a hardtack. We greeted the relief with joy. On the right of us the battle was raging with awful fury. The rattle of small arms and the roar of cannon made the earth tremble, and we trembled also. A lull always follows the storm of battle, like some mighty giant drawing an inspiration preparatory to a renewal of the conflict.

> What sound is this that greets our ear,
> Echoing loud from left and rear?

The practised ear of the old soldier, private though he be, knew full well the meaning. It was an attack in our rear from Richmond way. We thought of the morrow with apprehension.

The sun sank to rest behind the western tree-tops, sure to rise again the following day; the souls of hundreds of brave and true comrades had also sunk to rest, but not to rise until the morning of the resurrection. The regiment took its assigned position. The men dropped upon the ground and gathered strength from "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The moon shone forth with mellow light, casting uncanny shadows among the trees. The enemy's dead and wounded lay between the lines, the latter groaning in pain and begging both for help and a drop of water to cool their feverish lips and parched tongues. Our hearts melted in sympathy, and some crawled out to them and administered help, while the less severely wounded were helped within the lines. We heard the rumble of cars approaching, and full well we knew that the enemy were receiving reinforcements, for low as were the tones in which their orders were given they were as distinct to our ear as those of our own officers.

A night attack! Who can describe it? First the crack of the picket's rifle broke the stillness of the night. Another and another, in rapid succession, a volley, and then the thunder of the

artillery. The enemy was repulsed, the fire slackens, stops, and silence again reigned except the agonizing groans of the wounded and dying. Three times they charged ere the morning dawned. With the first gray streaks we were in motion. "File, left, cross the railroad!" And we knew it was a retreat back to camp. What more can I add, except to say: "Some one had blundered."

JAMES HANE,
Co. C, 81st N. Y. V. Inft.

WHEN LINCOLN'S FUNERAL CAR PASSED.

Spencertown, N. Y., Feb. 4.—The following story came into my possession in 1890, in the form of a letter to me from its author. Thinking that it may be of interest to the readers of The Tribune, I send it for publication.

GEORGE P. JENNINGS.

In compliance with request, I will relate a reminiscence of the War of the Rebellion, which, in part, I related to you at the pavilion on the Green's Farms Beach not long ago.

The General Government had established hospitals at many places for the treatment of sick and wounded soldiers. Among the number was one at the city of York, Penn., called the United States General Hospital. Along with many other soldiers, it was my good fortune to be sent to the place named during March, 1865. I say "good fortune" because of the kind treatment I received there. Not only wise and humane surgeons, but air, water, food and kindness of attendants all combined rapidly to restore to health the poor, broken bodies of the patients. In justice I must say the hospital at York was second to none in the country. Only one thing occurred while I was there which I could not understand, and was by me incomprehensible and utterly inexcusable on any grounds whatever. I will try to relate the circumstance which sent myself, along with some thirty or forty other soldiers, with undue haste from York to Baltimore.

The grounds devoted to hospital purposes consisted of about twenty-five acres of land, on which stood the barracks, chapel, cook-houses, vault for the dead, guardhouse, etc. The land was in a tract nearly square, with barracks fencing the two sides lying next the city. The other two sides were inclosed with a board fence thirteen feet high. This tight fence, I must say, was probably intended to keep outsiders out, instead of keeping the soldiers in. The officials were very kind, granting permits to all who were able to walk out during the day, the only injunction being to be sure and return by the time the permit (called a pass) was up. They refused me a pass only once, and never gave me the chance to ask for another.

On the morning of April 15 I saw the flag at headquarters drop to half-mast, and there stop. Hastening toward headquarters to find out the trouble, I met a comrade coming to tell us of Booth's terrible deed of the night before. Then, indeed, there was sorrow in the camp, at first dumb and silent. As soon as the gloomy news was verified the little knots of soldiers broke up, and each man seemed anxious to steal away in solitude, and to be alone. It was a dark, dismal day of mourning by strong-minded and brave men. How heavy seemed the time! Of course, toward night, came the reaction; to some sooner than to others. I leave to your own vivid imagination the task to picture the indescribable utterances of woe and wretchedness prophesied for our country by those grief-stricken men, and their utterly useless curses on the head of the wild fanatic who was the cause of the Nation's grief.

Days went on. The funeral train with the catafalque would pass through York on its way. Every soldier there was anxious to see the sacred pageant. The day arrived at last. We all knew the time when the train would arrive, and all expected that the hospital gates would be thrown open wide on that occasion. But judge of my surprise, when, as I went along the walk toward the main entrance, I saw every soldier who could hobble out on crutches or otherwise gathered into little groups near the middle of the grounds. What could it mean? Surely one-half at least were men able to get to the depot. Then I saw that the gate was closed. I turned into the headquarters and asked for a pass, determined that I would go if no one else did. The official informed me that no passes would be granted that day, and that I must return to my quarters.

Friend George, "where there is a will, there is a way." Especially when one has the key! Instead of going to my quarters, I went among the soldiers. There were some 500 men, perhaps 1,000, as anxious to get out as I was, and all growling at our hard lot in not being able to go out. All that we could possibly have seen from the inside would have been the smoke of the engine, as the train would pass into the city. I proposed that we make a break through the fence. "Oh," came the reply, "they will put us in the guardhouse." My time was limited. So without waiting to bandy words, I passed on into the centre of the men, took off my cap and asked if there were any New-York men there. Five or six men sprang up, saying they were New-York men, and asked, "What's up?" In a few words I told them that that was one of the great days of our lives, and I for one was ready to smash a hole through that fence and see that sacred train, let the consequences be what they might. It only needed a spark to start the fire.

The result was every man who could walk was soon drawn up in line on the bank of the railroad cut through which the train would come. I stood at the left of the line, told them to "get into the position of soldiers, take off their caps and salute the train as it went by." We had hardly got into position when on came the engine and tender sent ahead to see that the track was clear. The engineer shouted to us to keep our position, as the train would be along in ten minutes.

Scarcely had five minutes gone by when around the curve came the engine drawing the most

illustrious body which ever has or ever will in all probability pass through the city of York. We saluted the noble escort properly, and from every car window and platform the salutation was returned. We then felt within ourselves that no guardhouse in York, or anywhere else, would ever, or could ever, for one moment cause us to regret the step we had taken.

After the train had passed by we broke ranks and every soldier immediately returned into the pen and to his quarters. There is another chapter to this, but fearing that you may, in a measure, consider me egotistical, I will close here.—L. S. Griswold.

A FIGHTING EDITOR.

In the spring of 1861, Dr. Charles Elliott edited "The Central Christian Advocate" in the third story of a business block in St. Louis, Mo.

"The Southern Christian Advocate," which represented the views of the South, was at the time published in the second story of the same building.

The two editors, who had always been personally friendly to each other, were wide apart on the great question of disunion, which was stirring the hearts of the people.

Dr. Elliott was a genial Irishman of great ability and courage. He was one of the most learned men in the country. It is a remarkable fact that he had never been in a college until he was chosen president of one of the finest Western institutions of learning, yet he was master of all the highest university studies taught. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Sanscrit, Spanish and many other languages were as familiar to him as the English, and he was profoundly versed in the natural sciences and mathematics. He was a thorough scholar, and made a good college president. But the Church needed a strong, loyal man, with the courage to stand for the truth, at this outpost, and Dr. Elliott was chosen.

Both editors were able and fearless men, and they fought many a hard battle with their pens before the bombardment of Fort Sumter. After the fall of Sumter, the excitement in St. Louis ran high. The city was about evenly divided in sentiment, and no one dared to predict what a day or an hour would bring forth. The Stars and Stripes, symbolizing the Union cause, and the State flag, representing the disunion cause, floated here and there side by side on adjoining buildings. The two editors grew more intense in feeling as the conflict deepened. Dr. Elliott's strong, masterly arraignment of the South for the crime of slavery, and his cutting sarcasm over secession, were almost unbearable to the managers of the other paper, and the latter tried to pay him back, with interest; but at first neither one actually unfurled on the building the banner which represented his principles.

One day news reached St. Louis that General Price had won a victory, and the Editor of "The Southern Christian Advocate" threw out the State flag. A few moments afterward a friend came rushing into Dr. Elliott's sanctum: "Doctor, they have thrown out the rebel flag down stairs." Dr. Elliott sprang from his editorial chair and rushed to the front window. There, sure enough, was the flag of disunion, waving in the breeze. Dr. Elliott had prepared for just such an emergency. All the ropes and guys were ready. He ran to a closet, brought forth an immense Union flag and threw it out. The next moment it was in its place, and was waving back and forth before the windows of the office below and slapping the other flag furiously. Dr. Elliott laid out a brace of pistols on his editorial table, and took his seat to await developments. He did not have long to wait. The tramp of feet was heard on the stairs, and the Editor of "The Southern Christian Advocate" rushed in, with some of his friends.

"Take down that flag!" he thundered.

"I shall not take down that flag, and if any man touches it I will shoot him on the spot as an enemy of my country," was Dr. Elliott's prompt reply, as he stood, pistol in hand, ready to execute his threat.

After some parley the invading force retired.

Shortly afterward a large Union force was thrown into St. Louis; martial law was declared and all the rebel flags were hauled down. The beautiful flag which Dr. Elliott had displayed in front of his office continued to wave in triumph until the war was over.—(Annie Wittenmyer.

BLOWING UP OF FORT HILL.

In the lines of Vicksburg during the siege there was no stronger point that Fort Hill. The land stood high and the approach was almost perpendicular at some points. In the assignment of troops to positions General John A. Logan's division was placed in front of Fort Hill. General Logan was a man of energy and a great fighter. With the consent of his superiors in command he planned to mine Fort Hill. The work was begun at a distance in the rear, behind a bluff, so as to hide the operation from the Confederates. General Logan's engineers, with scientific precision, directed the tunnel toward Fort Hill. There were weary days and nights of digging before they reached the foundation of the fort. But there came to the ears of the Confederates, at last, even amid the thunder of the cannon and the screaming of shells, the sounds of the mining. Night after night men listened with their ears to the ground to the sound of the Union picks. The Confederates soon began to counter-mine, and it was not long before the toilers in the Union tunnel heard the thud of the Confederate picks nearly over their heads. They were too high to strike the Union tunnel, but it was evident that no time must be lost in blowing up the fort. Tons of powder were carried in, and one bright afternoon about 2 o'clock the slow fuse was lighted and the tunnel was cleared. The regular firing of the battle was going on. There was nothing in the movements of the army to indicate that anything unusual was about to occur. Suddenly a terrific explosion shook the foundations of the earth, and the heavy timbers of the fort were

tons of earth were lifted skyward. The next moment the dust and smoke hid everything from view. General Logan and his men pushed into the breach, hoping to effect an entrance before the Confederates had recovered from the shock; but a glittering wall of bayonets met them and they were pushed back inch by inch. All that afternoon and evening hand-grenades were tossed back and forth, as in a game of baseball; but an entrance could not be made.

A strange incident occurred at the blowing up of Fort Hill, which is perhaps without a parallel. There was at the time of the explosion a slave boy about eighteen years old working with others in the Confederate tunnel. This boy was lifted up with timbers and tons of earth and thrown into the Union lines. He fell among the men of Williams's Battery of Ohio. When the man ran to pick him up, he exclaimed with terror, "Is you Yanks goin' to kill me?"

"Oh, no, we don't kill colored folks," was the prompt reply.

"Oh golly, I went up free miles."

"Could you see anything?" was asked.

"When I'se goin' up," he said, "'most eberything was comin' down, and when I'se comin' down 'most eberything was goin' up."

"Who commanded Fort Hill?" inquired one of the gunners.

"My massy," replied the boy.

"Where is your massa now?"

"'Fore God, genl'men, I can't tell you; he was goin' up when I'se comin' down."

Pictures of the boy were preserved by Williams's Battery, taken soon after the explosion, showing the boy in the patched tow garments he wore in his wild flight for liberty. General Logan kept him at his headquarters for some time.

CHICKAMAUGA'S BLOODY FIELD.

WHAT CAME UNDER THE OBSERVATION OF ONE ARTILLERYMAN IN THAT FAMOUS BATTLE.

Lincoln, Neb. Feb. 18.—The campaign under Major-General Rosecrans, which terminated in our defeat on Chickamauga field, was one which will not be easily forgotten by some of us who were participants in the movements. Immediately before and after that memorable fight, if I remember rightly, the army of General Rosecrans undertook to pierce the State of Georgia, the army moving in echelon across the mountains of Southern Tennessee and Northern Georgia, leaving the army of General Bragg behind, cut off from his communications in Chattanooga. This it seems from future events was the plan to gain that stronghold without a struggle. In this idea General Rosecrans was very much disappointed.

To make a long story short, the Union forces, it seemed to us, were at very great distances apart. I was in the 4th Indiana Battery detailed from the gallant 24th Illinois Infantry, in the Fourteenth Army Corps, under command of General George H. Thomas. Our division was commanded by General Beard, and our brigade was commanded by General Starkweather. This division had scarcely descended from the last range of mountains and begun moving in the direction of Lafayette, Ga., when we were confronted by more rebels in the open field than I ever saw before or since. Our division formed line immediately, and we got our battery into position without delay. Before we could fire a shot, however, the order was given to fall back. The infantry fell back rapidly, and we dragged our cannon by the prolong ropes under the most galling and murderous fire imaginable. It seemed that reinforcements had arrived for Bragg, and their plan was utterly to destroy our army by detail. This fearful fight of "form line and fall back" was carried on until the darkness of the night stopped the carnage.

That night was one to be remembered by all upon either side. As soon as it was dark the whole army corps was ordered to "double quick" to the left.

This was kept up for about eighteen miles, when we found ourselves immediately in front and south of Chattanooga. The city lay about seven miles away. We soon found out that we were in terribly bad company. About 7 o'clock in the morning (Saturday) the Confederates opened fire upon us as we were riding along in battery. Our infantry men were taken by surprise. The immediate result was that nearly every horse in the battery was killed or wounded. Nearly all the drivers and cannoneers were also killed and wounded, and we all fell in a heap. Our infantry retired, and the rebels came on the charge with fixed bayonets with the rebel yell. They tramped on us poor fellows who lay there, some under the wounded horses and being pounded into the ground by the struggling animals. But in a few minutes we heard the Yankee roar, and the rebels came flying back. The great portion of them, however, remained on the ground, being shot down in droves by the merciless fire opened by the heroes of Thomas's corps. Our troops drove those rebels back where they started from.

A member of the gallant 24th Illinois jumped over my horse, and seeing me pulled me out. Then we gathered ourselves together; got our guns into position; put up some logs about two feet high, and began business at once. It was charge after charge all day. Our line was broken in many places during the day, as our army was separated and the reinforcements did not promptly arrive. We expected that every man of us would be slaughtered, but the night came and we rested on both sides, not knowing who would tell the story to-morrow night.

Sunday morning at sun-up we opened all of our batteries. The infantry lay down. After one hour of cannonading more rebels woke up than we had any idea there were in the whole Confederacy. During the day we fought hand to hand; our lines were broken in many places. There was firing beside us, behind us and in front of us. The battle was going from all directions, when Gordon Granger's corps came up about noon, and then, with new troops, the tide of battle turned in our favor, although only for a short time.

Toward the close of the Sunday it appeared

as if the fight were going on all over. Everybody on each side was firing on his own responsibility. There was as much fighting in the rear as in our front. Neither side was willing to retreat.

I finally found myself trying to forge my way through Ringgold Gap with one Napoleon gun, a limber-box and two badly wounded horses. The Gap was full of struggling humanity trampling one another down in the attempt to escape. In the mean time the rebels had come up on the hillsides above us and were killing our men below like sheep. Some troops were rallied at this time and partially covered the retreat.

We did not retreat to Chattanooga. General Thomas rallied his corps at Mission Ridge, and while we did not win the field of Chickamauga we fought nearly double our number for two days and nights, and we demoralized the rebels so badly that they were not in condition to follow us up. We lay in Chattanooga right in their front, until at Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain we captured or killed nearly their whole army.—John Currie, 24th Illinois Infantry.

MY FIRST SERIOUS ADVENTURE.

NOT HALF SO FUNNY, HOWEVER, AS IT SEEMED TO OTHERS AT THE TIME.

Emporia, Kan., Feb. 21.—I have been much interested in reading "Our Chivalry in Blue" as published in our truly loyal New-York Tribune. This evening my mind reverts back to the early days of the war more especially, and a few reminiscences may not be void of interest to your loyal readers. When the tocsin of war sounded in 1861 I was a quiet, unassuming granger, on a little farm in Gentry County, Missouri, having just landed from the Hawkeye State, and, like many others, a total stranger to war's alarms. Many of my neighbors bore military titles, all of which I knew very little about; but on inquiry I learned that their rank was graded by the number of darkies they owned.

There was a venturesome fellow at Bedford, Iowa, by the name of Dale, who had organized a company and who thought he would take a stroll down through our country and learn what was going on. Communication had about ceased. He came to a point on Grand River known as West Point, and was there surrounded. We were ordered out on the double quick to assist him. We had not gone far when one of the rear guard was killed by a shot from the brush. I was ordered forward to notify the colonel. After I had performed the sad duty the colonel delivered himself of the following blood and thunder speech, verbatim:

"Fellow-citizens, I have just learned that one of our number has been killed from the brush. I do not know how you feel, but I think we had better return to our homes and protect our own firesides."

Some one, however, gave the command "Forward march!" ignoring the colonel's brave conclusion. After a weary march we learned that Major Dale had compromised with the Johnnies and had returned to Iowa.

At this point our number had increased to 1,000 men, with all kinds of conveyances and all manner of implements of war, from a corn-knife to the ever-ready flintlock rifle. The rebels, 800 strong, had taken a circuitous route, and gone back south twenty miles, where they had fortified. It was reported that they were spoiling for a fight. The colonel, with blood in his eye, soon had us on the march, eager for the fray. We had not gone far when we received a volley from a cornfield. The fences were thrown down and we went in pellmell. My horse, not being used to the sport, became unmanageable, and carried me far in the advance, but I managed to turn him up a slough and get him checked in time to look into the barrel of a shotgun in the hands of a boy about eight or nine years old. He was not long in emptying its contents of bird shot in my left arm; some of the shot I am carrying to-day. After a struggle I captured the little viper, and was rewarded with a round of laughter for my first serious adventure. In after years, when in the heat of battle, some one who was with me during that previous time would yell out: "Look out a bit, Cooper, there is a boy in the grass."

Then after another hard day's march we camped at Greenwells Ford on Grand River, two miles from where the rebels were entrenched, expecting battle in the morning. But, to make a long story short, another compromise was consummated, and true to the letter these were the terms: The Johnnies were permitted to retain their firearms and perform the humiliating duty of marching under the American flag to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." This they did. The most of them followed Price through all his raids in Missouri.

Thus ended our first campaign, with the loss of only three men, two by accident, and one bushwhacked, with one wounded, as stated. Although I served in the volunteer service from that time on till the 15th of May, 1865, in the front most of the time, my first experience in war has made the most lasting impression.—James B. Cooper.

FIRST HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Nicholas Biddle, a man who went from Pottsville, Penn., and who was a member of the National Light Infantry, who were the first troops to reach Washington, was the first man to shed his blood for the country. This regiment had only 530 men, but they reached Baltimore April 18, one day before the 6th Massachusetts. They met a howling mob in Baltimore and fought their way through the streets. Nicholas Biddle was struck on the head by a stone which was dropped from a building. He fell senseless, the blood streaming over him. His comrades carried him into a car and he finally recovered. Although he was sixty years old when he enlisted, he served throughout the war, and returned to Pottsville with those who survived the terrible struggle. He lived until he was eighty years old, and his

friends at Pottsville, Penn., have placed a suitable monument over his resting place. It bears the following inscription:

"In Memory of
Nicholas Biddle.
Died 2d Aug., 1876, aged 80 years.
His was the proud distinction of shedding the First Blood in The Late War for The Union. Being wounded while marching through Baltimore with the First Volunteers from Schuylkill County, 18th April, 1861.
Erected By His Friends of Pottsville."

Mrs. Elizabeth Shearer, an army nurse, who cared for him and nursed him back to life is still living. Her home is in Springfield, Ohio.

The statement made in a recent issue of The Tribune that Nicholas Biddle was the first volunteer soldier wounded in the Civil War has been questioned; as has also the fact that the Pennsylvania troops were the first to reach Washington. The history is a brief and simple story and can easily be verified.

The facts are these. Five hundred and thirty strong patriotic men volunteered, most of them from Pottsville, Penn., including the National Light Infantry. The following letter from Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, and the action of the United States Congress seems sufficient to place the truth of the matter beyond question:

"Philadelphia, July 4, 1866.

"I hereby certify that the Pottsville Light Infantry was the first company of volunteers whose services were offered for the defence of the Capital, at the beginning of the War of the Rebellion. A telegram reached the War Department on April 13, 1861, making the tender. It was immediately accepted, and the company reached Washington on the 18th, with four additional companies from Pennsylvania, and these were the first troops to reach the seat of Government. SIMON CAMERON."

But there is additional proof. On July 22, 1861, the United States Congress passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the House are due and are hereby tendered to the 530 soldiers from Pennsylvania who passed through the mob of Baltimore and reached Washington on the 18th day of April last, for the defence of the National Capital."

While these troops were passing through Baltimore a mob rushed upon them. The only colored man in the company was severely wounded on the head, and was carried off the field by his white comrades. It is a remarkable fact that the first man killed in the Revolutionary war was also a colored man, Crispus Attucks, while the first man to shed blood for his country as a volunteer in our recent civil war was the colored man, Nicholas Biddle. The colored people of the South were true to the best interests of the soldiers, and often at the risk of their own lives assisted them when they were escaping from Southern prisons. The sight of a black face was a pledge of food and help. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

TOM GROSER'S WAR RECORD.

A STORY WHICH BEGAN AT OLUSTEE, PASSED THROUGH THE PAINS OF ANDERSONVILLE, AND ENDED IN AN UNEXPECTED MANNER ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Watertown, Conn., Feb. 25.—Among the earliest operations of the War for the Union in 1864 was that of the Florida expedition.

President Lincoln had been informed that there were quite a number of Unionists in that State, and he hoped that a State government loyal to the Union might be organized and maintained if a sufficient military force were sent to support such an undertaking. Accordingly General Gillmore, commanding the Department of the South, organized and dispatched an expedition of 5,000 men, twenty steamers and a fleet of schooners, accompanied by several gunboats. General Truman Seymour was in command. This force arrived at Jacksonville Feb. 8, 1864. The town was found deserted. With little delay the troops took up their line of march westward along the Florida Central Railroad, halting at Baldwin. General Gillmore followed the expedition to this point. Having seen that all had gone well thus far, he returned to Hilton Head, leaving instructions with General Seymour not to move beyond Baldwin without further orders. Seymour, whose courage and energy were much superior to his capacity, disregarded General Gillmore's orders, however, pushed on, capturing Camp Finnegan, and penetrated as far as Sanderson, subsequently falling back to Barber's.

Almost the entire line of march after leaving Jacksonville was through a heavily wooded country. The Georgia pine largely predominated in the timber. Live oak, with its long, trailing moss, was also quite common. Occasionally there would be a clearing containing perhaps half a dozen houses or cabins and sheds, dignified with the name of "town." Other settlements which could boast of a dozen or more buildings, would assume the more pretentious title of "city."

The level, sandy roads through the piny woods afforded little variety of scenery, the most noticeable relief from the monotony being an occasional stretch of swamp. An old-fashioned New-England hill would have been a pleasant sight, both as a reminder of home and as a variation in the scenery. Now and then the route would lie through portions of the forest, where the trees had been tapped for turpentine, rosin, etc. The bark of these trees had been removed in a strip three or four feet long, and in width about one third of the tree's circumference. At the bottom of the denuded portion a sort of gutter or cavity would be seen cut into the trunk, into which the sap would run and collect. Many acres of trees were observed treated in this manner.

Thus far the expedition had met with little opposition. The climate, the season and the character of the roads made marching compara-

tively easy for the troops, and the men found this sort of service a pleasant change from the inaction and sameness of camp and garrison duty, and from that different kind of active service which many of them had gone through on Morris Island during the preceding summer. It was always a time of genuine enjoyment when the march for the day was over, and, the details for camp and picket guard having been made, knapsack and other equipments were laid aside for a halt amid the grand and solemn pines, under which huge log fires were soon crackling and glowing. Big camp kettles filled with hot, fragrant coffee swung over the fires. Tin cups and haversacks were produced; and, sitting or lounging near the fire, taking in its genial warmth, the tired men would eat their simple meal of hardtack and salt pork, washing them down with liberal draughts of steaming coffee with a zest which an epicure would have envied. When the meal was over, pipes would be filled and lighted, and all hands would give themselves up to the relaxations of the hour. Conversation upon the experiences of the day, the prospects of the morrow, stories, jokes, banter, etc., would while away the time. After a while blankets would be unrolled, and stretching out under them, with feet to the fire, the men would soon be lulled to sleep by the soughing of the night breeze through the pines. Insomnia and dyspepsia under such conditions were impossibilities.

TRAPPED AT OLUSTEE.

After remaining several days at Barber's, General Seymour, deceived by the report that the Confederate commander, General Finnegan, had fallen back to Lake City, started on the morning of February 20 with the design of cutting the railroad crossing the Suwanee River. The troops moved in three columns, Scammon's brigade on the right, Barton's in the centre and Hawley's on the left, with Montgomery's brigade of colored troops as a reserve following in the rear. Hamilton's, Langdon's and Elder's batteries, and a detachment of the Third Rhode Island Artillery, in all sixteen guns, constituted a part of the force.

These three columns, after a march of eighteen miles, came upon General Finnegan's forces about 2 p. m., ambushed in a very strong position near Olustee Station, one flank covered by a swamp and the other by Ocean Pond, which is another name for Olustee. Here he lay, waiting for Seymour. Colonel Henry's cavalry and the 7th Connecticut Infantry marched right into this trap, and battle began immediately at close quarters.

Hamilton's battery came into position on the extreme front, and was supported by the 7th New-Hampshire, which was in turn supported by the 8th United States Colored Infantry, the latter for the first time under fire. Both regiments held their positions with splendid courage, and lost heavily. The field batteries also lost heavily, particularly Hamilton's, which was placed less than 150 yards from the enemy's front. Sharpshooters picked off the men and horses of this battery so rapidly that in twenty minutes they had lost forty-five of their eighty-two men, and forty of their fifty horses. The battery then fell back, leaving two of its four guns.

Having taken a different route, Barton's brigade, consisting of the 47th, 48th and 115th New-York regiments, did not reach the field quite so soon. When about a mile away, however, the rattle of musketry was heard by them, and the men knew there was business ahead. With quickened march they hurried on. Very soon the whistling shot, the wounded men, on stretchers and afoot, making their way to the rear, and the increased uproar, showed that the battle was near by. On the doublequick they came into position on the line held by the 8th United States Colored Infantry, which fell back as they came up. Barton's brigade now held the centre of the line of battle, and began firing. Around them on every side were the tall pines, extending beyond the line of vision, except in front, where there was a partial opening. The two abandoned guns of Hamilton's battery stood silent near by, with no one to work them. Smoke so obscured the view in front that little could be seen of the enemy, but the leaden hail tearing through the Union ranks, killing and maiming many, gave ample proof that the enemy was not far away.

For nearly three hours this position was held under a destructive fire. Sixty rounds of ammunition had been fired, and no more was to be had. No apparent impression had been made upon the enemy, while the total Union loss was nearly 2,000, nearly one-half of it falling upon Barton's brigade. From the start the enemy had the advantage in numbers, position and generalship. Almost the only redeeming features of the contest on the Union side were the valor and endurance of the troops under such adverse circumstances.

General Seymour, who had borne himself with conspicuous bravery during the battle, discovered the lack of ammunition and decided to retreat. Montgomery's colored brigade came up on the double-quick, and under cover of this force the troops which had been engaged were withdrawn in good order, leaving many dead and about 250 of their most severely wounded upon the field.

TRYING TO SAVE THE WOUNDED.

A noticeable feature of the abandonment of the field was the desperate efforts of the colored troops to save their wounded comrades from falling into the hands of the enemy, knowing full well that their fate would be an exceptionally cruel one if they were captured. After the ambulances and stretchers had been filled to overflowing, the big lumbering Army wagons were driven over the field on the run. Following immediately behind were true and brave black soldiers, who caught up their wounded comrades as they came to them and gave them a toss into the swaying, jolting wagon, piling them in one upon another. It was a harsh ordeal for the dusky sufferers, but there was no time for tender treatment just then. Cruel as it must have been, the alternative would probably have been more so. A few of the wounded secured seats upon the gun caissons.

Others were borne off the field upon the backs or in the arms of comrades. Some limped along after the retreating column as best they could, some of them succeeding in reaching camp, while the remainder either died by the way or were captured by the enemy.

When it was found that the wounded must be left upon the field, Dr Devendorf, surgeon of the 48th New-York, and Private Gilsoe, of the same regiment, voluntarily remained with them to look after their wounds and help them so far as possible.

The defeated and exhausted army arrived at Barber's about 2 o'clock next morning, having marched thirty-six miles and fought the enemy three hours since the previous morning. After a few hours' rest, the retreat was resumed, and continued until Jacksonville was reached, February 25. On the way back a large quantity of provisions and stores, whose value was estimated to be at least $1,000,000, was burned to prevent falling into the enemy's possession. Thus ended the Florida expedition.

REPORTED DEAD.

Corporal Thomas Groser, the story of whose experiences, beginning with the battle of Olustee, it is now proposed to relate, was a member of Company C., 48th N. Y. Infantry, and also a cousin and comrade of the writer.

While the contest amid the pines was going on Tom was shot through the body, the ball, as was afterward learned, entering the right breast, passing through the lungs and out at the back. A moan behind called my attention to Tom, of whose proximity until then I was unaware.

"Are you hit, Tom?" I asked.

His reply was a slight inclination of the head as he moved his hand to his breast. Many other comrades had already fallen around me, but this wounding of one who was almost a brother, with whom I had played and been associated from earliest childhood, my nearest and dearest comrade, with whom I shared the same blanket at night, was a deep shock and caused me to realize more sharply than ever before the meaning of war. With very little hope of success I endeavored to get permission to attend to Tom in his time of need, and, as I anticipated, was refused. Orders from the commanding general were strict and peremptory, that no man while in action was to leave the works unless wounded. The ambulance corps was expected to come for all who needed help. Tom had to make his way to the rear unaided, and I lost sight of him a little later, as I feared forever. By inquiry afterward I learned from various sources that during the battle and up to the time of the retreat he had been seen by one or another, who either thought him dying or hopelessly wounded. The thought of Tom, a prisoner and dying, far from friends and home, gave additional bitterness to that eventful night march back from Olustee. It was a cruel piece of news to send to a father concerning his firstborn.

Notwithstanding the slight ground for hope, the father and his friends still hoped for more favorable news, but about a month later a communication was received from the Confederate commander in Florida. This gave a classified list of prisoners held in that region by the Confederates, specifying those who were sound, those who were sick or wounded, and those who had died, with date, place and cause of death. Among the latter occurred the name of Corporal Thomas Groser, who was reported to have died at Lake City on a given date, from a gunshot wound through the right breast.

SAVED BY TENDER SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Returning now to the battlefield, let us see what Tom's fate really was. Through the efforts of Surgeon Devendorf and Private Gilsoe, who had so nobly remained upon the field, many of the wounded, including Tom, were brought together. Fires were built, and, so far as possible, wounds were attended to, and everything done to make the unfortunates comfortable. Throughout the long night and until the following afternoon they remained, when they were removed to the railroad and thence to Lake City, and placed in so-called "hospitals." These were barns affording little else than shelter and straw for, not all, but a part, of the men to lie upon, and were, perhaps, all the accommodations that could be looked for from the authorities. Quite a number of the lady residents of Lake City, however, by their humane kindness and devoted treatment did noble and effective service in alleviating suffering and saving life, placing the recipients of their good deeds under lifelong obligations.

Soon after Tom's introduction to hospital two of these noble women, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Teasdale, found him helpless and in a critical condition. Their sympathies were aroused, and while he remained there they took an especial interest in him, bringing palatable and nutritious food and many other supplies for his comfort and benefit.

After a while he was removed to the Fifth Ward, about a mile away, where he again found friends. One of them, Miss Hancock, was particularly devoted. Perhaps because of his removal, his condition soon reached its most critical stage. To the faithful and skilful nursing of Miss Hancock was it specially due that he came through alive. To her, as Tom said, he owed his life.

Later on he was again moved, to the Third Ward, or "Yank's Hospital," as it was commonly called. This was near Mrs. Young's home, and here he received many kind attentions from that lady. He also found another excellent friend in Mrs. Duvall, whose residence was next to the hospital. Miss Hancock still continued faithful in her ministrations, visiting him almost daily, although living quite a distance away.

A genial climate and season, and, above and beyond all, the inestimable kindness and devotion of these warm-hearted and tender women, enabled Tom, after two and a half months' confinement, to leave his bed a convalescent.

For a brief time now he became a guest in Mrs. Young's house, where he spent many pleasant hours while gaining back some degree of health and strength. All too soon, however, this came to an end by order of the authorities, and Tom

realized more fully than he had before that he was a prisoner.

Prison life in this locality does not appear to have been characterized by the brutality and inhumanity which were such marked features in so many of the Confederate prisons. Still, it was quite different from liberty: and so Tom, believing his chances of exchange would be better the further North he went, had expressed a desire to be sent in that direction. Most unhappily for him, as he afterward found, the desire was soon gratified.

Early in May himself and a comrade named Parker were sent away under guard, little realizing what was in store for them. Tom had an old silver watch, which he had been able thus far to retain, and which had cost originally $12. Just before leaving Lake City he sold this for $225, Confederate money. With a portion of this sum he purchased a stock of provisions, among which were two dozen eggs at $5 per dozen. Faithful Miss Hancock's parting gift was a well-filled haversack of edibles.

He now parted from those who had so unmistakably proved themselves true friends to him in time of need; who had found the Northern boy, far from home and friends, sick unto death and in prison, and had faithfully ministered unto him While life continued he could never cease to hold them in most grateful remembrance.

THROUGH THE "GATES OF HELL."

The journey northward terminated at Andersonville. As he passed through its yawning deathway he received as his first salutation, "Hello, Grover! Yer going to take up yer quarters in the Bull Pen, are yer?" The greeting came from a comrade of his own company and regiment named Davis, who had also been captured at Olustee, who with more truth then kindness added, as Tom passed inside, "The gates of hell have closed upon you. I've been in a good many bad boxes during my life, but in nothing to equal this." Confirmation of these disheartening statements came swiftly in the gaunt, hollow-eyed, ragged and squalid men whom he found within that fatal inclosure, a number of them his own comrades captured at Wagner and Olustee.

The horrors and inhumanities of Andersonville and other Confederate prisons have so often been told that I shall not here repeat them in detail. In common with its many thousands, Tom had his full share of those awful experiences. Shivering, unsheltered through the night and the cold, pelting storm, burned in the shadeless sun, hungry often and continuously, using sometimes to appease his hunger what would be refused by dogs, scantily clothed, doomed to see most of his comrades die around him from starvation or disease engendered by their cruel situation, he became himself a victim of scurvy, his body breaking out with sores and his teeth nearly dropping from their gums. He saw the dead stripped of their scanty rags and carelessly thrown into a pile, the bodies lying sometimes for days uncovered and changing. He realized the nearness of a similar fate for himself. He saw the infamous Wurz with foul and blasphemous epithets insult and kick the sick and helpless. All these and other experiences were his—some of them almost incredible and scarcely fit for relation.

A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Like others there he made several attempts to escape by tunnelling, but his last venture of this kind was the only one which came near success. All others failed through premature discovery of the tunnels, which had either passed too near the surface or terminated too near the outer line of the stockade. The authorities were hunting for these underground passages from day to day by stamping upon the ground near the stockade and probing it with ramrods.

Profiting by the experience gained in former unsuccessful attempts, a party of a dozen, including Tom, began another tunnel, determined that this time they would have it both deep enough and long enough to escape the Rebel ramrods, the stamping and the sentries. Some of the party had a sort of tent near the Deadline, and here operations began by going straight downward as much as twenty feet, and then horizontally toward the outer world. The only implements available were tin cups, a large tin pan with two long strings attached on opposite sides, and a few bags and haversacks. The mode of operation was as follows: One man with cup in hand would enter the tunnel, hauling the large pan behind. Scraping away the earth with his cup, he would fill the pan. A jerk would be given upon one of the long strings leading to the tunnel's entrance as a signal that the pan was full. It was then drawn out, emptied into the bags and haversacks of those who were waiting to receive it and put back in the tunnel. Another jerk upon the opposite side string would notify the man inside that the pan was empty, and he would haul it back and refill it. Taking the earth in their haversacks and going in various directions from the tent the men would scatter it about camp in such a manner as not to be noticeable. Each member of the party took his turn in the different parts of the work, which could only be carried on during nights which were stormy or when there was no moon. Extreme caution was necessary, for the guards were watching sharply. While work upon the tunnel was going on each one of the party was saving from his starvation rations a trifle toward making up a small store to subsist upon after the hoped for escape.

Work upon this tunnel was kept up for three months, by which time they had scraped out a tunnel two feet wide, four feet high and seventy-five feet long. This they estimated would bring them about thirty feet beyond the outer line of the stockade, and far enough from the sentries (they hoped) to avoid observation. Striking upward the work was continued until the surface was reached one morning shortly before daybreak. The tunnel was successfully completed. There was nothing to prevent their passage through it from the horrible prison pen to the outer world, and a chance for ultimate escape. Nothing except the near approach of daylight. A

portion of the party favored going at once, but after consultation it was decided to defer departure until the next night, and so have the advantage of several hours of darkness, under cover of which they hoped to get well away from the region of the prison. The outlet was filled up with brush, leaves, etc., in such a manner as to prevent observation, and the party returned to pass another long day of mingled misery, anxiety and hope. Darkness came at last without discovery.

Taking their small stock of provisions, the party entered the tunnel in single file, having arranged with comrades who were unable or unwilling to make the venture to close up the outlet in the event of a successful escape, which would keep the tunnel from the knowledge of the prison authorities and thus save the party from pursuit. The end of the tunnel was reached. The obstruction was removed and the leader was about to pass out when, in the distance, he heard the approach of the Officers of the Day and Guard making one of their customary rounds. In making these rounds their habit was to pass close to the stockade, as the men well knew. So, apprehending little danger, word was passed along to keep quiet until the party had passed. But fate was against them. As the officers approached at a smart gallop the horse of one swerved outward in such a direction as to bring him directly over the outlet, into which he stumbled. They were discovered. The two men nearest were seized by the officers, and the rest escaped back to the miseries they fondly hoped had been left behind. To say it was a bitter disappointment but faintly expresses their feelings. To come so near success and then fail through so slight and accidental a cause! All their months of labor and anxiety and hope had come to naught. The wretched prison life must again be taken up and continued indefinitely.

SENT FURTHER NORTH.

With the month of October came a change. General Sherman's operations in Georgia, the uncertainty of the Confederates as to where he would strike next, and his proximity to Andersonville led them to break up the prison camp there. A part of the prisoners were sent to Florida, some were sent to Alabama, others to Millen, Ga., and about 11,000, including Tom, were sent to Charleston. Here the last named body were camped two weeks outside the city and then removed to the jailyard, where for another week they were packed, as Tom said, like pigs in a sty. As a body, however, the prisoners while at Charleston fared better, so far as Tom's experience and observation went, than at any other place after he left Lake City. Some of the people, and particularly the Sisters of Mercy, were strenuous in their efforts to aid the prisoners, bringing them food, tobacco and other articles of either necessity or comfort, throwing them over the walls and stockade, they being eagerly seized by the unfortunates inside. The lives of many men were saved by the humane attentions of those kind friends. At the end of three weeks the prisoners were again moved and brought up to Florence, S. C., which was an Andersonville on a smaller scale. Tom characterized the change as "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire."

Here, among others, he met Corporal Henry Lang, of his own company and regiment. Lang had been a political refugee from Hungary, and with Kossuth and others had found a welcome shelter under the Stars and Stripes. In gratitude for this he had enlisted as a private soldier for the defense of that flag, and like Tom, had been wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee.

TOM'S RECOVERY REPORTED.

Near the close of the year 1864, after prolonged negotiations and delays, after starvation, disease and despair had claimed thousands of victims, leaving others to linger on through a miserable existence as wrecks and idiots, an agreement for exchange of prisoners was finally concluded. Those who were left of the long-suffering victims of a system of treatment born of and fostered by the spirit of slavery were released.

Corporal Lang, who still suffered from his wound, was one of the first to be exchanged. In compliance with a promise made to Tom, he went to the house of the latter in Brooklyn, N. Y., and gave to the incredulous family the startling news that he had left Tom alive, recovered from his wound, in the Florence stockade only a short time before. It could not be possible! There must be some mistake! The news which had come to them nearly a year before of the battle, of the wounding and capture of Tom, and a little later the circumstantial and explicit report of his death, had removed all hope. They had come to regard Tom as one they should never look upon again. But where the heart inclines hope can easily be renewed. Lang's positive assurances that it was their Tom whose messages he had brought, of whom he had been telling them, brought back a new feeling to their hearts: and Lang left them, with a promise to return a week later, on Christmas Eve, when, meeting a full assemblage of friends, he would give them a full and detailed account of Tom's experiences, situation and chances for exchange.

OH, THE PITY OF IT!

Early in December, not long after Lang had been exchanged, another lot for exchange was called for from Florence. Men in the poorest physical condition mostly were selected. When the lot was about completed one of the number was found to be unable to go, and Tom was called to take his place. Clad only in shirt and drawers, with sleeves rolled above elbows and drawers rolled above his knees, so that it could more plainly be seen he was not too comfortable nor in too good condition, he presented himself at the gate, and was passed. The two following nights were passed in the vicinity of the stockade, without shelter or fire, and with but little food. The second night was made additionally miserable by a cold rain. Next morning the prisoners were packed into freight cars so tightly as scarcely to be able to stir. The doors were closed, thus cutting off almost entirely the supply of fresh air; and in this condition they were kept until

they reached the point of embarkation the following morning.

As Tom was about to leave the car he saw at his feet one whom he supposed asleep, and tried to waken him; but he soon discovered that his comrade was in the sleep which knows no earthly awakening. A few feet beyond lay another in the same condition. Further investigation showed a number of the lifeless forms of men who had perished from suffocation or exhaustion. On the threshold of life they had met death. Home and its friends, with health and happiness, had appeared to them only like a beautiful but distant vision of heaven, never to be realized on earth again.

Through a bitter, terrible experience had Tom realized the truth and force of that salutation which had met him as he passed inside that stockade at Andersonville: "The gates of hell have closed upon you." Now, as he stepped upon the deck of the Union steamer which was to bear him to Camp Parole, Annapolis, and saw the old flag floating above, and felt himself safely under its protecting stars once more, with kind and sympathizing hearts and hands ministering to his needs, clean, warmly clothed, fed abundantly with wholesome food, with home and friends soon to be reached, it must have appeared by contrast as though the gates of heaven had opened unto him.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT FATHER GROSER'S.

Christmas Eve had come, ushering in the most joyous festival of the year. This was the season when long-parted loved ones gather and greet each other within the loved circle of home. A goodly company of Tom's friends had assembled at Father Groser's comfortable home, and Corporal Lang was expected as the honored guest of the evening. They were there to meet him, and to hear from his lips the story of Tom's experiences since Olustee, and to discuss the prospects of his release from that Southern prison pen. The fire in the grate burned with a brightness and glow which warmed and cheered them all. The lights, also, were burning brightly, illuminating all within and streaming from the windows into the outer darkness, making the scene inside cosey and attractive to the passers by.

Presently a step was heard at the door, followed shortly by a ring. "That must be Lang." Emily, Tom's youngest sister, sprang to admit him, but Lang had not come. In his place stood one whom, notwithstanding his emaciation and marks of suffering upon his features, she quickly knew to be her brother. Her arms were about his neck, and joyfully she cried, "Oh! It's Tom! It's Tom!" In an instant the father was at the door, the rest following. Looking long and earnestly, until convinced that it was indeed his own first-born boy, he seized him in his arms and bore him bodily up the stairway into his own chamber, when, placing him upon the bed, he stood and looked upon him, with streaming eyes and agitated form, entirely overcome with emotion. Few were the words spoken then by either. Their hearts were too full for utterance. Other friends crowded around, anxious to see for themselves that it was indeed Tom, and to share in the joy of his virtual resurrection. Tears fell from many eyes but they were happy ones. The son that was lost was found. He that was dead was alive again.

Not the least remarkable feature of this happy reunion was the fact that it was not, as would naturally be supposed, prearranged. Corporal Lang, for some reason, could not keep his appointment, while Tom had made his way home from Camp Parole to arrive as just related.

The morrow was indeed a "Merry Christmas" to this reunited family, and to Tom, fresh from the horrors of Andersonville, it must have been especially so.

His physical condition when exchanged was little better than that of a living skeleton. For months after his arrival home one of his chief occupations was eating to appease his ravenous appetite and replace the lost flesh.

AT REST.

Tom was spared to his friends many years, but the bullet which pierced his body at Olustee and his subsequent horrible prison experiences were the ultimate causes of his death. He has joined the Grand Army on the further shore. His mortal remains lie under the sod at Greenwood, near mother and father, the former having preceded him several years before the war, the latter following soon after Tom. It is no small consolation to Tom's surviving friends to know that he rests with those who were near and dear to him, instead of filling an unknown and lonely, though no less honorable, grave in the far-off South.

And when the history of the great conflict is rounded out and complete, and its significance fully appreciated, the descendants of Tom's kin (he never married), as they join in the annually recurring ceremonies in remembrance and honor of the savior of the Union, will recount the story here so imperfectly told, while they point with love and pride to the lowly mound under which rest the ashes of one of the heroes of Andersonville.—J. J. Warner.

A VERY TIMELY ARREST.

When the lines of battle were near Corinth, Miss., hearing of a hospital at some little distance from the town, I determined to visit it, taking supplies and delicacies with me. Two ladies accompanied me. The driver of the ambulance, who assumed to know all about the surrounding country and who had a splendid team of horses, drove us off in good style.

After we had been en route for some time going at a rapid pace, I questioned the driver: "Are you sure you are on the right road; it seems to me we have come a long way?"

"Oh, yes, I know the road very well."

"I wonder what those men are running after," remarked one of the ladies of the company.

It did really seem that men were springing up out of the ground. They were running after us and waving their hands; but the steady, heavy tramp of the feet of our horses drowned their voices, and we failed to hear the oft-repeated

command, "Halt!" "Halt!" which came from every direction.

"Just look back! There are a lot of men on horseback coming at full speed," said one of the ladies.

It was only a moment before the foremost rider was near us, and he thundered out in tones I shall never forget, "Halt!"

Our driver reined in his horses. "Turn your ambulance back as quickly as you can, you fool! You are driving right into the enemy's camp."

The driver whipped up his horses and retreated at a gallop, but not until the Confederate sharpshooters had begun to send their bullets flying after the men who had come to our rescue. Some of the missiles came dangerously near to the little ambulance company. The cans and bundles which had been placed upon the seats with so much care and held with our outstretched hands now went tumbling into a common heap on the floor, and before the race was over two of us were down on top of them. When we were at a safe distance from the enemy, the horsemen riding near us, a halt was called, and we gathered ourselves up and tried to look respectable after such a rough and tumble ride.

A captain rode round in front, and in a tone which made the cold shivers creep along the spinal column, demanded: "Who is in charge of this ambulance?"

"I am," I answered with all the self-composure I could command at that instant.

"And so you were trying to reach the lines of the enemy with supplies and this good team and a Union soldier?"

"No, sir. I am as loyal as any man who wears shoulder straps, and I can prove it. I was trying to reach a hospital with these supplies (naming the hospital). The driver thought he knew the way, but it seems he did not."

"That is not a likely story. That hospital is not in that direction at all, and I overtook you, near the enemy's camp, more than a mile beyond where we allow any one to go. Why did you run past our pickets who demanded you to halt?"

"I did not see any pickets or hear any one call 'Halt!' until you came up."

"You are all under arrest! Driver, you will drive to the headquarters of the commanding general."

At these words my two lady friends turned very pale, but I laughed, as I was acquainted with the commanding general. Remembering my pass from the Secretary of War and other important official papers in my possession, I said to the captain who rode alongside of the ambulance: "Would it make any change in your course if I should show you passes from high officials? I have no objections of going to headquarters, but it is a loss of time."

"No, madam! You are all under arrest. The officers don't give passes or send good teams and Union soldiers to take people into the rebel camps."

It was of no use to say anything more, for the officer had told the truth. In due time we reached headquarters and were ordered out. I led the procession, clambering out over our scattered supplies as best I could. The captain marched in beside me. The captain gave the military salute and was about to report that he had brought in these people, captured while trying to run the Union lines, but there were several officers there who knew me, who came forward to shake hands, and the General among them, and he was silenced.

"Is there anything I can do for you to-day, madam?" the General inquired in his most gracious manner.

"Yes, General, there is. I and this forlorn little company whom I have led and misled are under arrest for a most serious crime. We were on the enemy's ground and were pushing for the enemy's camp at full speed, when this gallant officer rode down in the face of the enemy and rescued us. I want to thank him before you all."

Of course further explanation was made and we were all released. The ambulance driver and myself were admonished "to make certain thereafter that we were on the right road." I shook hands with the captain and thanked him, and the officers present congratulated him, and we all left headquarters in high spirits.—Annie Wittenmyer.

"JIMMIE."

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST PETERSBURG.

Amsterdam, N. Y., March 6.—I do not recall his other name. He was called "Jimmie." How he ever became connected with our regiment I am unable to say. He was only sixteen years of age when I first saw him, during the "Wilderness" fights. He was on the rolls as a drummer, but as there was very little use for his drum during those terrible days, and upon the succeeding dreary marches, intrenchings and encounters with the enemy, Jimmie had been given the position of letter carrier. A slight, but rosy complexioned Irish lad, with blond hair and blue eyes like a girl's, he was a favorite with officers and men, from the major commanding down to the "coffee coolers."

The simple fact of his being the only visible means of communication with the loved ones at home would of itself have made Jimmie an object of interest to all, as well as of tenderest regard. But he was a boy of exceeding manliness of character. He was absolutely and at all times truthful and reliable. The men made him their banker and the custodian of many little secrets, and no trust was ever betrayed. It was astonishing what judgment and tact the lad would often display.

The one thing which fretted him, however, was that he could not get to the front with the other men. He did not at all relish the idea of being a non-combatant. Had he remained content with the discharge of his less illustrious but, in our eyes, the equally honorable and important duty of post-boy, this story would never have been written; but, slight and youthful as he was, he was possessed to carry a musket, march in the

ranks with the rest of the men—in short, to be a soldier. Of course, that was out of the question. One evening he came into camp carrying his mail-bag as usual, and over his right shoulder a handsome rifle, which he had picked up on the way, probably the hapless jettison of some fleeing Confederate. In those days it was not an uncommon thing to find derelict articles of personal property which had become too cumbersome for comfort, and had been unceremoniously discarded. These, however, were usually clothing, blankets or cooking utensils; seldom anything of particular value. Nobody appeared to question or disturb Jimmie's possession of the firearm, and having after some little trouble obtained suitable cartridges, he soon became quite an expert in the use of the gun. Thenceforth, on the march or in camp, the rifle was his constant companion.

At length, after the celebrated "flank movement" down through Virginia, the army reached the James River in June, 1864. So completely were we exhausted by the constant marching and fighting, most of the time with scarcely enough "hard tack" to sustain strength, that in crossing the river in the night many of the men who could not find a place on the boat to lie down slept soundly while standing upright on their feet, not realizing it until the stream was crossed and they began to disembark. The next day there was more hot work, skirmishing and intrenching. We were nearing the citadel of the Confederacy, and every inch of the way was being contested. The utmost vigilance was required. We had to be constantly on the lookout for surprises. Extra precautions were ordered on the picket lines. They were strengthened at all points, and any man found asleep on picket was to be shot instantly.

I had been away for two days on special detail, and on my return was made officer of the guard for the next twenty-four hours. At so critical a moment it was felt that any faithlessness or neglect on the part of a single man on picket might imperil the entire front. I had four sergeants and eight corporals under me. The men on post were stationed at intervals of about 150 feet apart, while my post was in the rear of the centre of the entire line which covered the front of our brigade. On the extreme left were posted the men of my regiment; then came those of two other New-York regiments; and last the pickets of a Massachusetts regiment. I decided to make a tour of the entire line every two hours.

I had already made my first round, returned to my post, made a cup of coffee and smoked a pipe. Those were the moments when we soldiers at the front felt that longing for home creep into our hearts. Presently I looked at my watch and it was a few minutes of 9. I buckled on my sword and very soon was at the first Massachusetts post.

Bear in mind that the men who had been detailed for picket this night, like the rest of their comrades, had been vouchsafed scarcely a wink of sleep for several nights. It was almost more than weak human nature could bear. I more than expected to find that it had yielded; and my orders were peremptory to shoot any man found asleep. Nevertheless as I passed each post in succession I found every man alert and attentive.

Presently I reached the vicinity of my own regiment. I found the sergeant of the guard and received his report and passed on. I shall never forget that hour. It was a Southern summer night. The air was charged with the balmy odor peculiar to that clime. There was not a breath of it stirring, and not a sound of any character, except the occasional screech or chirp of some bird of the night. The men arose to their feet and saluted in silence as I passed. As I approached one post I noticed that the man made no movement. Coming nearer still, I observed that he was in the familiar sitting posture, his musket between his knees, about which his arms were clasped, and his head bent over them. Instantly I realized that he was asleep. My hand felt for my revolver, and I was about to use it, feeling as a murderer might be supposed to feel, remembering my orders, but something in me revolted at the thought of killing that sleeping boy, for it did not take me long to see that it was Jimmie. I shook him savagely enough. "What in God's name are you doing here?" I demanded. He was awake instantly, doubtless realizing his peril. "I was asleep before I knew." He did not attempt to say more. His face was now very pale as he rose to his feet.

"You know the order, Jimmie," I said; "but I'm not going to shoot you. Who sent you out here anyway?"

"I got the Adjutant to let me come out with the rest of the men for picket," he replied.

I told him to remain where he was, and I called the corporal of the guard. "Relieve him," I said to the corporal, "and don't put him on again to-night. He ought not to have been allowed to come."

The next day occurred the terrible engagement of the 16th of June. Near the close of the day I received a slight flesh wound not at all serious in itself, but, with the utter exhaustion which had come to me, it was sufficient to knock me out. I was obliged to go to the rear. I found my way to the field hospital, which had been established in a deserted farmhouse, and which was the scene of more horrors than imagination could paint. The night which followed would have required the pen of a Dante or the brush of a Hogarth to portray in fitting expression. My own condition was not so serious but that I could fully take in the surroundings. Outside the house a dozen surgeons were at work amputating arms and legs and engaged in other surgical operations. The sufferers, stretched on rudely improvised tables, rent the air with groans and shrieks and curses. A full moon was sailing calmly in the heavens, in striking contrast with the blood-curdling scenes of which she was a spectator. Within the house were the worst cases, lying upon the stretchers upon which they had been borne from the field of battle. I looked about to see if any of our own boys were among them. Two of the ladies of that celebrated organization which did so much in those days to temper the suffer-

ings of the sick and wounded soldiers, who had left home and comfort behind, to aid in caring for those who were wounded in battle, were at that moment bending over the prostrate figure of some poor fellow who was nearing "that shining shore" of which they were singing, one of them with her hand wiping the death damp from mouth and face. Even as they sang, his soul passed away, and our young Adjutant who had been so bright and jolly in the morning had gone forever. With moistened eyes I turned away, and was about to pass out of the building when a faint call arrested me.

I turned; and there on my right, a few feet away, lay Jimmie. He too was dying. As I gazed down into his boyish face, now pale and pinched with suffering, there came into his eyes a look which I quickly translated. It seemed to say that he felt he had redeemed himself.

"My poor Jimmie," I said, "how did you get hurt?"

"I couldn't help it, Lieutenant," he said, as I bent down to catch his words. "I couldn't stay in the rear when all the other boys were in the fight."

He indicated with a glance where he was injured. I raised up the covering. His right arm was gone almost to the socket.

They just brought me here," he continued. "I know I've got to die, but I'd rather die this way than that other." There was a look of triumph in his eyes. I hurried away to find the ladies, realizing that death had already affixed its seal on the little hero's brow. He seemed to be past suffering.

"I will be right back, Jimmie," I said, as I left him; but when we had returned to his stretcher the life of the brave little soldier had vanished.

After I had hurriedly recounted the main incidents of this little story to the ladies, they promised to take charge of the remains and accord all that was left of our "Jimmie" the honors of a Christian burial.—(Ed. J. Maxwell.

PROJECTILES FOR RIFLED CANNON.

An interesting chapter of the war was referred to in the lower House of Congress March 1. Several Democratic members, including Mr. Bankhead and Mr. Forney, tried to have a bill passed giving to Dr. John B. Read $17,000 for royalties on projectiles for rifled cannon. After debate the effort was defeated—102 yeas, 110 nays, 117 not voting. The following facts were brought out in debate:

The minie ball was the first expanding projectile for firearms of any description. This ball has a simple expanding base, without flanges or projections to enter rifle grooves, and was used to some extent in the war of the United States with Mexico.

Prior to the year 1856 rifled ordnance of large calibre practically had no existence in any country. Dr. Read's patent covers the first instance of any projectile for rifled ordnance, employing (like the minie ball for small arms) a smooth expanding cup or sabot at the base, without any dependence upon flanges for entering rifle grooves and thus securing rotation.

In 1856 successful experiments with Dr. Read's projectiles from a 24-pounder rifle gun at Fortress Monroe secured a contract in writing with the Secretary of War that in case his invention should be adopted by the Government (used or employed as understood by Dr. Read at the time of affixing his signature), he should receive such compensation as a board of army officers might decide to be just. From 1856 to the close of 1859 Dr. Read made a large number of experiments with his rifle projectiles, with a sufficient degree of success to show them practicable for all guns up to ten inches calibre.

During a large portion of these three years Dr. Read's experiments from the water battery at West Point and Fortress Monroe constituted a free public school of artillery in the then novel subject of rifled ordnance.

Mr. R. P. Parrot assisted in these experiments, and he and Mr. Hotchkiss and other inventors thus secured at Dr. Read's expense most valuable lessons in rifled ordnance of incalculable importance to the United States Government during the war, then so near at hand. It is altogether probable that but for Dr. Read's timely invention and his active persistence in its public demonstration, our war might have been fought out with the old-time smooth-bore guns, and its duration much protracted, with far greater loss of life and limb.

Dr. Read was the first to propose copper as the best material for the sabots of his rifle projectiles, first made at the Washington navy yard, though he actually employed wrought iron for this purpose to meet the views of the then Secretary of War, who desired a projectile that might be fired red hot in certain contingencies.

The essential feature of Dr. Read's improvements in rifle shells was the employment of smooth sabots of hard metal, whether copper, wrought iron or brass. And as all the rifled muskets employed in our war made use of the leaden-expanding ball of Captain Minie, so every piece of rifled ordnance on both sides of the line fired projectiles, with a few partial exceptions, with the smooth expanding hard-metal sabots invented by Dr. Read, and publicly demonstrated by him. Parrot and Hotchkiss furnished almost all the rifle shells employed during the war by the United States Government, and the only patentable point in their construction was simply the manner of attaching the hard-metal sabots they employed: only this and nothing more, all the rest having been learned from Dr. Read's original experiments.

Admiral Porter's statement as to the safety of the Read shells suggests the fact that so far as known no rifle gun was ever burst by the Read shells when made strictly with safety groove on his plan, whether with sabots of wrought iron, copper, or brass. At the commencement of our war there were absolutely no rifle projectiles of any description in the United States except those with iron cupped sabots invented by Dr. Read, and manufactured at West Point foundry by Mr. Parrot. These Read projectiles were used from Parrot guns extensively at the first battle of Bull Run by the Federal Army (95,000 were used at that battle), and large numbers of both projectiles and guns were captured by the Confederate forces. The first Read shells ever used by the Confederacy were those captured at Bull Run, and which, with subsequent captures elsewhere, kept up more or less of a supply of the same till the close of the war. Parrot, under his contract with Read, charged no royalty to our Government, and it is this unpaid royalty that the latter now seeks to recover.

When the war broke out Dr. Read went South, joined the Confederacy, and manufactured his shells for them during the war. On that account, in 1870, the Government refused to renew his patent.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

FATE OF THE CLARABELLE.

ONE OF THE TRIALS OF RIVER NAVIGATION IN THE WEST DURING THE WAR.

Lampasas, Texas.—We had been in camp just back of the town of Vicksburg for about a month, making preparations for the reconstruction of the Vicksburg and Shreveport Railroad, a portion of which had, until the siege of Vicksburg, been in running order. Our regiment, the 6th Michigan Heavy Artillery, had been ordered from garrison duty at Port Hudson, La., to Morganzia, where, after a short stay, we were detached from the 19th Army Corps and sent to Vicksburg under General Bailey, of Red River fame.

Military changes were being made in rapid succession on account of new movements, especially the one concentrating troops on Mobile. On the 23d of July, 1864, we were ordered to the levee to take transports for White River, Ark. Six companies of the regiment went on board the Kate Dale, a coast steamer with closed sides, and four companies on the Clarabelle, an ordinary and rather small open river boat. There were also several gunboats, as it was next to impossible for transports to pass up or down without convoy, because they were exposed to the risk of being fired into by the Confederate batteries.

We made no stop, except at Milliken's Bend for the gunboats to coal or get some other needed supplies. We found the Clarabelle a very slow boat, and before night all of our convoy had gained so much that they were often lost to sight around bends. Before it was entirely dark, however, the other boats slackened speed and we came up abreast. Orders had been given the gunboats to keep the transports in sight, and considerable caution was used the greater part of the night. On rousing ourselves at daylight, however, not a boat was in sight. At the time the fact created no uneasiness. About 8 o'clock, or a little after, we reached Skipwith Landing, a coaling and supply depot for gunboats. Several gunboats were lying there ready for orders. The engines of the Clarabelle were stopped for a few moments, and Captain Corden, in command of our detachment, asked: "How long since our consorts passed up?"

"About two hours," was the answer.

We continued on our way. By this time the fog, which often hangs heavy in the morning, cleared away and the sun shone brightly. Everything seemed quiet as we slowly moved upward. Not far above the landing, on the east bank, we passed the remains of a steamboat, which had been accidentally burned a short time before, several of the passengers having been burned to death.

Between nine and ten o'clock we reached the Arkansas State line. Comrade Ellis and myself were standing on the edge of the guard looking out at the west bank, talking on various subjects, more especially of going home, as our term of service would be out in a few days, when on turning a sharp bend one of us said: "What a fine chance for a rebel battery." The other had not time to answer before the flash of a cannon spouted out from the bushes on the bank and a case shot burst almost in our faces. Several shots came in rapid succession before we collected ourselves enough to seize our rifles and hunt for shelter. By the time we had found our guns, however, every apparently secure place was well occupied. The crash of shot and shell seemed continual, and the whizzing of splinters as the shot broke through our boat was very confusing. The engineers and firemen left their posts and could not be found, and the pilot rang his bell for landing.

The firing had come upon us so suddenly that it was several minutes before a sensible view of matters prevailed. The groans and moans of the wounded on the upper deck could be distinctly heard between the crashes of shot. The men were fast getting into position to use their rifles, and the noise of the firing both ways was incessant.

The captain of the boat rushed up to the pilot house to change and control the vessel, while some of our boys went to the furnace and pitched in all the inflammable material they could find. Soon the boilers were straining and sizzling with a surplus of steam. The engineers were hunted up, and at the point of the bayonet forced to stay at their posts. The captain, after reaching the pilot house, turned the boat's head up stream again, and a full force of steam was turned on. The timbers of the frail river boat began to tremble and creak with increasing motion.

By this time we had received several shots below the water line and water was pouring in fast. We soon moved far enough ahead to make the enemy's shots uncertain, but the water was gaining so fast that with all our steam we were making slower and slower headway. After a hasty examination by the carpenter and captain it was found necessary to make a landing as soon as possible and stop the holes, otherwise we would sink in midstream.

AT THE ENEMY'S MERCY.

So far only one man had been mortally wounded, although several others had been more or less severely hurt by shot and splinters. Our speed diminished so rapidly that we were compelled to land about two miles above the point at which we had been ambuscaded on the opposite or east side of the river. As soon as the boat was tied fast the soldiers were taken off and marched back a short distance to the shade of some scattering trees, where they stacked arms and were allowed to break ranks, but they were cautioned about going too far away. Meanwhile a few men were detached and ordered to cross the bend to Skipwith Landing and notify the gunboats.

Our baggage, knapsacks, mules, wagons—in fact everything except our guns and what we had on our backs—were left on board the boat. The captain and hands went right to work making the necessary repairs. A few of us volunteers made a little tour with an eye to foraging while the repairs were in progress, but we were unsuccess-

ful, and were on our way back to the boat about 3 p. m., when we were startled by the report of a cannon. As we were returning close by the bank of a bayou, we forced our way through the thick growth of cane and could see the Confederate battery working away at the boat, supported by a large force of infantry, who would cheer whenever a shot struck the boat. We immediately started on the run for the Clarabelle so as to save our personal effects and assist in whatever way we could. Before we had gone half the distance we saw smoke and flames rising from the vessel and heard the enemy cheering.

As we arrived on the ground the scene was heartrending in the extreme. The horses and mules were burning alive, and could not now be driven off, and their cries were very affecting. The flames increased so rapidly that they soon cut off communication with the boat, although several of the men made every effort to drive off or into the river some of the animals. The fire so bewildered the poor things that they rushed into it as often as away from it.

Surgeon Mottram and J. W. Nicholls, of Company E, had already carried off all the wounded except one. They had commenced when the flames first broke out. Just as they were going back for the last man an almost solid sheet of flame burst out from the land side with such scorching heat that no human being could pass through. The last cries of the animals were swallowed up in the last outburst of flame, which enveloped cabin, pilot-house and all, closing for ever from view the unfortunate Clarabelle.

The only wounded comrade left, known as the "[illegible] for [illegible]" while he was always in the habit of singing, was mortally wounded, and, according to the surgeon, had only a few hours to live. But how poor this consolation was when his last piercing cry was heard—a cry which still rings in our ears. The scene was so affecting that for a short time all the lookers on were stricken dumb.

SAVED BY A GUNBOAT.

A consciousness of our desperate situation soon asserted itself. The Confederate battery, after continued cheering at their success, limbered up and disappeared, together with their support. The sun had sunk below the horizon and it was gradually growing darker. The officers were consulting as to our next movement in order, when we heard the sound of a large cannon in the distance, and soon saw a gunboat rounding the bend. It proved to be the gunboat Louisville from Skipwith Landing. On board this vessel we placed our sick and wounded, eight, if I remember correctly, one of whom died afterward, or on the way down.

Following the advice of the officers of the gunboat, we started out soon after it was thoroughly dark to cross the great bend to Skipwith Landing, the nearest place at which we could get supplies or transportation. We were guided by several slaves who took this as the first opportunity of securing their freedom. We always found the slaves true to us, although in many cases they would not do anything which would injure their masters.

For several hours we travelled among large plantations, through lanes, as well as big roads, without meeting a living thing. We passed several fine large houses, and stopped to get water at some of them, but saw no sign of life. The gardens were closely hunted for anything eatable, because we had been without food most of the day. An occasional squawk of a chicken or squeal of a pig would strike on our ears, but it would be so suddenly cut off that we concluded the sound might have been imaginary.

It must have been after 12 o'clock at night when we reached Skipwith Landing. We had lost everything, and an immediate requisition was made on the "storeship" for the necessary supplies. Several men from each company were detailed to go aboard and bring back the food. The gang plank was narrow and slippery, and inclined upward to the boat, and during the transfer one man of Company H, John Roberts, enlisted at New-Orleans, slipped off into the river and was never seen again. The current was very swift, and we looked in vain below to see his head rise to the surface. The suddenness with which our comrade disappeared struck a chill through those who saw it, and we had to submit to the fact that "Death comes like a thief in the night." We lay at Skipwith Landing for two days, or until the night of the 26th. The sun was extremely hot, and we used all manner of devices for making shade. A large plantation stretched for some distance above and below as well as back from the river, so that there were no trees for shade. We could not help but feel that the enemy had got the best of us without our being able to help ourselves, and we were anxious to get to the remainder of our command as soon as possible.

Just before night on the 26th the steamboat Leviathan was signalled to stop, it being the first boat to go up the river since our misfortune. The captain of the Leviathan was informed of what had occurred, and, after consultation with the naval officers, it was deemed best for him to wait until after dark to proceed. The Leviathan was the largest boat on the river at that time, and of great speed. About dark the Pauline Carroll, another large boat, came up, and was signalled to land. The Carroll had one wheel disabled, and had been making slow progress. After dark the two boats were lashed together, and we were taken on board the Leviathan. Between nine and ten o'clock the boats backed off, and, with full head of steam, pushed forward against the muddy current.

The officers of the Leviathan were very kind and attentive to our wants, supplying hot coffee and plenty of food as well as comfortable quarters for sleeping. There seemed to be a quiet but settled determination to go up the river, enemy or no enemy. We were not molested. In the morning the captain ordered the clerk to give every man a sheet of paper and envelope with which to write home, and my own letter lies before me as I am writing this story giving a brief account of our disaster, dated: "St. Joseph, Ark., July 30, 1864," with the imprint on the head: "On board the St. Louis and New-Orleans Packet, Steamer Leviathan, Captain Ambrose Reeder."—(Wilber H. Webber.

THE 15TH NEW-JERSEY AT FREDERICKSBURG.

MEMORIES OF THE SECOND ASSAULT.

A GALLANT REGIMENT, NOT A MAN OF WHOM ESCAPED WOUNDS.

Budd's Lake, N. J.—The last double roll of the drums and the shrill high notes of the fifes were re-echoing over the hills near the city of Fredericksburg, Va., on or about May 1, 1863, as the music wheeled into line on the right of our regiment on dress parade. Adjutant E. D. Halsey raised his sword precisely to shoulder and commanded "Attention, 15th Jersey! Shoulder arms! Present arms!" and turning on his heel saluted Colonel William H. Penrose, our commander, who replied: "Read the orders, adjutant!"

After facing about, our adjutant commanded, "Attention to orders!"

"Headquarters 6th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac.—Every regiment and command will be ready to move at early dawn on the morrow, with sixty rounds of cartridges and three days' rations to each man. First sergeants of companies will see that each man is fully equipped and will be held strictly responsible for their men under them.

"By order of John Sedgwick, major-general commanding; —— McMahon, colonel, chief-of-staff."

All the other formalities of dress parade having been complied with, the regiment was sent back to quarters. The men at once began their preparations, and all was soon made ready for the morrow. The men gathered in groups discussing the probabilities of the fight.

Passing down the street of officers I met many and saluted, and passing Captain Ira Lindsley's tent, of Company C, I found him standing in front, seemingly unusually pale.

I saluted and accosted. "Why, Captain, you look unwell! What is the matter?"

The Captain replied: "Orderly, I don't feel well, but I am not sick. I feel that our next fight will be my death, but I would not be absent if I could."

"Captain, you know life is uncertain anywhere, especially in battle. What is the use of meeting death any sooner than we have to?"

"I know, Sergeant, your philosophy is common sense. Yet I am unable to shake off the feeling. I think I have written my last letter to my wife and little ones."

"I hope you may write many and we shall see more peaceful days in our mountain homes, Captain."

The Captain replied: "I shall do my duty, but I have no hope!"

"Well, Orderly, you are looking more solemn than usual," remarked Sergeant Larrison, of my own company, as I walked up our own street among the boys. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing, boys, serious, I trust, only I believe we will have a lively time on the other side of the Rappahannock before many days."

Early morn came, and soon our First Brigade was down to Franklin's Crossing. The opposite shore was taken by crossing over on pontoons. Some of the enemy were taken prisoners, their reserves falling back. The 15th N. J. was deployed on the skirmish line, and drove the Johnnies over the valley until we were ordered to halt for the night. About dark the rest of the 6th Corps crossed the river and massed by divisions in our rear. The night was warm, dark and misty, and the enemy's skirmishers were not more than 400 feet from us. Our line was formed by the men lying flat on the ground, to see more readily objects approaching us. There were men of devotion in both armies. We could hear our comrades in the rear of us singing "Old Hundred" and familiar church music, and praying to the God of battles for protection and success. We could hear devout prayers ascending heavenward in the enemy's camp, and battle lines invoking the same God of battles for protection and success; and as I walked my company line near Sergeant Larrison, he said to me, "Orderly, this must be a very queer war, both sides are claiming God Almighty, and I reckon he is going to let us fight it out with the force of pluck and endurance."

I said: "John, one side must be right and the other wrong."

"That's so," says Larrison. "We know we are right, and the Johnnies have got more conceit than wisdom. I am going to see the end, and they must surrender in time."

"All right," said I. "Can you see anything moving in your front?"

"Not a thing. It is so dark they will all go to sleep, and I feel like it too."

"No sleep to-night on this line," I enjoined and passed on.

It was the sleepiest night we ever experienced in all our battles. I felt like going to sleep walking, and only kept wide awake by rubbing my forehead with water from my canteen. Each man's head would be bobbing toward his rifle, which was lying ready to raise and fire, when I would hit his foot or shake him. It seemed a long night, but the morning of May 3, 1863, came, and with the glorious sun of this Sabbath day all nature with the song of birds seemed happy.

THE 6TH CORPS CHARGES.

In due time that day the 6th Corps was deployed to charge the forts and heights around Fredericksburg. The advance was made slowly but surely. The enemy's line fell back on their lines of battle at the base of the heights, covered by the guns in the forts. The fighting became general from the city all around the hills. Orders were given for our whole line to charge, and with resounding cheers and bayonets fixed, up went the 6th Corps to the summit and over into the forts, taking guns and prisoners. The Stars and Stripes waved where the Bars had been recently planted.

The enemy retreated in haste, but finally reformed in the woods on the road beyond St. Mary's Church for a further determined fight. The 1st N. J. Brigade took the lead for a further advance, and the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Regiments, having left the 15th to be gathered up by Colonel Penrose from scattered duty and follow, were soon marching at our head in orderly column. We passed the rest of our corps, halted

temporarily one side, and by the time the 1st became engaged again, the 15th N. J. was within supporting distance.

As our other four regiments had been brought to a halt by the force massed in front, we came upon the ground by the right and left flank movement, in front of the enemy's fire. Colonel Penrose commanded "Halt! Unsling knapsacks!" and the order was executed promptly, while the Johnnies were looking on in amazement, without (to their honor) firing one shot at us. But when the Colonel commanded "Forward, guide centre, march!" they opened fire and gracefully dipped our Stars and Stripes toward the ground. Our brave color-sergeant, Hicks, was killed. Corporal Reobadeau caught the colors, and the colonel commanded "Charge bayonets!" On we went over fences, through the enemy's tents, they running into the woods and we after them, until we were so far ahead that we had to do the fighting alone. Our Colonel ordered us to "halt and commence firing." For two hours we held that ground against the combined forces of the enemy. For two hours the peal of musketry was never better executed. Sixty rounds of cartridges had been fired by each soldier who was still living. The cartridge-boxes of the dead were then sought and their guns and cartridges used, as many of the other guns had become fouled with powder and heated. Captain Stout, of our company, was wounded through the right shoulder. I was struck on my right shoulder and turned to Larrison. He said, "there is a hole in your coat." My arm hung useless from the bruise of the spent or glancing ball. Many of our comrades lay dead, and many were wounded. Toward the setting of the sun down went Larrison with the blood gushing from his head. I looked at the wound. His skull was hurt. I raised him up and started him to the rear.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

After sundown the colonel came along down the line, and said, "Boys, you have done gloriously. Orderly, take your men and fall back slowly to the knapsacks." By this time the enemy had ceased firing, but Private Berry said he would have another shot, and I let him fire. The wounded of our company we carried to the rear, all except one. Felix Cash. We fell back to our knapsacks without a shot being fired after us. Each took a knapsack, but many were left on the ground telling their own eloquent story. As the remainder of the 15th New-Jersey about faced and marched from the field in good order, the little streams of water we crossed were running red with blood.

We halted and faced in line of battle in support of the 11th Pennsylvania Bucktails, who had relieved us in the front. We called the roll. Many of our comrades did not answer to their names. They were reported "killed or missing in action." Captain Ira Lindsley had been killed. Sergeant Hicks had been killed: and many others of our brave and noble-hearted men had passed the line in death—as a sacrifice for liberty, Union and progress.

Our line of battle now extended from Franklin's Crossing to the point we had gained, and then to the upper ford of the Rappahannock. We had gained the point of the angle of the letter A. The Confederates had tried to turn our left flank during the fight; but a Union battery had thrown them into confusion.

During the hottest exchange of bullets, some daring rebel had fired two bullets near my head, but missed me. On account of the smoke I dropped on my right knee and sighted the rascal under the smoke loading his rifle behind an old stump. I drew sight on him immediately, but could only see his right shoulder. I sent a bullet through that and stopped his close range firing.

We had cut the rebel regiments all to pieces, as one of them afterward told me. Our wounded were well attended to by our surgeons—and volunteers carried them back so that they could be transported over the river during the night.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

Thus did Sunday, the 3d day of May, 1863, close on the battlefield. Let us for a moment, this same Sunday, look into the homes of the volunteers of the 15th New-Jersey. In the mountains and the hills of the counties of Sussex, Warren, Hunterdon, Somerset and Morris, wives, mothers, sisters, betrothed and fathers, brothers and friends, had listened to many appeals to the God of battles. They thought of the absent ones, and feared the news of battle. Many were the secret prayers which were offered that their loved soldiers would be protected from harm; and many secret tears were shed, when to their minds the thought of battle would picture their forms, wounded and dying on the field of carnage, far from homes and lovable surroundings.

The successful and careless of the world never knew the pangs of sacrifice! They never knew the forlorn pulsation of the heart of Sergeant Hicks' betrothed when the news of his death reached her! His last letter was so full of hope; he would soon be promoted; he would come home on furlough, and be married!

They never knew the feeling of that fearful presentment which the wife of Captain Ira Lindsley experienced on this Sunday, the 3d day of May, 1863. Hopefully had she listened to the eloquent words from Divine Writ, and when she gathered her little ones around her, all wishing "Pa" to come home from the war, her heart sank in fearful forebodings. Her devout prayers relieved her heavy heart, and sleep, dreamy sleep, closed her weeping eyes.

Language has never been able to do justice to the women, the loved ones, of our Union soldiers. Their brave sacrifice more than equalled that of their brave soldiers who now sleep the sleep of the honored dead!

WE FALL BACK.

The Union forces have now changed positions with the Johnnies. We occupied the heights and their forts, and they would be forced to attack us from the valley. The 4th was a beautiful day and our 6th Corps was fully prepared to continue the fight of the 3d. Batteries were in position for defence. General Sedgwick had sent to General Hooker to know if he should hold what we had gained. General Hooker said: "No; recross the

river." But after General Hooker had been defeated at Chancellorsville and recrossed his forces, General Lee lost no time to try to capture his dreaded enemy, the 6th Corps. His forces were double-quicked to our front, and soon terrible fighting became general all along our lines. Our boys held the Johnnies back until after dark. Then the men of the 6th Corps silently withdrew to the upper ford and covered their artillery by forming a hollow square. All night our guns and men were engaged in crossing the rising Rappahannock, and just before daylight the 15th New-Jersey brought up the rear of our brigade, followed by the skirmish line, and our pontoons were then taken from the river. Our regiment filed into the woods on the top of the hill, called the roll and began to put up their little 6-cent muslin shelter tents, as it was beginning to rain.

Our men were very hungry, and I started to report to Adjutant Halsey to see if our commissary were near, when who should I meet riding up the road but General John Sedgwick with some of his staff. A young staff officer said: "General, here is a regiment. Shall I order it down on picket by the river?"

I saluted the General, and, returning the salute, he said: "Orderly, what regiment is yours here?"

I answered: "This is the 15th New-Jersey, and the First New-Jersey Brigade in the rear part of our corps."

The General said "Thank you," and, turning to his aid, said: "The Fifteenth and the First New-Jersey Brigade has been badly cut to pieces in the fight. You go and order some other regiment on picket and forward what headquarters I have up here in front of this brigade."

I soon found Adjutant Halsey. He had been struck by a bullet, but was still at his post. I handed him my report and inquired about hardtack. "Well, Budd, we are all terribly hungry. We will have to wait."

About noon some of the wagons made an appearance through the mud, and cracker-boxes were carried in a hurry to the companies and divided up. The officers of the brigade could not get their supplies, so the men of each regiment divided up and the officers enjoyed the soldiers' rations.

Three days it rained in this very undesirable piece of woods, and for three days the comforts of half rations were willingly divided without a word of grumbling from any soldier. At last the waters ceased, and once more the bright sun, sparkling on the diamond drops falling from our leafy canopy, indicated that Nature's pent up precipitation was temporarily relieved. The bugles sounded "Fall in," and we were moving through mud and mortar—splash, splash, splash—in continuation toward our former places of encampment below Falmouth, where we arrived about sunset. The foundations of our winter quarters were in about the same condition as before, and we filed into our company grounds, stacked arms, and after roll-call made details for guard duty and for the bringing of rations. Some of our men were so hungry they ate one day's ration at one meal, with a quart of good strong coffee as liquid stimulant.

NO HOSPITAL FOR THEM.

By the time our necessary work was completed for the night some of our wounded put in an appearance from Potomac Creek Hospital, Sergeant John Larrison with his head all bound up; "Will" Opdyke and others. I inquired why they didn't stay at the hospital.

Larrison said: "Orderly, the doctors took out a part of my skull and put some silver in; then I told them I was going back to my company. I wouldn't stay there. I would rather fight every day."

"Will" Opdyke said: "I wouldn't stay there among them with one bullet in my arm," and pulling off his blouse and shoving up his sleeve he showed where a bullet had passed through diagonally.

"Boys," I ordered, "you go with me at sick call in the morning."

After the fighting and fatigue we now had a good night's rest. Reveille brought us out in the morning. I inquired for Private Benjamin Wear, and found him dead in his tent. He had attended to his duties to the last, and now had answered roll-call elsewhere. During the fight he turned to me, wounded. I pulled out of his face a copper-like tin which had been around the pin of a bullet which had shattered the stock of his gun. He then turned to his place, and fought with us the fight out. He died from the poison of the copper, I always believed; and we buried the brave soldier with the honors of war.

"Fall in for sick call!" I sang out, as the drums were beating the call; and I led our wounded men to the regimental hospital tent, where Dr. George R. Sullivan was in readiness to examine and mark off from duty. He began the examination of each. "Who sent your men back?" demanded the doctor, in a rage. "None of you will be fit for duty in a long time."

Most of the men replied: "We wouldn't stay in such a place."

"Won't stay?" said the doctor, in surprise: "I wish all the hospital soldiers of the Army of the Potomac had the pluck of our boys, we would have more fighting men and less of the General Hospital service; many of them are just as able to fight as the best of you. They will claim equal honors, though they never saw a fight. Well, I will have to mark them off from duty, orderly, and you consider them off until further orders."

A FIRST SERGEANT'S DUTIES.

The fighting qualities of an army depend more on First Sergeants than on Major-Generals, Colonel Penrose would say; and I have often thought that Congress ought to brevet, with honorable distinction, as major-generals, all the First Sergeants who served in the War of the Great Rebellion. Their duties are arduous and valuable. Next to duties in line, the most painful of all to any First Sergeant is to write to the friends of his dead and missing comrades.

"Tell mother, gently, how I died. Tell my wife of my love for her, even in death!"

"Tell her in whispered confidence in death, as Sergeant ——— was about to die, how I longed to live for her, and be married!"

"Tell sister I die thinking of our happy youthful days!"

"Tell father I die with my face to the foe!"

These sad stories I wrote, wishing I had fallen instead of some of my comrades.

The poor old mother answers with tears on her letter and wants to know, "where my boy Benny is buried?"

The loved wife writes me, "I am broken hearted, but I trust God will take care of me and my little ones—crying for their papa."

Another expectant wife answers, "with thanks for your kind letter," stained with the watery drops from her eyes; "Oh! This cruel war!" I close the letter sorrowfully, thinking "Yes, most cruel war; but we must fight it out!"

FROM REBEL PRISONS.

"Well Orderly, yonder comes some of our boys from Richmond. I wonder if they have had a good time down with the Johnnies?" sings out Jack Opdyke, the happy mischief maker. Sure enough, up walked Sergeant L. H. Salmon and others who had been taken prisoners. We were all glad to see them and there was a general handshaking went around. But Jack was anxious to learn about Richmond, and soon got a word in, "Say Sergeant, how did you like Jeff Davis's hotel?"

"Well Jack—boys," replied Salmon, "I like it so well that if they ever catch me there again, I'll be so badly wounded that I can't fight any longer. I would rather be shot dead than ever surrender again. I am glad to get back to you, and I will fight in Company F and the old 15th Jersey until the rebels all surrender."

"We will all stand by you and our Orderly," the boys shouted, 'as long as any fighting is to be done!" and they kept their word in every battle to the end. The few survivors, who were in many battles of the war, all came home wounded. Not one was favored.—Enos G. Budd, 1st Sergeant Company F., 15th New-Jersey.

THE 24TH ILLINOIS AT STONE RIVER.

WHAT ONE MAN SAW OF THE DISASTERS AND THE FURIOUS FIGHTING OF THAT HISTORIC FIELD.

Lincoln, Neb.—The readers of The Tribune may be interested in what came under my own personal observation during the bloody fight of Stone River battlefield.

The battle of Stone River, Tenn., was fought by Major-General Rosecrans, on the Union side, and by General Bragg, on the Confederate side. It took place, if my memory serves me right, on the last two days of 1862 and the first three days of 1863. The weather was wintry and it was raining nearly all the time.

Our division was commanded by General Rousseau, and our corps by Major-General George H. Thomas. The division was composed of fighters from the Western States. Our Fourteenth Corps, under the leadership of General Thomas, was never whipped, and our very name carried terror to our opponents when they discovered our presence in their front. Our division came from Nashville. When in the immediate vicinity of Stone River, some three miles from Murfreesboro, we were ordered to the left flank of the battle line, about seven miles to the left. It appears from what occurred afterward that we were expected to take care of any Confederate cavalry which might attempt to cross the ford at that point, and whose purpose would be to destroy our train of wagons loaded with ammunition and with quartermaster's stores, these supplies being of the utmost importance in enabling us to make a long and hard fight.

However, the rebels did not cross there, as we wanted them to do; they crossed somewhere else. While we were eating breakfast our pickets were being driven in in our rear. We were immediately ordered to face about. We marched about a half mile when we found ourselves in front of a strong body of dismounted rebel cavalry, which we entertained in military fashion to the best of our ability. We were ordered to halt and begin firing, which we did; and we stayed there until our friends had burned up all of our division wagon train with ammunition and subsistence. Then the rebels mounted and left us, whereupon we advanced. We found our trains smouldering in ashes, the mules bayonetted, and the bodies of several Confederates lying scattered about in the vicinity. Scores of our men then came running to us through the timber, many bleeding and torn. They were utterly demoralized and came running from all directions, all telling the story of the disaster which had occurred on the right flank of Rosecrans's army about midnight of the preceding day.

It appears that a part of Breckinridge's and Polk's troops had made a detour around the right of Rosecrans's army in the night time, while our men were resting under their line of stacked arms; and, coming in from the rear, they utterly routed nearly a whole division of our troops before they were stopped. They actually turned and drove back that wing of the army until it was resting on the Nashville pike and in the form of a square. All entreaties would not stop those panic-stricken men, who were going no one knew where.

A courier then arrived and we received orders to repair to the battlefield. We went on the double quick most of the way. It appears that everything was ready for our reception. When we arrived, we were ordered to "pile knapsacks." With us, all men whom we thought unwell, or who did not sometimes care about dying yet, were always placed in charge of the knapsacks. Nine times out of ten we never saw them again until the fight was well over at any rate. We made line of battle; and the gallant General Thomas came galloping down in front waving his hat. "Boys, your enemy is in your immediate front in large force! Drive them back from where they came from."

Our officers ordered "Load!" and "Forward!" In a few minutes we were beyond our pickets, and in a few minutes more we saw the magnificent spectacle of a portion of the Confederate Army under Bragg in line of battle, with colors flying. Perhaps they saw us, in our blue, with the colors of "Old Glory," but we were ordered

to "commence firing" and "forward." By this time several of our batteries had opened upon the advancing rebel hosts. Our cavalry and that of the enemy became engaged. The din and confusion were awful. Loud orders were shouted from many officers. There were mingled groans and cries from the badly wounded, who could not get back. The roar of artillery would be broken by a charge with bayonets from the enemy and a volley from us, when we could see their eyes, and then we would charge and drive them. They finally began to give way before the heroes of the Western States: and when sunset came that afternoon, although many a hero had laid down his life in order that our Union should exist, and many a man had been crippled for life, we had straightened the line.

What was left of our regiment, the gallant 24th Illinois, was then ordered to dig entrenchments in the front and directly on the right of the pike. We did this, although no sooner had they been dug than they were filled full of water caused by the incessant rains. We jumped in, however, because we had to keep ourselves under cover as much as possible. We remained in those trenches most of the time for five days and nights—and without food. As I have already said, the wagon trains and rations had been burned by the enemy the first day of the fight.

Hunger became so great in our regiment that I finally told the captain, who was as brave a man as ever lived (his name was William Blanke, Company C), that I would like permission to go and get something to eat. He replied that I might go, but not too far, as I might be needed. I turned my gun, drove the bayonet into the ground and started toward a crowd, where I thought they were skinning a beef. When I arrived I discovered that the regiment, the gallant 2d Ohio, was skinning a horse which had been killed a few minutes before by its master, an officer of the 2d. I think he was the major of the regiment. The horse had been shattered in limb by a cannon ball and its master killed him. I secured a piece of the horse, and I wish to say that it was the sweetest meat I have ever eaten, before or since. I begged a few crackers and a little salt, and returned. I told my partner if he would make a fire in a depression somewhere I would get some water in the canteens and make some soup. I started down to the river for water, but as I stooped down I thought the whole rebel army had fired upon me. I left the spot without any ceremony whatever, returned and waited until night, when some fresh troops came up on our left and built fires. I went over to them and borrowed some water and then put on my horse meat to cook, with the assistance of a long stick, with which I held my can over the fire. But those who had built this fire to get their suppers never used it for that purpose. While I was holding my can over the fire an orderly came with an order for that brigade to make an attack on the front. In less than five minutes we were engaged in front.

The battle raged furiously right behind, and my own regiment, about 200 yards away, was in it, and Loomis's Battery: and soon everything for miles on both sides was in the fight. My meat can was hit with a bullet and the soup went out of it like a shot, and my horse meat was not cooked. As it was a bad time in which to be running around without a gun, I hugged a good-sized tree until hostilities should cease and then I returned to my command.

The next morning General Rosecrans massed everything on our left. We then broke the rebel line, turned their flank and defeated and routed Bragg's army. His retreat was marked with disaster for thirty miles.

I went out on the battlefield and saw those who had met their death from all manner of wounds. One especially attracted my attention. He was a young fellow, about eighteen years of age, with yellow hair and refined appearance, and wore a gray uniform. A slight wound and blood-stain on his temple told the story. I looked at him a moment and wondered if his people would miss him and who he was. His haversack was well filled. Poor fellow, he would never miss it, and I was hungry. Among other things it contained an article to roll up and hold things in, with small pockets for pins, needles, etc. There were some letters also. I placed them in the breast of his coat, but the little housewife I took possession of and saved. I have it now, together with a large knife with horn handle.

In a short time a regiment of rebels, each man with a cloth pinned on his arm, appeared without arms, with the flag of truce, to bury their dead. We laid our dead side by side, wrapped their overcoats around their devoted forms and placed them in the trenches, never to awaken until all are summoned to appear in the great hereafter. —(John Currie, Company C, 24th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

TWO CLOSE CALLS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHARLESTON BLOCKADE AND AN EXPERIENCE IN REGIMENTAL HOSPITAL AT HILTON HEAD.

In February, 1862, I received a commission from the United States Quartermaster to proceed to Port Royal, S. C., to build and repair army wagons. It was a very cold and blustering day when I received the order. February was keeping up her reputation as one of the most disagreeable months in the calendar, but I was young and in buoyant spirits, and an uncheery day had no depressing effects upon me. Visiting home, I made instant preparations for the start by packing my tool chest and wearing apparel. Then, kissing mother and sisters, and shaking hands with dear old father, I ran lightly down the steps and boarded an express wagon, upon which my tools had already been loaded. I was soon at the depot, and in a short time was speeding away to New-York.

I found upon arrival in New-York that the steamship Oriental was preparing to leave for Port Royal, and on board of her I sent my chest of tools. I also discovered to my great satisfaction that my brother, Colonel Christopher Blanding, was on board in command of 225 soldiers bound

for Port Royal to join the 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artillery. Beside troops, the Oriental carried horses, in stalls, upon her deck, and in her hold were fixed ammunition and 400 tons of powder.

We steamed away from the wharf the 19th of February, and had good weather the first day. It came on thick during the night, with heavy winds to the northeast, which increased into a shrieking, howling gale. The waves rolled mountains high. The second day out everybody was seasick, even to the captain, and the task of navigating the steamer devolved upon the mate. Off Hatteras an ugly line of breakers was discernible, and the tall shaft of Hatteras lighthouse stood out like a grim spectre. After losing sight of Hatteras the mate lost his reckoning, and departed from his course. The first he knew the steamer was heading across Charleston harbor. This he knew by seeing one of our blockaders, which afterward proved to be the gunboat Florida, looking out for blockade runners, at the mouth of the harbor.

It was growing dark, but the mate stood on the hurricane deck, near a bright howitzer, earnestly looking through his marine glass toward the gunboat, steadying himself meanwhile by leaning against the iron rod bracing the smoke stack. A puff of smoke, a faint report, and the shrieking of a shell across the bow of our steamer, called the attention of the mate to the signal lights which had been hoisted, and which he now perceived were showing a wrong color. Still we kept on, and the Florida sent two shells in quick succession, which burst directly over us. She had evidently mistaken us for a blockade runner. The mate gave the order through the speaking tube to the chief engineer to "Stop her!" but not before the gunboat had fired another shot, which chipped off a piece of the bow of the steamer. The Florida endeavored to get her broadside to bear on us, wearing round for that purpose. As we hove to we were so near them that we could hear the boatswain and mate piping away a boat's crew to board us. When the boat's crew came alongside, in the command of an officer of the Florida, we found she had a prize crew on board to take command of our steamer, so sure were they that they had captured a Confederate blockade runner. Not until they came over the side did they discover their mistake. It was a narrow escape, for, as the officer in command said, if we had not hove her to as we did they would have poured in a broadside which would probably have finished us, in which case this story would never have been written.

We obtained our correct bearings from the officer of the Florida and steamed away again for Hilton Head. About an hour after these exciting incidents occurred, the cry of "fire! fire!" rang out from a hundred or more throats. All hands made a rush for the hose. It was soon payed out fore and aft, but was not needed. A dense smoke, arising aft, was the cause of the alarm. The firemen were emptying ashes down the fire hatch: hence the scare.

We sighted Hilton Head the morning of February 23d, over four days out. Everybody was more than glad. The commissary sergeant did the right thing by bringing on the very best his larder offered. After such a siege of seasickness we all did justice to the fare. I should have been all right if my left ankle had not been wrenched severely by a lurch of the steamer the third day out. I was pitched unceremoniously to leeward, and my foot caught in one of the lee scuppers. In consequence of this accident, when the rest marched off the steamer I was carried ashore on a litter. The ambulance was summoned, and I was taken in and conveyed to the Regimental Hospital. Ah! here was an end to all my day dreams.

I was put into a room about fourteen feet square, containing eight cot beds, all of which were occupied by fever patients. The day I was assigned a cot in the room, one of the occupants died. Patients were brought in alive and carried out dead at the rate of one every two or three days. On a cot next to mine was a boy only sixteen years of age, Charles H. Rounds, a volunteer from Providence, R. I., in the 3d R. I. H. A. Across the way was another boy of the same age by the name of James H. Medbury. He was convalescent, but no one knows how that boy suffered. I caught the coast fever and my ankle was in such terrible shape that Doctor Peckham said my foot would have to be amputated. I suffered intolerable agony with it, but it was not amputated. When I got the best of my fever, I looked around upon my fellow sufferers, all of them new faces, except one, that of Charlie Rounds. The others, Nurse Nelson M. Barnes informed me, with the exception of Medbury and one other, "lay mouldering in the ground," beyond the earthworks.

Great, good-hearted Nurse Barnes, with his 220 pounds avoirdupois, was here, there and everywhere, where his services were needed. Many a poor boy in the delirum of fever received the touch of his hand, soft as a woman's. Many a one has had his last moments on earth soothed by his gentle treatment as he wiped the death damp from the brow of the poor sufferer, some mother's darling, perhaps. Alas! how many of them never saw mother and home again!

Charlie was worn to a shadow. His bones protruded through his flesh, and he was literally packed in cotton. The day before he died, he asked me in a feeble voice if I thought his mother had forgotten him; then almost immediately answered the question himself by saying: "Oh, no! no! God forgive me for such a thought!" I told him he would probably get a letter by the next mail from her. "Oh, do you really think so?" he cried. That day he grew rapidly worse. Barnes came softly in, and sitting down on his couch gently brushed the damp hair back from the poor boy's brow. Charlie recognized him. "Oh, Barnes," he said, "am I dy-ing? See, see, Barnes! The-buck-et-in-in-the-well! Oh-how-it spark-les,-Barnes! Who-se sing-sing-ing? Ah! see-I-see-oh-how-beautiful!" He fell back a lifeless corpse in Nurse Barnes's arms.

I turned my face to the rough board partition and wept. Barnes composed the poor boy's limbs, gently closed his eyes, then covering him with a

sheet, sat down and hid his face in his hands, while the tears trickled slowly from between his fingers and dropped on the mean little floor at his feet. Never before had I seen him so affected. I think he would have readily given a year of his own life-lease to save that of Charlie's.

"I have seen suffering in all its stages; but, God grant it may never be my fate to witness such another sufferer as lies covered up with that shroud!" he said in low tones to me.

Then he turned to Medbury's couch. Medbury lay, poor boy, with his head covered up, and when Barnes uncovered him he smiled faintly on him through his tears.

"Why, my dear little fellow," said Barnes softly as he brushed the teardrops from the boy's eyes with his handkerchief. Then he slyly took from his pocket an orange and cut a small hole in one end of it.

"There Med," whispered Barnes, "don't let the rest of the boys see you when you take a squeeze out of it, for they can't all have such dainties you know." He patted the boy's head, nodded to me and passed silently out.

But there was one who saw this by-play besides myself: and that was Bernard Murray, a member of the 3d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, enlisted from Fall River. He was convalescing at this time, but suffered a relapse and afterward died of typhoid fever November 6, 1862. He occupied the cot on my right.

"Do ye mind now," he whispered to me across the space between the couches, "did ye see it? Troth Barnes is fit to occupy the sphere that—that—the angels occupy."

The idea of Barnes, with his two hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois, an angel! It was the first time since my sickness that I laughed; yes, actually laughed, with death staring me in the face on the one side, and this well meaning Irish lad, for he was barely twenty-five, fighting disease on the other.

"Sure is it at me ye be's laughing?" and he looked at me with a quizzical smile on his wan features. "Well, me wor'rds go jist the same."

I told him that I could not help laughing at the idea of Barnes becoming an angel, he was so very fleshy.

"In faith, me b'y," replied Murray, "did yez iver see wan of the poor divils carted out of this hole but phwat was thin enough to be two angels?"

Charlie was buried the next day, but we did not hear the mournful tones of the dirge which the band had been in the habit of playing, because they did not commence to play until some distance from the hospital. This was by order of the Commandant. The inexpressibly solemn strains unnerved the convalescent ones and invariably caused the death of some poor fellow struggling to live.

Daniel H. Briggs was brought in the next day with typhoid, and assigned the cot made vacant by the death of Charlie Rounds. In two days he was gone.

I lay for days afterward between life and death, but finally began to rally. I mended rapidly, and was soon able to get around on crutches. The steamship Atlantic came in one day and I threw aside my crutches and transferred my tools to her deck, and in a day or two she steamed away, with me on board. I viewed with pleasure the fast receding sandy shores of Hilton Head, and breathed a silent prayer for the poor fellows I left behind in the hospital.—Stephen F. Blanding.

NOT AT ALL MILITARY.

BUT IT WAS ONE OF THOSE THINGS THE GUARD COULD NOT COMPLAIN ABOUT.

Mother Bickerdyke was a grand and heroic nurse in the Union hospitals during our Civil War. All the men who had been in camp any length of time knew and revered her. As she was a very busy woman she did not trouble herself about the countersign. But one night a new regiment came in and the new recruits were put on guard duty. One was stationed near Mother Bickerdyke's tent.

About 10 o'clock, having been out all the evening in the hospitals, Mother Bickerdyke took a short cut, which carried her a little out of the lines, so that as she approached the guard he felt justified in halting her.

"Who goes there?" he demanded.

"Mother Bickerdyke," she answered pleasantly, expecting to be allowed to pass as usual.

"Advance, and give the countersign!"

"I don't know it. I'm Mother Bickerdyke. I don't need the countersign. Everybody knows me."

"I don't know you anyway. You can't pass without the countersign."

"Why, that is my tent. You are stationed here to guard me, and I have been out caring for the sick, and I want to go to my tent."

"I don't know you, and if I did I would not allow you to pass without the countersign."

She was a woman of great physical strength and courage. As quick as a flash she sprang forward, wrenched his gun from his hands, and sent it flying one way, while she sent him sprawling the other.

"I hope you'll know Mother Bickerdyke after this," she said, with a great deal of emphasis, as she entered her tent.

The poor guard was bewildered and amazed. He had stood at his post of duty, so strong and brave, with his gun in his hands, and in a second he had been sent spinning like a top, yards away from his beat. He gathered himself up as best he could and began to search for his gun. The night was very dark, and there was only one way by which he could hope to find it, and that was by feeling for it with his hands on the ground. He kept up the search till he was relieved from duty. Failing to find the gun, and not wishing to tell any one about the matter, he waited until daylight, and then found his gun.

After that he always knew Mother Bickerdyke; he needed no further introduction. A. W.

A TRAGEDY OF PRISON LIFE.

A STERN BUT NECESSARY PUNISHMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE.

MURDERS, ROBBERIES AND A GENERAL REIGN OF TERROR LEAD TO THEIR INEVITABLE REVOLT.

Peru, Ohio.—It was the marvel of the world that the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who were discharged from the military service of the United States in the summer of 1865 should so readily assume the relations to civil life which they dropped four years before when called to defend their country against armed treason and rebellion.

It was predicted by many that such a protracted term of army life, accompanied as it always is by influences which tend to fasten upon the young habits not conducive to frugality or morality, would leave the citizen soldiery wholly and entirely unfitted faithfully and honestly to discharge the duties pertaining to citizenship. It was said by many, "The soldiers won't work," "They have contracted an overpowering habit of indolence," "Many of them have become dissipated." Every one knows how the gloomy predictions were disproved by the results. Though most of the soldiers were young, they had already formed correct habits, and were so imbued with fixed principles of right that no corrupting associations could destroy their future usefulness. When the war closed it was the unanimous sentiment among the soldiers that they had had enough of war. They longed for the peaceful vocations of civil life, and in accordance with this feeling they returned to their homes and slipped back into the occupations opened for them by the magnificent system of diversified industry which had been created while they were at the front by the operation of the American Protective Tariff laws. It is true that nearly every one found his former place gone, or, rather, occupied by some one who had stayed at home, and not a few of the old volunteers nearly starved to death before they could find profitable occupations again; but the mass of them were quickly absorbed into the business and industrial pursuits of the day.

The volunteers were glad to leave behind them, and, at first, even to forget as far as possible, the many privations and hardships inseparably connected with the life of a soldier. They were tired of the forced marches, when it seemed as if nature could no longer endure the terrible ordeal of fatigue, want of sleep and short rations; the lonely picket sentry through long, silent hours of the night; the horrible suspense which took possession of each while waiting in line for the onset of the great battle which all knew to be inevitable, and the consequences of which none dared even to conjecture; of the fierce rush and awful confusion and uproar of the engagement; the outcry of the wounded and the ghastly, upturned faces of the dead. All these and much more the old veterans gladly consigned to the realms of temporary oblivion. But now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, these old war scenes, not only the stirring, but the ludicrous and pathetic as well, come welling up apparition-like and unbidden in the memory. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why much more interest is now taken in the history and events of the war than was the case just after its close.

For the first few years it was almost impossible for regimental associations to assemble enough of their members to hold respectable and interesting annual reunions. I attended one of our regiment, the 123d Ohio Volunteer Infantry, at Put-in Bay in 1868, at which there were only three representatives. Now these reunions are anxiously looked forward to and are invariably well attended.

No incidents of the war are discussed with more interest at our regimental reunions than those pertaining to life in Confederate prisons. This is not strange, however, all things considered. There were 45,613 prisoners in all ushered into the stockade at Andersonville. Of these 12,912 died there. Many thousands died in other prisons in the far South immediately after their removal from Andersonville. What wonder that every scrap of history and every incident connected with military prison life in the Confederacy should be vividly remembered!

Probably no episode of prison life has attracted greater attention than the hanging of six Union prisoners at Andersonville July 11, 1864. The history of that terrible event is briefly as follows:

A REIGN OF TERROR.

There was in the prison a certain percentage of unscrupulous rascals, mostly natural born ruffians and bounty jumpers from New-York City, regular Bowery, blood-red shirted ruffians, who made a practice of robbing and stealing from the other prisoners whenever a safe opportunity offered.

About the 1st of June, 1864, becoming emboldened by their numbers and successes, they no longer confined their operations to the night. They organized themselves into bands of from five to twenty, and boldly knocked down and robbed any who appeared to possess anything of value in broad daylight. We called them "raiders," and the most prominent of these bands were called by the names of their ruffian leaders, as "Mosby's Raiders," "Curtis's Raiders," "Delaney's Raiders," "Sarsfield's Raiders," "Collins's Raiders," etc. Those who had been long in rebel prisons afforded them slender pickings, but more abundant opportunities came to them with the advent of the "Plymouth Pilgrims."

The methods of the "raiders" were varied to suit the circumstances, and ranged all the way from sneak thievery to highway robbery. The bands were composed of men well versed in all the arts of crookedness, many of them having graduated from the slums of New-York City. Some of their number were constantly on the watch for men among the fresh arrivals who had the appearance of possessing valuables. They would kindly offer to find them a good sleeping place, and then descend on them at night, knock

them down and plunder them with such swift dexterity that the job was done almost before the victim could realize what had happened.

The "raiders" had their headquarters on the main street, near the south gate, in a big, commodious tent made from blankets and ponchos which they had obtained by robbing other prisoners.

I was one day standing near this tent, watching some new arrivals who were being brought in at the south gate, when I noticed an artillery sergeant, who was well dressed and displayed considerable jewelry. How he was able to carry a fine-looking watch, chain, rings, etc., through to the prison I could never quite understand. One of the "raiders" politely invited him to the tent, and engaged him in conversation, while another stole up behind him, knocked him down with a club, and quickly despoiled him of all his valuables. Within ten minutes from the time I saw him come in at the gate I again saw him on the street, his head and face covered with blood and his uniform muddy and torn. As he wiped the blood from his face he said: "Is there no way in which this thing can be stopped?" It did seem that among so many something might be done to check lawlessness, but the "raiders" had all the advantage of organization. If attacked, by a system of signals they could concentrate fifty or a hundred men at any given point in a few minutes. They were plentifully supplied with slung shots and brass knuckles, and not a few had bowie knives. Furthermore, by means of their robberies they had been able to supply themselves with plenty of food, and were in full strength, while a majority of the prisoners were so starved and emaciated that they could offer no more than feeble resistance at best.

To appreciate the situation fully and comprehend the difficulties of successfully combating the "raiders," it must be remembered that we were a community of 35,000 men and boys without government. The rebels never made the slightest attempt to preserve order. Their whole energies seemed to be devoted to keeping the Yankees inside the stockade. The grounds were not even laid off in streets. The only place which approached anything like a street in appearance was a space leading east from the south gate, which was kept clear for the purpose of marching in prisoners and hauling in the rations. Prisoners were never assigned to quarters. Once inside, they were allowed to select a site at their own sweet will. The rebel guards did not seem to care what was done inside, provided that the prisoners stayed there and kept away from the dead line. Furthermore, being a mob without a leader, all ranked alike, and no one seemed inclined to assume command, and all were hoping that our stay would be so short that we could get through without organizing. The "raiders" were so strong and well organized that they were thought to be invincible.

A BRAVE MAN MAKES A STAND.

But the high-handed robberies now became unendurable. Sergeant Leroy L. Key, of Bloomington, Ill., determined to make an effort to crush them. He organized what was known as "Key's Regulators," with Limber Jim, Ned Carrigan, Goody Larkin, Johnson and others as his lieutenants. They immediately proceeded to organize companies in anticipation of a big battle which they knew must be fought. In spite of the secrecy of the movement, information of it reached the "raiders," and they sent three of their number to kill Key. They called on him at his tent on the evening of July 2, told him what they had heard, and asked if it was true. Key said it was. One of them then drew a knife and the other two drew "billies"; but Key, expecting such trouble, had procured a revolver, which one of the pilgrims had brought in in his knapsack. Key drove them off without firing a shot. This attempt on the life of Key undoubtedly precipitated an attack by the regulators on the "raiders." Key issued orders that the members of all the companies should be ready to move in the morning. Key had already informed Wirz—the commandant of the prison—of his intention. For a wonder, Wirz approved the plan, and offered him the use of the inclosure at the north gate in which to confine and try any whom he might arrest. Key also sent notice to Wirz of the time he intended to attack the "raiders," so that the commotion might not be mistaken for an attack on the stockade and cause the guards to open on the prison with grape and canister.

Neither the "regulators" nor "raiders" slept on the night of the 2d. Each was expecting an attack from the other, and kept watch to prevent a surprise.

THE BIG TENT CAPTURED.

On the morning of the 3d the "regulators" formed and moved down toward the "big tent." The "raiders" were ready and waiting, armed with slungshots, knives and clubs, while each of the "regulators" carried a short club fastened to his wrist by a string. The struggle was terrible, but short and decisive. Within five minutes the "raiders" were defeated and scattered in all directions, pursued by the victorious "regulators."

During the engagement the Confederates, in accordance with their chronic fear of an outbreak, had their infantry in line of battle, and their cannon shotted and trained on the camp, while the artillerists, with the lanyards in their hands, were ready to mow down the defenceless prisoners at a moment's notice.

With the defeat of the "raiders" the "regulators" seemed satisfied for the day and deferred making any arrests until another day.

In the early morning bands of men, with short billies tied to their wrists, could be seen marching through the prison in all directions, hunting up and arresting the most prominent of the "raiders." Many of the criminals made fierce resistance, but the result of the battle the day before had destroyed their confidence and deprived them of much of their support. The interest in the arrests increased until it ran into the wildest excitement. The tents of the

"raiders" were torn down and pillaged of the fruits of their many nightly forays. A large number of watches, chains, knives, etc., were found buried beneath their tents. It was said, too, that skeletons of several of their victims were found buried there also.

By night of July 4 Key had 125 of the most noted of the offenders arrested and confined in the inclosure at the north gate. For their trial he organized a court-martial consisting of thirteen sergeants, taken from the late arrivals, in order that they might not be prejudiced against the raiders. The trial was fairly and honestly conducted, with all the formality which could be remembered, and the "raiders" were allowed counsel and the privilege of cross-examining witnesses until satisfied.

SENTENCE PRONOUNCED.

The trial lasted several days, and resulted in sentencing a large number to run the gantlet, a few to wear balls and chains, and six to be hanged. These six were John Sarsfield, 154th New-York; William Collins, 88th Pennsylvania; Charles Curtis, 5th Rhode Island Battery; Patrick Delany, 83d Pennsylvania; A. Muir, United States Navy, and Terrence Sullivan, 72d New-York.

Those sentenced to ball and chain were brought in and had the irons fitted to them.

As Wirz refused to guard any more except those sentenced to death, the remainder were sent in and obliged to run the gantlet. The punishment was terrible. As they ran with all their strength on being forced through the gate one at a time, between the two rows of men, blows from clubs and fists rained on them thick and fast. Three were killed outright, and all were terribly bruised. Many of the men who composed the gantlet were men whom the "raiders" had robbed and maltreated, and who considered this their only chance to get even with them.

SIX MEN EXECUTED.

It was not generally known by the prisoners when and where those condemned to death would be executed, but on the morning of the 11th of July the carpenters detailed for the purpose began the building of a rude scaffold near the south gate. It was a rude structure. A beam was fastened to the top of two posts about fifteen feet long, about six from the ground. Two boards were stretched across from one post to the other, and met at the centre. The ends at the posts rested on cleats, the ends at the centre rested on a couple of barrels, standing upright, and each having a rope fastened through a hole so that a man could jerk it from under the platform and let the whole thing drop. A ladder by which to ascend the scaffold completed the whole outfit.

As the time approached for the execution the excitement both inside and outside the prison was intense. The prisoners gathered in a dense crowd as close as possible to the scaffold, while outside the infantry guards were drawn up in line ready for action, and the artillerists stood ready at their trained and shotted pieces to fire at the command. Key had formed his "regulators" in a hollow square around the scaffold, and took his position inside with the six men who were to act as hangmen. A little after noon the south gate opened, and Wirz rode in on his white horse. Behind him walked an old priest reading the service for the condemned. The six doomed men followed, between double ranks of guards. As soon as they came inside the hollow square Wirz said: "Brisoners, I return to you dese men so goot as I got dem. You have tried dem and found dem guilty. I haf had noting to do wid it. I vash mine hands of eberyting connected wid it. Do wid dem as you like, and may Got haf mercy on you and on dem! Garts, about face! Vorwarts, march!" With this he marched out and left us.

For a moment the condemned men looked dazed. They seemed to realize for the first time that the "regulators" were in terrible earnest. They had evidently thought all along that the talk of hanging was mere bluff. One of them exclaimed: "My God! men, you don't really mean to hang us up there?"

"That's about the size of it," said Key.

At this they all burst out in protestations and intercessions, mixed with imprecations, until one of them said: "All stop now, and let the priest talk for us." At this the priest closed the book, which he had constantly read since entering the gate, and, turning to the crowd, commenced an earnest plea for mercy. As soon as the crowd caught the first few words, and realized their import, they began to shout: "No! No! No!" "Hang them! Hang them!" "Never let them go!" "Hang them!" etc.

Then Curtis, a low, heavy-set, powerfully built man, seeing the hopelessness of the case, exclaimed: "By G—, I say die this way first!" Lowering his head he made a dash through the line of "regulators" on the east side of the square like a great cannon ball. Delaney, a great, brawny Irishman, started to follow, but Limber Jim strode in front of him, and with a big upraised bowie knife said: "You dare to move another step and I'll open you from one end to the other." Delaney stopped, and this checked the others, until the "regulators" again got their lines formed.

Wirz, seeing the panic and fearing the dreaded outbreak had begun, ran down from the headquarter steps to the captain of the battery, shrieking, "Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" But the captain could see that the rush was away from and not toward the stockade. So he did not fire. The crowd of citizens, men, women and even children, who had pushed up directly in front of the artillery outside of the stockade to secure a good view of the scaffold, hearing the order of Wirz to "fire," and knowing themselves to be directly in range, were panic stricken, and ran screaming and tumbling over each other in their wild haste to get out of danger.

During all this confusion two of the "regulators" were in hot pursuit of Curtis, who had run down to the swamp. He plunged in and forced his way through, although he sank in to his hips, coming out covered with the slimy ooze. Here the "regulators" came up with him, knocked

him down with their clubs, and in a few minutes started back toward the scaffold.

In the mean time Key ordered the other condemned men upon the scaffold. The nooses were adjusted to their necks by the men appointed as hangmen, and there they stood for fully ten minutes in full view of the men who were slowly marching back with Curtis.

When the latter finally arrived Curtis was allowed to sit down on the ground a few minutes to rest and was then helped up the steps to his place on the scaffold. All this time the priest continued to read the service for the dying, to which Delaney gave little heed. Delaney seemed to think Curtis was suffering more from fright than anything else and advised him to "stand up like a man and die game," and he kept calling out to his friends, making dispositions of different articles of his stolen property, telling one to take his watch to his mother in New-York, and other articles he distributed among his friends in the prison. The priest admonished him to turn his attention from things of this earth to those of heaven.

The whole six then began to talk, saying their farewells and sending messages to their friends. Key took out his watch and said: "Two minutes more to talk."

"Well, goodby, byes," said Delaney. "If oi've hurted ony of yez, I hope yez'll forgive me. Shpake up now!"

But no one seemed to be in a forgiving mood.

"Time is up," said Key, and he raised his hand as a signal. The two men who were to pull the supports from the trap laid hold of the ropes. The hangmen pulled a meal sack down over the head of each of the condemned men, tightened the nooses and sprang to the ground, the priest all the time praying aloud. Key dropped his hand. The men with the ropes snatched the upright supports from under the scaffold and five of the condemned men were swung into eternity.

Mosby, a large, heavy man, broke his rope and fell to the ground in a heap. The meal sack was instantly removed from his face, the rope was cut off his neck and he was found to be still alive. In a few minutes consciousness returned, and he gasped out: "Where am I? Am I in eternity?" Limber Jim, whose brother he was said to have killed, said, "We'll soon show you where you are," and began to fix up the scaffold. Mosby soon realized the situation and divined that he would be shown no mercy. He began begging piteously for his life, but without avail. The scaffold was soon adjusted, and he was carried up, a new rope noosed about his neck and the scaffold kicked from under him.

As soon as the six men were known to be dead the bodies were cut down, the meal sacks were removed from their faces and the prisoners were allowed to file through between two rows of "regulators" and view the bodies.

ORDER RESTORED.

It was altogether a terrible proceeding; but it seemed to be the only way in which to break the dreadful reign of terror. It had a most salutary effect. A police force was organized; rules and regulations were adopted and enforced, and the prison became as orderly as the same number of men could have been under even more favorable circumstances.

Key, Limber Jim and others prominently connected with the hanging, knowing they would be in danger of assassination by the friends of the raiders, secured details outside the prisons.

This account is written from memory except as to some of the names, which I had forgotten and have taken from history. The impression made on the prisoners by the awful scene was so vivid that the memory needs little refreshing, even after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century.—Ed. P. Snyder, Co. E., 123d O. V. I.

THEIR HAIR STOOD ON END.

THE GHOST OF VALLEY RUN.

IT FROZE THE MARROW IN THE BONES OF THE PICKET POST, BUT THE CAPTAIN BAGGED HIM AT LAST.

Washington, D. C.—Valley Run, a rollicking, merry little river, flowed down a valley on its way to the Tennessee, a few miles north of Chattanooga. Another little stream, known as Pebble Run, joined its waters from another valley, or cove, of the Cumberland Mountains, and on the point between the two streams at the place where they joined were the farmhouse and buildings of "Old John Bacon," as he was known and called in all the country about.

Old John was a stanch Union man. His two boys and his only daughter were in strong sympathy with the South. Old John said all he could to dissuade his sons from going into the Confederate service, but go they would, joining the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and leaving Old John and his wife and daughter Margaret broken-hearted. Old John swore to his heart's content, but the mother and daughter prayed for the boys. There were a few slaves upon the farm, and with their help the old man tried to plant and harvest the crops. Time went on until the winter of 1863 and 1864.

The grand army of Sherman's was then encamped about Chattanooga, the Confederate forces being about Dalton, thirty miles south. Thousands of men from the latter army took advantage of the time to visit their relatives and homes in the country under the control of the Union forces. The highways of most of the valleys led to a main road at Old John's farm, and thence through a gap in the mountains into the valley of the Tennessee River. It was quite an important point, and was well picketed, and nearly every day some one (sometimes more), poor homesick Johnnie was intercepted on his way home to visit his people, and sent as prisoner to Chattanooga. Company L, of our regiment, was stationed there, and built little huts in the woods for both men and horses.

Old John's house was across the valley half a mile or so. He was sick in bed nearly all the winter. Margaret was a handsome mountain beauty. Being of an independent disposition, she went to Chattanooga quite often after medicines and other necessaries, such as tobacco and coffee, always riding an old gray horse, which was the only means of transportation left on the farm. He was spared by reason of being so ugly and vicious that no soldier had the courage to go within kicking distance of him. He was the ugliest and the worst biting, striking, kicking brute I ever saw; but Margaret could do all she pleased with him in perfect safety, the two having grown up boon companions on the farm.

Captain Jack Smith, commanding Company L, said to her one day: "Are you not afraid to go

to Chattanooga alone so often? Are you not afraid of the soldiers?"

"Oh, no indeed," she said, "the soldiers only stare at me. Some lift their hats; and what do you think, Captain, one of your men said to me this morning 'Howdy, sis, how will you swap horses?' and another one asked, 'Don't you want an orderly to follow on behind?' Oh, no, Captain, I ain't afraid. The soldiers are gentlemen; they will not harm me; and if they tried to I would give old Whitey the whip. He would carry me safely home. He can outrun anything in your regiment and not half try."

"Well," said Captain Smith, "let me know if any of the fellows trouble you, and I will attend to their cases."

One day Captain Smith learned from headquarters that there were spies somewhere in the army. The men were cautioned to be on the alert. In some places the pickets were doubled and a new post established on the Valley Run road, a mile north of Old John's house. Three men were stationed there, and they built a small shelter a short distance away from the road in the woods, one man being on duty at the road all the time, the other two remaining in bivouac snugly sheltered from the storms.

SWISH, SWISH.

The first night after this post was established Tom Jones, an old veteran of two years' service on many a lonely picket guard, said he would take the first trick and come in at 12 o'clock. Bill Carter could take the next turn, and Dan Hays the third. So Tom, with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, his carbine in hand, left the bivouac, leading his horse down through the woods to the place selected by the captain. Placing his horse in a sheltered spot close by, he lighted his old cob pipe and sat down with his back to a tree to watch and listen, his head well covered up in his great-coat cape. How long he sat there he did not know. He was aroused by the low whinny of his horse.

Springing to his feet, he strained both eyes and ears for sight and sound, moving meanwhile to his faithful mare, which had been much the better guard of the two. The wind was sighing through the bare limbs of the trees, the dead leaves rustled over the frozen ground and sought a resting place in the nooks midst the rocks on the mountain side. But there was no sound audible made by any human being, save the throbbing of his own heart. Suddenly there was the whirr of an owl as it flashed through the shadow of the woods coming up from Valley Run. Tom had a glimpse of the bird's broad wings as it flitted past. Alighting on a limb close by, it gave a screech which lifted Tom off the ground. He dropped his carbine by his side, and then wanted to be kicked for a coward, as a man who could be frightened by an owl.

Just then his horse gave another low call, as if she scented a friend. "What is it, old chum?" he whispered to his faithful animal, who could only reply by the movement of her sensitive ears. Tom moved down the path a few steps, but no sounds came to his ears except the ripple of the water of Valley Run over its gravelly bed. Yes, there was a sound! Swish, swish, it came faintly on the air; but from where? It seemed to come from the run, then the treetops, then from the hillside, and again it seemed almost at his feet. "Swish, swish," "Swish, swish," it came.

HOO-HOO, HA-HA!

Crouching at the foot of the tree on one knee, his carbine ready, he listened to the sound, unable to locate it. "Hoo-hoo! ha-ha!" screeched the owl, almost over his head, causing him to jump to his feet. Back from the opposite hill came the hideous laugh of the owl's mate. The weird sounds sent cold shivers up and down Tom's back. Then through the stillness again came the "Swish, swish," echoing first here and then somewhere else. The moon was coming up over the opposite ridge, casting cold kisses at the sparkling waters of the brook. Dancing shadows along the hillside seemed to take on shapes which moved along the road, dodging in and out of the woods. Bits of rotten wood about the forest gave out phosphorescent fire, like phantom eyes which winked and stared until one's face was turned away. Turn which way he would, Tom could hear the "Swish, swish" which sent the blood tingling through his face, and cold chills up and down his back.

Suddenly, dropping on one knee, he raised his carbine to fire. Slowly it was recovered, the hammer lowered to its place. The blood was frozen in his veins. The carbine fell from his hands to the ground, and, with eyes straining out of their sockets, he bounded away up the hillside, over the low ridge into the arms of his comrades, who, disturbed by the owls and hearing Tom's approach over the rough ground, were ready to fight or run, as circumstances might dictate.

"Oh, boys! I have seen a ghost; the most frightful thing! Death on a white horse. Oh! I know I am going to be killed, boys. It is a warning sent to me, I know; just a white horse. It did not walk, it floated through the air. It was without rider, and I could see right through it as it moved along. Oh, boys! it was terrible!" And Tom hid his face in his hands.

"Why didn't you shoot, Tom?" asked Dan.

"Oh, I tried to, but didn't have strength. I tried to pull, but it would not go, and I dropped my gun and came in."

"I should say you did come in," exclaimed Bill. "Come on, we will go with you and get your horse and carbine, if the ghost has not taken them along."

Tom had been in many battles, and his comrades knew he was no coward, but there is something in the darkness of the night, the rustling of the leaves, the chirping of the night birds, the shadows dancing on the limbs, which makes men hesitate to be alone.

The three men crouched about the foot of a great oak tree until it became light in the morning. Then they searched the road for signs of the horse, but found none.

ALL ON DUTY AT ONCE.

The next night Dan Hays was on post, Bill and Tom near by sleeping in their blankets. Dan was

usually a cool-headed chap, but he was sleepy, and his eyes were getting heavy as he stood leaning against a tree. Suddenly he started. The winds sighed through the oaks, rustling the dry leaves, but there was something else. Where was it? "Swish, swish," "Swish, swish." Down on the main road? No! Up in the trees on the hillside? No. Where was it? What was it? Dan could not tell. Again the owls came sailing up from the run, flitting silently through the trees. Their hideous war cries, hoots of derision and laughter brought the two sleeping soldiers to their feet, muttering curses in harmony with the owls. The light of the moon was just peeping over the ridge. "Swish, swish," "Swish, swish," came the sounds, which now seemed to be on the road, yet not on the road. But in the air there was something more than gleams of moonlight. To Dan's eyes it quickly assumed the shape of a horse, twice life-size. It seemed to float in the air, riderless, giving out no sound but a "swish-swish," the sad sighing of the spirits of the wood. The waters of Valley Run were in deep shadow, whispering, laughing, sighing to the spirits in the air.

The three guardsmen, speechless, remained glued to the spot, while the white horse of death floated away, leaving no sound but the sighing of the trees, the murmurs of the waters. Crouched upon the ground near the base of the oak, they again waited for morning light.

CAPTAIN SMITH HEARS IT.

Captain Smith was then let into their confidence and was requested to stay with them on the post the next night. He laughingly agreed to this plan. The night was dark and rainy. The captain and Tom sat by the post, under the protection of the oak, and there came again the mysterious sounds. The darkness was intense. One could not see his hand before him; and yet there was the ghostly noise, first in the treetops, then up the hillside. The two men sat motionless, and in a few minutes there was no other sound besides the raindrops pattering on the ground. There was no sleep that night, but, going away from the road a distance in the woods, a fire was built to charm away the "lonesome of the night."

The next day the company heard of the matter somehow, and ghost stories were the rage, every man having one or more to tell. The captain had fallen into the habit of going over to old John's every day upon one excuse and another, but generally "to see the old man," who was very sick. Margaret was getting ready to go to Chattanooga, and he said he would go with her and get the mail for the company, and they went away together, coming back just before night. Miss Margaret went to the stable and put out her own ugly brute of a horse. The captain, going into the house, waited for the mother to prepare supper, which was soon ready. Then, going back to the camp with the company mail, he joined the outpost at Valley Run.

"Now, boys," ordered the captain, "there must be no shooting to-night. If any one must fire his gun I will be the one. You, Tom, stay here on the trail. Bill will go up the valley a few rods, and Dan down on the main road."

"BANG, BANG."

Thus posted, the captain himself went down the run toward old John's, where he found a view of the run up and down for several rods. The rippling of the waters was the only sound for hours. Then the chatter of the owls began, first low laughs, swelling into hoots and wails. From their nesting-places along the run they seemed to dispute the right of man or spirit of the night.

Dan was first to be startled. An owl sat in a tree over his head and mingled his screeches with the moaning of the trees. Then to his ears came the other sound, the "Swish, swish." The woods seemed filled with invisible spirits. It was too much for his nerves, and he forgot even his comrades, starting down the trail toward the camp two miles away. The owls hooted and seemed to laugh in derision. He gave full play to his legs. "Hoo, hoo! ha, ha," the owls called after him, freezing the marrow in his bones. Bill and Tom hugged close to the tree, seeking its shelter as if from leaden hail in the field of battle.

Captain Smith, close down by the rippling waters, was startled, between the screeching of the owls, by the sounds which had so alarmed his men. "Swish, swish," around a bend of the run came the sounds, not on the road, but in the water. It was the "White Horse of Death." The water sparkled in the moonlight as the horse moved almost noiselessly along. It was a moment of fright for the captain, the cold chills chasing the blood out of his body. But quickly gaining his senses, he challenged, "Halt, there!" The ghostly horse stopped for an instant only, then sprang out of the stream and up the hillside. Captain Smith again cried "Halt!" and his carbine flashed. Almost at the same time with the echo of his carbine there came screams of terror from the direction the horse had taken. Tom and Bill had caught sight of the ghost as it sprang away from the water. The captain fired once, twice, three times; and each time the flashes of the gun mingled with the cries of the ghost as it disappeared up the hillside. The captain jumped in the water knee deep and hurriedly followed across and up through the woods. Tom and Bill ran to the captain's assistance. They searched up and down the banks for an hour. Then, with a feeling of terror at the disappearance of the captain, they, too, started for the camp, which was soon as badly alarmed as themselves.

The captain went out of hearing over the hills, guided for a time by the clatter of horse's hoofs on the loose stones, and then all was still. The moon was high as he sat down upon a stone to rest, the perspiration running off his face in big drops. All around him as far as he could see was thick woods. His face and hands were bleeding from the tumbles he had received. His ears heard no sound but the thumping of his own heart. After regaining his breath he set out again, moving slowly about, calling his companions but receiving no reply. He scraped piles of leaves together and built small fires and moved from point to point about the hills all night, lost in the woods.

Daylight came at last to show him the way. He followed the run down to the point of the ad-

venture the night before, and there found a horse's tracks leaving the bed of the stream. He followed the trail easily, in the light of the morning, and a half mile or so away from the water he found dead the ghost, Margaret's old white horse, saddled and bridled, and a pair of great leather saddle-bags, filled with bread, cooked meats, tea, salt and sugar. The old horse with a bullet through his neck had, in his last moments, fallen on his side upon the rocks. Captain Smith had seen those saddle-bags before and all the outfit; and it was for the owner of them that he wandered about the woods for a time.

BREAKFAST AT OLD JOHN'S.

Then, going back to the dead animal, he pulled off the saddle, bridle and saddle-bags. With the outfit on his back, and hungrily munching the meat and bread found in the bags, he started down the hill to old John's house in the valley, keeping out of sight of his men who were up the valley looking for him. He went to the house by the back way. Throwing the saddle and bridle down on the porch, he entered and found the old mother cooking breakfast. She scarcely looked up from her work.

Captain Smith inquired: "Mother, where is Margaret this morning?"

"She ain't up yet," said the mother.

"Go and tell her that I have come to breakfast with you, and I cannot stay long."

In a short time Margaret came into the dining-room. There was coffee, bacon and hot corn pone upon the table. She cast only a glance at the captain; but he had such a comical look on his face, as he extended his hand, that she could not deny his greeting. Her eyes were red, her face chapped and blistered by the wind, her hands scratched and almost bleeding.

"Margaret, how did you get home? Why did you run away from me last night?"

Their eyes met—his in pity and admiration, hers in resentment.

"Captain Smith, you have my brothers' breakfast in those saddle-bags. They will go hungry to-day."

"Yes, Margaret, and I was obliged to kill the ghost of Valley Run to get it. I am sorry I had to do that. I was not sure it was you until I fired. The old white ghost has finished carrying rations. I will have to get you a better one; but, Margaret, I want those letters and papers you have, the ones you brought from Chattanooga yesterday. Give them to me quick, then we will sit down to breakfast before everything is cold. I don't like cold corn pone."

"They are in the saddle-bags, Captain: take them out yourself. I won't touch them; but you are an awful mean wretch, and I don't like you. Just think of my brothers, how hungry they will be to-day, waiting for me! They will get even with you for this."

Captain Smith seated her at the table, placed a chair for himself at her side, rapidly devoured the corn pone and bacon. Then, taking the papers out of the saddle-bags, putting them in his inside pocket, he gave Margaret's hand a little squeeze, put his arms around the mother and kissed her on the cheek, and ran out of the house. And this is all I know of the ghost of Valley Run.—(Charles E. Belknap.

WHERE BULLETS FLEW THICK

THE 10TH ILLINOIS AT KENESAW.

A LUCKY REGIMENT WHICH, HOWEVER, IN A LATER FIGHT LOST MORE MEN THAN IN THE REST OF ITS THREE YEARS' SERVICE.

Springfield, Ill., July 30.—The campaign which began on the 1st of May, 1864, at Chattanooga and ended on the 1st of September in the crushing of Hood's lines at Jonesboro, thereby forcing the fall of Atlanta, was one long, steady struggle between two powerful contestants in the game of war. There was not a day during those four months when the Union troops were out of reach of the enemy's guns. Not an hour passed which was not marked by the booming of artillery somewhere on the lines. To us "dough-boys," who wore light-blue shoulder-straps and chevrons, and were our own pack-horses, the constant marching off to the flank or front, and skirmishing into position, only to abandon the position and go flanking again, became a wearisome iteration. The Rebel commander kept "drawing us on" and "getting us where he wanted us" so long, that we came to think him a very difficult man to please.

Our marching and flanking, however, were not always accomplished at the route step and with arms at ease. Many a brilliant episode, many a spirited struggle for position marked the campaign, and no instance of this is more deeply impressed on my memory than the fierce, though fruitless, fight at the base of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864.

On the 19th of June our division had worked its way by inches up to the foot of the mountain, and it lay there until the night of the 25th. It held the apex of the Union lines, and was the hinge upon which the army on each side was swinging forward. During all that interval the artillery of both sides was throwing shot and shell over our heads. We were so close to the mountain that very few of the Rebel shells came into our camp; the guns could not be depressed enough to bear on us. I remember hearing a wag say that the "ex-pression of those guns was very threatening, but that the de-pression was not sufficient to make much of an im-pression on us." Even in the hour of peril men will trifle with the English language. Our own artillery practice was magnificent. The 5th Wisconsin and Barnett's (Illinois) batteries woke the Rebel cannoneers to a very lively sense of their marksmanship. Nearly every shot was sent directly into the embrasures on the summit of the mountain.

Amid the noise which attended this interchange of compliments we "dough-boys" found that life had no charms for us. The thunder of the cannon,

"Startling pale midnight on her starry throne,"

prevented us from sleeping. The sharpshooters on the side of the mountain annoyed us so that we could not walk about comfortably, and the

only safe way of going to dinner was to seize a hardtack and a cup of coffee in the shelter of the trenches, or behind the largest trees we could find. Even then we were not perfectly secure, for many of our men were wounded by the premature explosion of shells from our own batteries behind us. Under these circumstances we were glad when, on the afternoon of the 25th, we received orders to move at dark.

At dark we were ready and in line, but no troops came to relieve us. We stacked arms and gathered in little groups, discussing the movement and uttering prophecies as to our destination. We had learned, however, to put our trust in no man's vaticination. Anybody can prophesy just as anybody can give a promissory note, however poor he may be. We therefore possessed our souls in patience, in full faith that old Tecumseh's head was level and that he would bring us out all right in the end. Finally, at about 10 o'clock, a bewildered colonel and adjutant, who had been wandering in the woods for three hours with their regiment, found and relieved us; and we moved out to the right. There must have been a bad kink somewhere in the lines, for, after a little languid marching and a great deal of vigorous halting, dawn found us still under the shadow of Kenesaw, which lay silent, like a sleeping giant, giving no sign of its hidden powers. At sunrise we started again, and at 7 o'clock halted in rear of the Fourth Corps.

We passed the day there. This was almost the first day during the campaign which we had spent without hearing the vicious whistle of minie-balls about our heads. It was Sunday, and we observed it by personal purification, by putting on clean shirts (those of us who had them), and by recovering the sleep lost the night before. While we were sleeping, the wearers of the "stars" were awake and busy. Plans were being discussed and preparations were being made for an assault upon the lines running from Kenesaw to Marietta. On the morning of the 27th the arrangements were completed, and we marched out, all unconscious of the terrible fight which was impending.

THE ASSAULT.

Just before we started, General Davis, our Division Commander, said to General Morgan, who commanded our brigade: "I have been thinking this matter over during the night. I had intended, as you know, to put your brigade in the advance to-day. But we may fail to carry those works; and if we do, I am afraid that the enemy will assault us in return. I want a steady, well-disciplined brigade in our own works—one that will hold them at all hazards. I will put yours there. You will relieve General Stanley's troops." So the thought of one man changed the fate of a thousand. In obedience to these orders, we moved out to relieve a brigade of the Fourth Corps.

"Colonel, you will move your regiment right over there as fast as you can," said the A. A. G. pointing toward one of the numerous "hog-backs" into which the surface of the ground was broken. Now the A. A. G. evidently had not been "right over there," or he would not have hurried us along so heedlessly. For on reaching the crest, or vertebra, of the "hog-back" we found ourselves within pistol-shot, and in plain view of the rebel lines. Had not the men in the trenches begun firing so rapidly as to keep the rebels down behind their breastworks, our brigade would have suffered severely. At length, however, we reached our position in line, relieved the troops there, and waited for the assault to begin. Hours passed by, and we were beginning to think that it had been postponed, when the signal was sounded from a battery on our left.

We then saw the gleaming lines of McCook's and Harmon's brigades, regimental front, with flags flying, rise over the crest of a hill in our rear. They passed over our works, went down into a ravine, crossed a little ridge beyond, and the dreadful clamor of battle began. The batteries thundered peal upon peal. Shells were bursting and their fragments humming over our heads. Shrapnel and grape came crashing through the trees. Under the louder din of the artillery, the musketry firing sounded like the rapid popping of corn; and over all could be heard that infernal rebel yell, which showed that the enemy had not yet been driven back.

Would they hold their position? Must our brave boys go down into that vortex of destruction in vain? Can we hold our own lines if the rebels force our comrades back and attack us? These were the thoughts which occupied our minds as we lay there and listened. Waiting before going into action is terrible, but not more so than the suspense of waiting in reserve, with our friends in front already engaged, and we ignorant of how it fares with them, or how soon we may be needed to retrieve what they are forced to lose.

Presently the wounded began to come back, some still clinging to their guns and roundly cursing their ill luck; others without guns or hats, bewildered, flighty and scared. Then came the "demoralized," whose regiments had been all cut to pieces, officers all killed, etc. Then the firing ceased, except a scattering fire of musketry. The ragged yell of the rebels again rose, telling us that the assault had failed. But the enemy did not return the assault, and our men did not fall back, although they had been repulsed. With dogged tenacity they held the ground they had gained, and, under the very noses of the rebels, with no better entrenching tools than their tin cups and plates, had begun throwing up a line of breastworks.

The afternoon wore away, marked only by picket firing and an occasional outburst from the batteries. The long June day, a day which had lighted many a brave soul down to the dark valley, drew to a close. The sun went down in a splendor of crimson and gold; the moon shone out, softening with her mild light the sharp lines of agony on the faces of the dead and wounded who yet lay on the field. With the darkness the stretcher-bearers came. All night long they tramped to and fro, bearing their burdens of maimed and helpless humanity.

A TRUCE FOR ONE DAY.

Next day there was a truce, to allow the dead to be buried, and I went out to the front line. As I approached it I ceased to wonder that our men had failed to carry the enemy's works. The ground was broken into ridges, in going over which the integrity of the assaulting column had necessarily been destroyed to some extent. The whole field was exposed to a murderous enfilading fire from batteries on either side, and the heavy earthworks in front were protected by huge headlogs, a chevaux-de-frise, a dense abatis and an intricate trap of telegraph wire. These were the insurmountable difficulties that our troops had encountered. That they had held their ground and succeeded in throwing up earthworks at all under such disadvantages seemed a miracle.

Our working parties were burying the dead just where they fell in the narrow space between the lines, which were perhaps twenty paces apart. A few feet in front of our works was a line of sentinels, facing inward, placed there to keep unauthorized men from crossing over. The rebels had a similar line facing toward their works. Under a tree sat a group of Union and rebel officers, each party scrupulously looking toward its own lines, engaged in friendly converse, and occasionally refreshing themselves with a friendly drink. There, close to the rebel works, the gallant Colonel Harmon had been killed at the head of his brigade. Here the brave, bluff Dan McCook received the wound which won him the stars he did not live to wear. Further to the left was where Barker, dauntless but rash, fell dead from his horse. Spurning friendly counsel and courting death, he was persistent in riding into action in full uniform.

At 2 o'clock, the dead having been hurriedly buried, unknelled and uncoffined, the space between the lines was cleared, the white emblem of truce was lowered, and the usual scattering fire was resumed by the pickets.

At the same time that Davis's division had assaulted the enemy in our front attacks had been made by troops from the Fourth and the Fifteenth corps on our left. All were alike unsuccessful. Of course the failure excited a great deal of speculation and "I-told-you-so" comment and ex post facto prophecy. According to the "special correspondent," this regiment broke, and that brigade lagged; this general was drunk, and that one was cowardly: but those of us who were there have an uneasy impression that the rebels and their cannon had something to do with the repulse. On the 3d of July we marched unmolested over the ground of that fearful and fruitless struggle. Kenesaw and Marietta had been flanked.

INSTANCES OF LUCK.

General Davis's change of mind mentioned above, by which the brigade to which our regiment belonged was placed in reserve instead of in front, is an illustration of the way luck, good or bad, seemed to attend an organization, as well as an individual, during the war. The luck of our regiment was good. It was a strong regiment, well officered, well disciplined and unusually proficient in drill. It was often on the front line; but the storm and stress of battle nearly always struck on one side or the other of it. The first time we were under fire was at New-Madrid, Mo., March 12, 1862. The night we, in conjunction with the 16th Illinois, drove in the rebel pickets without firing a gun, established a line 800 yards from Fort Thompson, on the Mississippi, threw up earthworks for two siege batteries and connected them with a trench. All the next day we lay there under the fire of the fort, and, I believe, five gunboats, almost without casualty, while the troops supporting us in our rear suffered severely.

Another case of luck: In the scattering of the army following the evacuation of Corinth we were shifted about and finally sent to Nashville, where we remained, cut off from the rest of the world, during Bragg's campaign in Kentucky. When our troops came back, after Bragg's retreat, our brigade was sent out fifteen miles on outpost duty. It was while we were here that General Rosecrans came to Nashville and began reorganizing his army. The story told at the time was that his generals bothered the life out of him trying to get their particular troops assigned to the Nashville garrison, and that finally "Old Rosey" lost patience, and exclaimed: "By ——, I'll settle this thing right now. I'll send for old Morgan. He is the only brigadier in the army that has not asked for the place." Whether the story is true or not, two things certainly are true: First, "Old Morgan" never asked for the place, not being "built that way." Second, he was sent for and his brigade assigned to the garrison at Nashville. This kept us out of the great battles of Stone's River and Chickamauga, and we did not reach the front again until the battle at Missionary Ridge, and even then we were held in reserve, and met with no loss.

With one more illustration of luck, I will close. During the Atlanta campaign our regiment was transferred from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Corps, exchanging places with the 17th New-York. By reason of this change we had no part in the charge made by the Fourteenth Corps at Jonesboro, which wound up that campaign, and in which our substitute in the old brigade, the 16th New-York, was handled very roughly.

My own connection with the 10th Illinois ceased soon after the fall of Atlanta, but the records show that in the last fight in which it was engaged, the battle of Bentonville, it lost more men in killed and wounded than in all the rest of its three years' term of service.—(Richmond Wolcott, First Lieutenant, Co. F, 10th Illinois.

EXCITING ADVENTURES OF A SCOUT.

Bansville, Mich., Aug. 7.—Feeling it my duty in the spring of 1862, I enlisted in the 11th Michigan Cavalry, and in the fall was ordered to East Tennessee. We had been in camp two weeks, and had lived quite well for soldiers.

A young lady of pure Southern type and beauty used to bring pies and cake to camp and sell them to the boys. I became one of her customers, and, indeed, became very well acquainted with her. Her father was dead, and she had two brothers

in the rebel service. Her mother's property had been confiscated and she had been compelled to bake and sell to the soldiers to provide for herself and invalid mother. She was a brave and heroic girl, and certainly a credit even to Secession. I think she was really more Union in sentiment than rebel, and I asked her why she seemed to side with the South. She replied that it was because her brother did, and that that must be right, for he never did anything wrong. I carried her basket and accompanied her to the picket line on the day that we had this conversation. One afternoon, the last on which she ever came to camp, I, as usual, escorted her to the lines. She must have had a presentment of coming evil, because she did not start as soon as usual; and she said: "It seems so strange, I am so sorry for you poor Yankees, fighting never to win." "Do not be so sure of that," I said; "we expect to win in all our undertakings." "Well," she said, "if I can be of service to you personally let me know." I thanked her and grasped her hand, possibly longer than mere politeness would dictate. She excused herself and was gone. Next day I was impatient for the time to arrive when she usually came, but she came not.

That afternoon there was a rumor that there was a rebel force in our front. The general in command asked who would volunteer to act as scout, and go and reconnoitre. I had the fleetest horse in the command, and wanted some excitement, and perhaps a stripe added to my arm for valiant service. So I volunteered. Before the next night I wished that stripes, excitement and praise were at the bottom of the sea. The general bade me God-speed, but to be careful: the consequences of being caught as a spy were well known. I told him, "Better one man than a whole command surprised and beaten."

I started at sundown, armed with revolver and carbine, and as much disguised as possible. The route lay nearly due south over mountainous country and small streams. I went cautiously and had no mishap or adventure until I heard the neighing of a horse. This alarmed me, for fear my horse would reply; but he did not. I followed in the direction of the horse as nearly as I could. Suddenly I saw a faint light glimmering in the distance, then another and another. It was a rebel camp. I went as quietly as I was able to within fifty yards of the camp, as well as I could judge by the starlight. Just as I was about to ride around to the south, to see more clearly, I thought I saw a figure in the bushes. I at once withdrew and started for a new point of view, when snap went the crack of a revolver. I heard the order "Halt!" and the cold steel was at my temple.

"What are you doing here, you confounded Yank? Oh, I see! A spy! Are you?" I had run upon the vidette picket. Well, then I wished I were in the Union lines, but wishing was of no use.

"Wal, you'd better be gittin' off that hoss, Mister Yank, if you know what's good fur ye," said the vidette. It is needless to say I dismounted. The point of that revolver had not moved. My horse in the mean time gave a spring and was off in the darkness.

It seemed an hour while I stood there until the sergeant of the guard came with the relief and I was marched, with the said revolver still close at my head, to the colonel's tent. I was placed under arrest and imprisoned in the guard-house. No one can tell how I felt until he has been in the same place that I was. I groped around in the darkness, and found a bench, possibly six feet long, which was meant to serve for chair and bed. I sat down, too weak to stand. What a change the last few hours had brought! I could see nothing, but could hear the tramp of the sentinel. Morning dawned at last. The first glimpse of daylight came through a knot-hole in the boards. As soon as it was light enough I stood upon my bench and peered out. I could see row after row of rebel tents.

The door was presently opened and I was taken to headquarters, courtmartialled and sentenced to be shot the following morning, and taken back to my dungeon. I sat down, perfectly miserable. There was not one spark of hope.

It must have been 3 in the afternoon when I heard voices outside. I heard this conversation:

"So you have a real Yankee spy, have you? Now I want to see him, and you, Gus, you never refused me any reasonable thing."

A man replied: "Jennie, I am surprised; he looks like any common Yank." It was the colonel who spoke.

They said something else which I did not hear, and then the door opened and in walked the colonel, and by his side the little sutler girl who had brought cakes and pies to the Union camp. She gave me one glance. We recognized each other at once. I started forward and would have taken her hand, but she gave me a look I shall never forget. I think she would have fallen had not her brother sustained her. She seemed to realize her position and asked me how it all had come about. It was the colonel's turn to be surprised because he saw that we were acquainted. An explanation followed. She told him that she had peddled in the Union camp to lighten his burden and take care of their mother.

"Well, Jennie, you were always a mystery," was all he could say.

"And you are condemned to——" she said; she did not finish the sentence. She continued: "I would gladly help you if I could, but I am powerless."

With a few more remarks and a hearty handshake she departed. I could still hear them talking outside.

"And so you have ordered him to be shot. How could you? He was so kind and gentlemanly to me. I told him about you, that you never did anything wrong, and now you have ordered his execution."

"Not ordered it," he replied, "but it is my duty to see that it is carried out, and that I shall most certainly do. You know it would be very wrong to let him go. It would mean ruin to our whole force."

"Have him promise; I know if he promises he is too manly to break his word."

"But promises will never do in war," the colonel said.

I heard a sob, and then, "One thing more I will

ask. Grant him a little respite, only for one day. You know life is sweet to all alike, and he should have one day more. Now I will stay right here until you say yes."

He was silent a moment and then said: "As you say; I will give the order to-night."

"You are the same good, noble brother still," she said, and that was all. But her wish was gratified.

I don't think they knew that I heard their conversation, but from that moment I began to hope. It was now supper time, and hardtack and coffee were brought. I ate some, and then the colonel came in and said: "I have given you one more day, but be prepared for the worst, for it is positively the last chance. I always have had a weakness when that gentle sister is concerned." I undertook to stammer my thanks, but he said, "Better be thinking of something else."

That night, like the previous one, was spent in wakefulness, and shall I say in prayers. I thought of mother and sisters, and wanted to send some word of comfort, but that was impossible. I resolved to die like a man. At last another day dawned clear and warm. I could see the rays of sun streaming through the knot-hole. I dragged along through another day, and almost wished Jennie had stayed away.

Night came and with it a dainty supper from Jennie as a last offering. I found a small parcel in a piece of cake, saying "I have done all I could, but all is useless, though I will never forget your kindness, and pray God to forgive those who have condemned you to your present fate." Tears of gratitude streamed down my face. I tried to say, "Thy will be done." I sat down as usual on the bench to await the coming of the fatal morning. I cannot tell the agony of that night. Even now the cold sweat will start as I think of it. It seemed an age to me, alone in darkness. But at last I could see signs of morning, as I supposed, the last on earth for me.

While thinking of home and friends, whom I expected never to see again, I heard a musket-shot. "Bang, bang, bang!" What it was I knew not, but I was breathless. I used my bench to look out of the knot-hole in the wall. Just coming over the hill, and inside the rebel camp, I saw a host of bluecoats, and the rebels were flying in every direction, trying to form a line. The Federals were too much for them, and they broke and ran in confusion. They went flying past the guardhouse, evidently forgetting their Union prisoner. As soon as I saw the last bluecoats coming I took that much-used and useful bench and converted it into a battering-ram. I emerged from my prison in time to join in the chase.

The rebels were driven about ten miles, and our victory was complete. We camped that night on the rebel camp-ground. My fortunate escape was duly told to the boys, and how they came just in time. But, let me say, my adventures took away all my desire to win fame and honor as a scout.

I never saw the colonel or Jennie after that experience, but I shall always hold them in reverence.—(Cavalryman.

THEY LOST TWO-THIRDS.

A TERRIBLE DAY AT DEEP RUN

WHAT A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE 11TH MAINE WITNESSED OF THE BATTLE.

Whitneyville, Me., July 11.—The scenes I am about to portray occurred near the close of a three years' term in active service as a private soldier and non-commissioned officer of the 11th Maine. At the time of which I write I was no novice in warfare, and was not easily startled by the sound of bullets or the roar of artillery. I had passed through the Peninsular campaign from Yorktown to Harrison's Landing, under McClellan; participated in the bombardment of Charleston under Gilmore and Hunter; and shared the fortunes of Butler's troops from City Point to Bermuda Hundred, Fort Darling, Strawberry Plains and Deep Bottom. The incidents which I shall relate are more vividly remembered than previous scenes, because they occurred nearer the close of my service.

Since our return to Deep Bottom at the close of a ten hours' fight at Strawberry Plains, July 26 and 27, we had performed various duties such as usually fall to the lot of the common soldier. On the night of August 13 we became a part of the picket out at the front.

A few hours previous to our departure for picket duty several of the 11th who had been home on sick furlough returned. Among them was Charley Urann, of Company C. Charley was a good soldier, and, in the best of spirits, marched with us to the picket line. Through the night his recital of stories connected with home was listened to by an appreciative and longing audience.

At dawn we were ordered to roll our blankets and "fall into line." Everything had been unusually quiet, and there was no thought of an advance. But when the line was formed, we were deployed facing toward the enemy, whose outer line was not 500 yards away. At the command "Forward!" we moved on at a quick pace, which soon brought us from the woods into a slashing of small pine trees. We could see nothing except withering brush on every hand, which gave forth a peculiar odor. No sound was heard save the subdued commands of the officers and the rustle of the dry leaves beneath our feet.

At the further edge of the slashing, in pits secreted by brush, the rebels lay in waiting. When we had cleared the shelter of the forest they opened fire with unerring aim. Charley Urann was the first to fall dead; he had visited his home for the last time. Corporal McGinnis and Private Beedle were next in Company C to give their lives for their country. The weight of the fire came upon Companies C and I. Company C lost sixteen men out of thirty-two; Company I fared even worse. Major Baldwin and Captain Sabine also fell. In five minutes forty men had been killed or wounded in the regiment; and we had scarcely fired a gun.

This was the initiatory skirmish which began a fight of several days' duration. The line was

slightly reinforced and a charge captured or routed the rebels from their pits. We followed the enemy closely and they were driven into a second line of works, much stronger than the first, being composed of forts and redoubts connected by rifle pits. We skirmished against them the greater part of the day, when they were finally routed by a flank movement.

What followed after this is remembered only as a continual skirmish until August 16, at which time we drove in the pickets at Deep Run. We lost several men, but continued our forward movement until we drew near the main fortifications. A halt was then ordered to rectify the line, and then a terrible yell was raised to the right, which was taken up and intensified by us. A quick, forward movement began with the yell. We soon reached the edge of the woods, at the border of which was a deep ravine. Across this, about seventy-five yards distant, lay the rebel works in full view, lined with broad-brimmed white hats, each one of which shaded a gleaming gun barrel pointing toward our position. A rebel flag lazily floated from a small staff in the works.

As we came in sight the rebel muskets gave out a roar, accompanied by a rush of hissing, stinging, sounds; and the little red twigs which grew from the ground suddenly became redder and toppled over as if swept by a strong wind. The terrible roar continued without cessation until I thought every man in the path of the storm levelled to the earth except myself. Soldiers were being struck and were crying out in every direction. Dress coats were perforated, and wads of cotton, twisted out, were flung around like thistle down. As we attempted to enter the ravine, it seemed as if we were literally being held back by the hail of lead and iron which was hissing by and bounding from the trees with a peculiar hum, known only to those who have been under fire. It being evident to my mind that we could not cross with our present force, I jumped behind a large oak tree for protection. An intense hatred of that rebel flag which seemed so near took possession of me, and I could not resist firing at it. I actually wasted three shots upon it before I came to my senses.

The white hats were flapping before me as the enemy hurriedly loaded and fired. The sight soon brought me to effective work. I then noticed that my comrades were not all dead, but, like myself, had sheltered themselves behind trees, and the bullets were not all going one way. I imagined I could begin to see a thinning of the rebel ranks, when the order came to "fall back," for what reason I did not know. I felt very comfortable behind my tree. I "fell in" and moved back with the rest a few rods distant.

ANOTHER RUSH AT THE WORKS.

After half an hour the line again started with a yell; and we joined in the chorus with such vigor that the pineries of Maine were thereupon conceded a superior locality for the manufacture of lung power. When we had regained our old position, the rebels were beating "tattoo" with their heels upon the tails of their gray coats. We gave them a volley to increase the speed, and plunged across the ravine with the velocity of deers, all the while yelling like demons. The works were ours, and the yell suddenly changed to a regular New-England cheer.

We had scarcely time to recover our breath before several rebel batteries opened from a position far beyond our vision, and the shells came tearing through the trees and scooping up the earth in a manner most uncomfortable to us. Half an hour later a lull took place in the firing. Looking beyond the work which we occupied, I saw a number of dead and wounded rebels. The wounded were anxious to leave their exposed position, and were waving hats and handkerchiefs to attract our attention. I jumped over the pit and spoke with a wounded rebel lad of not more than sixteen. His right leg was broken, and his tongue swollen from thirst. I lifted him gently from the ground and placed him in the bottom of the pit, after which I straightened his leg and bolstered the wounded part with his blanket. He begged for water, and I gave him a drink from my canteen; and with assurances that he should be cared for if we continued to hold our position until night, I turned to leave him. He called me back, and with a look of wonder asked me if I was a Yankee.

Unusual activity of railroad trains had been indicated by the constant tooting of whistles in Richmond for several hours. The nature of the work in which they had been employed was made manifest by the appearance of solid masses of troops at the edge of the woods, and the gleam of bayonets through openings in the forest in various directions. Rumor said that our supports had been withdrawn, and were already on the way to Petersburg. The evidences of fresh arrivals of rebels in Richmond caused considerable uneasiness. Doubts were freely expressed as to our ability to hold our position until the approach of darkness would enable us to withdraw in safety.

EXPERIENCES UNDER FIRE.

A heavy force of rebels now attacked the brigade which supported our left with great fury and drove it from the line. This movement exposed our left flank to a terrible crossfire.

Batteries which were stationed beyond the range of our muskets, in front and flank, redoubled their efforts against us. Shells screeched, sputtered and crashed through the trees, and bounded along the earth. Bullets sang and whistled about us, and gave a peculiar thud as they severed human bones and laid low good and brave men. Hard pine trees, seventy and eighty feet high, which stood around the works, were stripped of bark and limbs the entire length as completely as could have been done by machinery. Men were constantly falling. We were ordered to shield ourselves as best we could. A sergeant who had been posted as lookout, to watch the movement of a large force assembling at the edge of some woods just beyond a cornfield, took position against a large tree. An officer, deeming the place unsafe, told him to keep covered. He replied that he could not cover from all sides with one tree. An instant later a bullet struck him in the head, killing him instantly.

We had ceased firing, as if waiting for something to turn up, and being somewhat exhausted

from the heat, I sat down upon the root of a large stump, from which the earth had been removed to build the pit. I had been thus seated only a moment when an unknown soldier crowded in between myself and the stump. I moved my bigness toward the end which overhung the pit to accommodate him with a seat, which he barely had time to fill before "zip," came a bullet from the direction of the cross-fire which went just deep enough to furrow his face and carry away both eyes. A bounding shot from a battery struck the top of the pit, scattering the earth in a shower, smashing the head of a soldier who was peering over, and nearly tearing to pieces another who stood on the high ground to the rear. The next moment an unexploded shell struck a large limb from a pine tree overhead which levelled three men by its fall.

THE REBELS TWICE REPULSED.

The force which held the pits had been disarranged by the charge and doubling process caused by the cross fire. We were a sort of disorganized mass made up of different regiments, but the men seemed mutually agreed to support each other as long as possible. We had considerable confidence in our ability to resist a force in front, by reason of one of our regiments being armed with repeaters, which we had heard the rebels call "eight-day clocks." The steady tick of these "clocks" an opportunity was soon given to hear.

The sentinels excitedly cried out, "There they come! There they come!" This brought every man to his feet in an instant. A long line in gray with bayonets glistening and flags flying was seen just clearing the woods on an elevated piece of ground across the field. There was nothing intervening to hide so much as a button of them save a few straggling cornstalks on their left.

"Boys, now's our time," said a big sergeant in Company E. The officer in command gave the order to "fire," which was several times repeated by the subordinate officers. "Fire low! fire low!" Our blood was up, and the command to 'cease firing" was not fully heeded until some time after the last standing rebel had disappeared on the run into the forest again. Brave soldiers are made by giving them plenty to do; and the jokes were freely cracked during the next few moments which intervened before the next crash.

The top of a flag was now observed in a deep ravine which ran across the field in our front, not more than fifty yards away. Word ran along the line to "be in readiness." In a few moments the flag began to move, and with it the whole rebel line came into view. The sight caused the greatest excitement. The officers tried in vain to make the men reserve their fire until the enemy's lines should clear the ravine far enough to warrant its destruction before it could return. Our men began firing almost at once. The rebel color-bearer was shot dead on the brow of the hill, falling forward upon his staff, and the line was driven back in less time than it would take to count twenty.

When this charge upon our front began, the force on our flank began to close down and renew that terrible cross fire. We replied as well as possible.

No order had been given "for a change of front," but it became evident to Sergeant Gross, the color-bearer, that he must retreat with the flag or the banner would soon occupy a position in the rebel Capitol at Richmond. The rebels were closing down, not more than thirty yards distant. Sergeant Gross tore the flag from the pit and started for the rear. Remembering, however, that no order had been given to retreat, he turned back, planted the staff in the work, and aided the guard in its defence by firing several shots from his revolver in the very faces of the enemy, who were bent upon its capture.

The heat of the sun was intense. Colonel Plaisted had already been overcome from that cause, and carried to the rear. The wounded had also been sent back. I glanced over that portion of the ground which I could see, and noticed that dead men were lying in great numbers in every direction. I began to think that we were to stand and fight until the last man should be sacrificed. At that moment the command to "march in retreat" was heard above the din of battle.

Our men, who had stood that terrible fire for several hours undaunted, then gave way, and made a wild rush across the ravine for shelter in the forest beyond. Sergeant Gross carried the colors in his arms and was followed by the guard, one of whom, however, fell dead as he left the work. The flagstaff, one and a half inches in diameter, had been shot off in three places, and the flag had been pierced by sixteen bullets.

A RAID NOT ON THE PROGRAMME

My canteen being empty, I was suffering terribly from thirst, and as Sergeant Googins came along, I asked him if he remembered the location of a small stream which we had crossed while advancing early in the day. He thought it was not far distant, and that if we hurried we might fill our canteens and return in season to move with the regiment. We started on the run and found the stream as predicted.

After quenching our thirst and filling our canteens, we attempted to return, but obliqued too far to the right. To our surprise, we suddenly came in sight of an earthwork held by rebels, as ascertained from the telltale slouch hats we saw moving within. Googins thought we had better give them a few shots. So we gathered up a number of loaded muskets which had fallen from the hands of our wounded, stood them against the trees, and then began a small bombardment of our own. Our attack was replied to with such vigor that we concluded that we were playing the fool, and had better leave in a hurry, which we did.

As we were running we came near a soldier of the 1st D. C. Cavalry lying in the brush and moaning with pain from a gunshot wound in the body. He begged us to take him out to friends. We rolled him on his blanket and with the aid of another soldier who came along we carried him out and gave him to the stretcher-bearers. The poor fellow had suffered greatly. He was profuse in his thanks, and said he believed we had been sent in answer to his prayers for aid.

UNDER TWO FIRES.

After our return, the reorganization of lines being completed, we were all marched still further

to the rear, and took possession of a good breastwork which had been built that day by the reserves.

About sunset we were attacked in our new position by a large force which came near to driving us out by reason of the wild shooting of one of our own batteries stationed half a mile to the rear. The fuses of the shells were cut too short for the distance, which caused the shells to explode in rear of our own men. Many of our men were not endowed with double courage and they broke from the line and sought cover in the forest. An orderly was sent with orders to the battery to "cease firing." The situation was desperate and the officers of the regiment, leaving their own commands, assisted in driving the terrified men back to their position in season to save the pits. Darkness coming on, no further effort was made to dislodge us.

At 10 p. m. we drew from the line in silence; and the rising of the next sun found us serenely sleeping within the fortified position at Deep Bottom. Our loss was two field officers, three company commanders and 144 enlisted men from the 11th Maine Regiment alone, out of a force of barely 300 with which we started.—Edwin J. Miller.

A TRIFLE MORE EXCITING THAN EXPECTED

Montrose, S. D., Oct. 30.—The brigade of cavalry commanded by Brigadier-General John Irvine Gregg, in which our regiment, the 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry, was incorporated, passed through Farmville, Va., as the army was pursuing Lee, from the Five Forks toward Lynchburg. On a particular day (which, if my memory serves me right, was April 6, 1865), it was the turn of Gregg's brigade to take the advance. General Crook was in command of the division, and was at the head of the column. After passing through Farmville, which had been occupied by the rebels only a short time before our arrival, the column moved on over a dilapidated plank road a couple of miles or so, until, from the top of a small hill, the commanding general could see, along a road which we were on, at right angles, a short distance ahead, and in the edge of a piece of woods, what appeared to be a quantity of abandoned rebel wagons, with, perhaps, a few sick or straggling rebel soldiers with them. The wagons seemed standing in the road with the mule teams belonging to them taken away, presumably by the frightened rebels, who had discovered our approach.

The road upon which we were moving ran through a piece of thick second-growth trees to the top of a small hill. Beyond the woods lay a field on each side of the road, and just in the edge of the field a deep ditch, made by the action of the water in rainy seasons, which crossed the road and over which there was a small bridge. The ditch extended down through the field for several rods, how far the writer had no particular occasion to estimate a few moments later. Beyond this field was another piece of woods, and in the edge of the woods ran the road (at right angles with one we were moving over), in which was the (apparently) nearly abandoned rebel wagons. On one side of the crossroad next to us was one of those peculiar hedge fences so common in Virginia, made of twigs of cedar interlaced around stakes driven into the ground beside a shallow ditch.

When the officers in command near the head of the column saw these abandoned wagons the order was given to charge in column of fours down the road, with drawn sabres, and capture the wagon train. Quickly the word was passed along the line to "Draw sabre," and "Forward; gallop!" Near the edge of the field the General was stationed with his staff. As the column of galloping cavalry passed him, an aid, sitting on his horse by the roadside, kept calling out to "Give them the cold steel," and "Go in with drawn sabres," etc.

The sight of the unoffending wagons did not inspire any great amount of dread in the breasts of these veteran cavalymen, and on passing into the field the column left the road immediately after passing over the small bridge spoken of, and with sabres swinging aloft, each man strove to be the first to reach the wagons. Soon all order was lost. Companies and regiments, officers and men, mingled together in a confused and unwie'dly mass, all struggling to be the first to have the honor of capturing an empty rebel wagon. The horses on a dead run, the riders yelling like demons and the sabres flashing fiercely in the sunlight made a magnificent spectacle to the Johnnies, who were looking complacently on from behind the brush fence spoken of and from their hiding-places in the woods into which we were dashing pellmell at such a breakneck speed. My horse was a strong, half-French pony, one of the fleetest in the regiment. In the excitement I soon found myself at the very front of this mass of rushing, yelling and dauntless cavalry, but I did not remain at the head long.

Our advance was nearly up to the hedge fence, myself probably not ten rods from it, when, great Scott! all along the line of that innocent-looking covert burst out a column of blue smoke, a thundering volley of musketry and a yell from a brigade of hidden rebels. In front of us, almost under our horses' feet, blazed the rebel guns. At the same instant, down the road we had been travelling, directly in front of the column, and with carefully trained pieces, belched out the thunder of a rebel masked battery, and shell came screaming along the road we must retreat over at a rate that was startling. Shells with fuses carefully cut to explode on the road among the flying Yanks, dropped like rain. And then, from the woods to the right of us, suddenly emerged a brigade of rebel cavalry with drawn revolvers, charging upon us like a legion from the regions of the damned.

If any one who reads this account does not think that my half-French pony did some excellent running about then, I beg permission to state candidly that such was the fact, after all. In an instant it flashed upon every man near the front, and in fact upon the whole command, that we had been beautifully trapped. Sabres were thrown to the ground in the haste to get away. Horses instinctively wheeled about and ran as only horses can run when thoroughly frightened, and when

carrying on their backs a set of thoroughly frightened riders. To attempt to get back into the road we had left was almost certain death. Shells were spinning along that road at about the height of a man's head as fast as the rebel cannoneers could send them. The only thing to do was to run directly back to the piece of woods through which we had just passed; and to that end every trooper made the most frantic efforts.

A few rods this side of the woods the ditch (previously mentioned) intervened like a mammoth grave, and a good horse was required, with a frightened rider, to jump it. One of the men of my company, named Thomas Dighton, living at Erie, Penn., had a mule, which he had captured at a plantation where no one was found to object, the day before. The mule was not well broken, and did not seem to care whether he was captured or not. Right here I will say that our regiment (the 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry) had Spencer carbines, "seven-shooters," as they were called. As my horse reached the ditch, Dighton's mule was standing on the side of it, braced, and refusing to jump or to do anything else. My horse made a frantic leap, and though the ground on the other side gave way under his feet, he gathered up and in a moment was running for the woods a few rods away.

Lieutenant Norman Ball, of Lewiston, Penn.; A. W. Bammer, of Spartansburg, Penn.; Dallas Crosby, of Columbus, Penn., and a Mr. Holbrook, from near Union, Penn., as nearly as I can remember, were the only ones in the company whose horses jumped the ditch and escaped. Sam Staler, who now lives somewhere in the western part of Iowa, had a small white horse which fell into the ditch. Staler jumped from him and clambered out, running for dear life for the woods. After he had entered the woods a little way he stopped to look around to see if the rebels were coming, when to his surprise his little white horse came suddenly up to him, having climbed out of the ditch and followed its master.

But to return to Tom Dighton. When he saw his mule would not do anything except bray, he wheeled around, facing the rebels, who were coming up on a charge yelling like savages. One of our company, named Ketcham, from Westmoreland County, Penn., and a Mr. Moore (who lived near Columbus, Penn., the last I knew) were among the ones whose horses could not jump the ditch and were captured there. They all vouch for the truth of the bravery of Tom Dighton. When he turned his mule around toward the enemy they were coming up on a wild charge, only a few rods away. Dighton raised his Spencer carbine and began to "unwind." The rebels were so near that every one of his shots brought a man from the saddle of the charging foe. As the seventh and last shot was in the chamber of his carbine a rebel officer of high rank rode up with an oath too wicked to repeat, and raised his sabre to strike Tom down. But he had reckoned without due calculation, for Dighton's last bullet was fired point blank into the breast of the rebel officer, who fell over backward, his sabre being driven into the ground under him. In an instant the rebels surrounded Dighton and several had pistols drawn to shoot him dead. He called out, "Boys, I surrender," and threw down his carbine. A moment's angry consultation followed, some of the rebels saying he must be shot to avenge the death of the seven rebels lying in front of him, but at this moment an officer of considerable rank rode up and said: "Don't shoot that young Yank; he is too brave a man to die like a dog; take him to the rear a prisoner." To make sure of his command being obeyed, the officer selected several men, placed them in charge of the prisoners there (Moore, Ketcham and several others whose names have escaped me), and sent them to the rear.

General Gregg was captured near the bridge in the road, where he had stationed himself. When the stampede began, and while he was shouting bravely to the fleeing troopers: "Rally, boys, rally, boys; rally around the dear old flag! For God's sake, boys, rally!" The boys who could get across the ditch "rallied" for the rear as fast as their horses could carry them; and Gregg kept trying to rally them until a squad of rebels invited him to "rally" toward Lee's headquarters, which he reluctantly did, with nearly all his staff.

My own horse kept on running toward the rear until I found myself so far away that there was little doubt about my being safe for the present. A battery had been brought up and placed on a hill to shell the advancing rebels and a column of infantry came slowly along and went into position to cover our retreat. Then I began to look around. All over the field were scattered what remained of the brigade which had only so short a time before marched down the road. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was quite near, and Lieutenant Norman Ball, of my own company—so I concluded that I had not gone much too far to the rear. Lieutenant Ball was slightly wounded with a pistol ball, as was also the lieutenant-colonel, W. K. Robertson. After awhile the remains of the brigade were gathered together and a line formed behind the woods through which we had been so ignominiously driven. The 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry and a few stragglers from the rest of the brigade formed the short line. A skirmish line from the rebel infantry came up to feel our position and a short skirmish was the result, the cavalry firing, mounted, at the rebel skirmishers who came into the woods. So far as I know, I was the only one hurt in the skirmish behind the woods. While sitting on my horse, with my carbine raised to shoot at something, I could not see what, a bullet struck my sabre-belt on the left side. It glanced off, but knocked me down on my horse's back, although I did not go to the ground. Holbrook and Dallas Crosby, before mentioned, were sitting on their horses near by, and Holbrook said to Crosby: "There—Butterfield is killed." But I gathered up and found the injury nothing more than a slight bruise which smarted some, but never caused me to leave the company.

I have often looked into the different histories of the Rebellion for an account of this cavalry charge, but have never seen one. It was a small affair, comparatively, but there is one thing certain—cavalrymen never did much nobler running during the late Civil War than we did on that occasion.

On April 9 General Gregg, Tom Dighton, Moore, Ketcham and all the rest who were captured that day in and about the ditch came back to the regiment. Lee had surrendered. No man in the 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry ever had more credit for actual bravery than Thomas Dighton. And he never even received a corporal's brevet, though General Gregg, who was captured with him, was brevetted to several offices for bravery.—(M. A. Butterfield, Sergeant Company L, 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

A MOTHER OF THE WAR.

HER UNEXPECTED REWARD.

SHE GAVE HER HUSBAND AND TWO SONS AND FINALLY HERSELF.

Providence, R. I., June 23.—It was a pleasant summer evening in 1863. The sun was fast setting, lighting up the edges of a dark purple cloud-bank, whose thunderheads were outlined against the sky with beautiful zigzag fringes of scarlet and gold colors. Just a ripple among the leaves in an old stately elm tree in one corner of the garden announced the soft dying out of the twilight breeze. The cattle lowed coming up the lane, led by the old speckled bull Duke, whose hoarse bellowing could be heard, like distant muttering of thunder. A motherly biddy, followed by her brood of chickens, was hastening about the yard eager to get one last pick in the grain trough before retiring to her nesting-place for the night.

Mrs. Maynard saw all this, as she reclined in an easy chair at the window fronting the lane. As the cows, headed by old Duke, filed slowly into the barnyard, a boy appeared coming up the lane. He was whistling a merry tune, and as he approached the house he began:

> We shall meet, but we shall miss him.
> There will be one vacant chair.

Mrs. Maynard's eyes filled with tears while she let them rest proudly on her comely boy. Arthur Maynard was only fifteen years of age, and as bright a lad as could be found in the town of Putnam, Conn. Securing the cows in the yard, Arthur, leaning carelessly on the window-sill, looked anxiously in his mother's sorrowful face and finally spoke:

"Fie, mamma, dear, put on one of your nice looks now. I know all about it. Ned Holly's mother made just such a fuss, but in the end she gave her consent for him to enlist. Just think, mother, how I must feel about it; most all the boys of my age are enlisting, and the only ones that are not signing their names haven't any vim in them."

Mrs. Maynard could hardly suppress a smile, and it encouraged the boy to proceed. "It's to be a grand company, and I know quite a number who are enlisting in our neighborhood, and three years will not be so very long. Then the boys will come 'marching home.'"

"Yes, Arthur, I am proud of you, and of John, and of the patriotism shown by you both; but it is because I have so much love for you that I am so reluctant to allow you to go. Three years as you say seems but a short time to you, perhaps, but to me it will seem an age. Can you not rest satisfied that it has wrung my heartstrings already, at the death of your father, and the parting with John? Oh, I beg of you, my dear boy, not to ask it of me. I cannot resign myself to this third parting. You are rash and inclined to be headstrong, and will rush into danger under excitement when there is no need or just cause for it; in that you resemble John. Already he has been twice wounded. Yes," in a musing tone, "I am proud of him, but fear I shall never see his dear face again."

Overcome by her feelings, Mrs. Maynard wept hysterically. Her husband had but recently died, and to her two boys she looked for needful help. John had obeyed the first call to arms, and was already fighting for the Union. Now Arthur had been seized with the war fever. Truly, there was trouble ahead for the little woman, and she could not be blamed for allowing her mother love to seem stronger than patriotism.

She finally looked down at Arthur, who, with a pensive expression on his brown face, leaned forward on the window-sill and watched his mother's face, with an aching heart. She leaned forward and fervently imprinted a kiss upon his upturned face, which was returned with interest by Arthur.

"So do I baptize thee and bless thee, and give thee into the keeping of the Lord thy God, now and forever more. Amen!" murmured Mrs. Maynard.

Arthur enlisted in Hartford, and soon afterward his regiment was ordered to the front, where it participated in a number of engagements. John's and Arthur's regiments were so widely separated in the field that for months they did not meet.

It was the night before the second day's fight at Gettysburg, and with the exception of the pickets and the guard, the Union Army lay wrapped in restless sleep. The wounded who had not been carried from the field, lay amid the dead in the grime and dust of the first day's battle. Now and then some wounded soldier was rudely awakened from his troubled sleep by pain from his wounds, and with dry lips and throat would harshly shout, causing those who could in his immediate vicinity to raise themselves up, only to fall back with a pitiful sense of helplessness to await removal from the field of carnage.

In the last fearful rush of the contending armies and the retreat of the Confederates thousands of dead and wounded soldiers of both armies had been left on the field. Arthur Maynard was among the latter, a piece of exploding shell having wounded him terribly in his right shoulder. It was nearly break of day when Arthur recovered his senses. Slowly and painfully he managed to regain his feet, and in a sort of dazed way he tottered slowly along. A deep groan from a prostrait soldier as Arthur stumbled over him caused him to halt.

"Water, water! for—the—love—of God—give—me—one swallow."

Mechanically, Arthur knelt down beside the wounded officer and held his canteen, which still contained a little of the precious fluid, tremblingly to the man's lips. The officer eagerly drank a swallow or two, then, through the misty light, looked up gratefully in the face of the lad, who still bent over him. The officer's eyes dilated, he partially raised himself up, and seized Arthur's arm in a desperate but feeble grasp.

"My God!" he hoarsely exclaimed; "Arthur! you—oh—mother, tell—her—oh—oh too—late—tell——" His form fell back stiff and stark in death with his eyeballs staring into vacancy.

The news of John's death and Arthur's capture by the rebels nearly drove Mrs. Maynard dis-

tracted. Then there came a day when the Christian Commission reported to her that Arthur had died in the terrible prison pen at Andersonville. Then all that life was worth living for seemed to her to have disappeared. Truly her lot was deplorable. But the good little woman did not utterly despond. She bowed her head in submission and murmured:

"Thy will, oh Lord, be done, not mine. I have given both my sons to their country. Now I give myself."

Any person passing through the General Hospital in Washington in 1864 could not help but notice a pale-faced woman going about noislessly ministering to the sick and wounded. It was Mrs. Maynard. Many soldiers had their last moments softened and their thoughts turned in the right direction by this lovely woman nurse.

It was in the fall of 1865. The news of Lee's surrender had reached the hospital. It encouraged the wounded, who then knew that as soon as their condition would warrant they would be sent home, instead of to the field of carnage. It made Mrs. Maynard heartsick to think of her desolate home in Connecticut. The surgeon, who knew her story, was very good to her, and promised to see that she was cared for.

One beautiful morning, just a month after Lee's surrender, a pale, emaciated boy dressed in a tattered soldier's uniform, applied to the hospital for admittance. Although most of the sick and convalescent had been sent home, there still remained a few to be cared for. The boy was given a cot in Ward A. The following morning he was raving with fever and for two weeks was out of his head. Mrs. Maynard, passing through Ward A one morning, stopped at the boy's cot, and laid her hand gently on his forehead. There seemed to be a subtle influence in the touch, for the youth lay quiet for a long time. She let her eyes rest on his pale face, and noticed his sunken cheeks, the drawn flesh and the sharpened nose, all evidences to her experienced eyes of terrible suffering. There seemed something familiar in the contour of his features. Many times before had she tried to draw a likeness between some sick boy and her own Arthur, but the resemblance which seemed so real at times, had so far failed in all cases.

The sun was just setting, illuminating a pile of jagged-edged clouds which hung above the hills. Mrs. Maynard sat with her face turned toward the window. Her thoughts went back to just such a scene, when the distant clouds put on much the same hue. Tears suffused her eyes. It was all she could do to restrain her feelings and not sob aloud.

"Mother!" The words were faintly spoken. Mrs. Maynard turned her head and looked at the boy, while the pupils of her eyes dilated. He lay with his eyes open, pensively regarding her, while his breath came soft and faint. Mrs. Maynard gently stroked the boy's hair.

"Mother!" he uttered in plaintive tones. "Where am I? Is this Heaven?"

Something in the tones of the boy's voice caused her to bend over him and gaze directly into his glassy-looking eyes. What she discovered there nearly caused her heart to stop beating. It was her boy, her Arthur, returned to her in this manner, and Arthur recognized his mother.

"Dear mother," he said, in feeble tones, "am I home again?"

"Yes, my dear boy, yes; but you have been very sick and must not talk."

The sick in the ward wondered the next day what had come over their pretty nurse to cause her to go about singing so joyously but softly.

As soon as Arthur could converse without danger to himself, he told his story. He had recovered from his wound in the rebel hospital and was put in the prison pen at Andersonville, from which he afterward escaped. He made his way finally into the western mountains of North Carolina. He was kept in hiding by Union men who changed from place to place in the hills as danger threatened them. When the news was received that General Lee had surrendered, and Jeff. Davis had been captured, it was a long time before the loyal men would believe it. At last the news was confirmed, and the North Carolinians separated for their homes. Arthur went to Nashville to Military Headquarters, but found upon arriving there that there was no provision for transportation, and the poor, emaciated boy, weak and nearly worn out from his long imprisonment and exposure in the mountains, was obliged to beg his way to Washington, and was admitted to the hospital as the reader already knows.

Mrs. Maynard was only one out of hundreds of heroic mothers who passed through some like experience.—(Stephen F. Blanding.

NIP AND TUCK FOR LIFE.

ANOTHER STORY OF ADVENTURE AMONG THE BUSHWHACKERS—CHASED BY A LEGION OF FIENDS INCARNATE—A YOUNG WOMAN'S MISTAKEN ACT.

Skaneateles, N. Y., July 30.—Readers of war history are familiar with Sherman's Atlanta campaign, which led to the capture and burning of that city, and subsequently to the famous march to the sea. I was with this army under Sherman in the Atlanta campaign in the early summer of 1864. After passing Kingston, Ga., my old complaint of malarial fever, accompanied with the "shakes," came back on me with a vengeance. One morning I found myself too weak to walk or stand up. The army was marching right along every day, and I was left behind, lying alone in the woods, too sick to move. I lay there all one day and night. The following day I managed to crawl back to Kingston, although with the greatest difficulty, and found there an army hospital, where I was taken in. By the aid of a good diet and liberal doses of quinine I was soon able to perform duty again, and was put to work as hospital nurse to the wounded soldiers who came pouring in from the front.

Not liking this employment, I applied to the commander of the post to be sent back to my regiment. I was, however, detailed for service in the United States Telegraph Corps at Kingston, and I reported for duty to the operator there. I

worked as batteryman at first, and afterward as a repairer (now known as lineman). Subsequently I became an operator, and upon the abandonment if the railroad between Dalton and Atlanta, Ga., I was sent to Springfield, Tenn. This town, eighteen miles northeast from Nashville, was held by the Government to keep open the railroad running to Clarksville, Tenn., another garrisoned town.

RUFFIANS EVERY INCH.

The whole country was infested with marauding bands of guerillas, or "bushwhackers." They formed no part of the Confederate army. Where they came from no one knew. It was supposed they were natives, deserters from the rebel army, who lived in Robertson County, and who every few days mounted their horses, and armed with shotguns and old infantry muskets, started out on a raid. Whoever they were, they were a most ruffianly, merciless set of desperadoes and outlaws in the truest sense of the word; a meaner and more despicable set of men never lived. They were land-pirates, who gave no quarter. They slaughtered without mercy any one who was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. Any man found outside the Union lines in the service of the United States as a soldier or laborer, any man caught with Uncle Sam's clothing on, was considered "the enemy," and their natural prey. Every man taken prisoner by the cut-throats was either hanged or shot. Any man who resisted or fought back by shooting one or two of them, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, when overcome would be tortured with knife-cuts, and then hanged until he died by slow strangulation. The bushwhackers also amused themselves by cutting the telegraph wires and tearing up the railroad between Springfield and Nashville occasionally, or between Springfield and Clarksville. Hardly a week passed by without some depredation of this kind.

The fall and winter of 1884 I was on duty as a repairer at Springfield, with two assistants, citizens of the town. As soon as the wires were cut it was our duty to repair them at once. We would mount horses, and armed only with a revolver apiece, would start out, hunt for the break, splice the wire and return, frequently having a skirmish with the "bushwhackers," and exchanging shots, doing more or less damage.

One day, in a skirmish of this kind, one of our party of three had his horse shot under him, and he was obliged to dismount. The guerillas were ten to our one, and we could do nothing toward saving our comrade, or anything better than to save ourselves. The poor man was found the next day hanged to a tree, his body riddled with bullets.

Once the "gang," as we called them, amused themselves by surrounding a section boss and his men who were working on the track. They were all civilians—not soldiers—but one poor Irishman was unfortunate enough to be wearing an army belt with the letters "U. S." on the brass plate in front. This so exasperated the leader or "captain" of the guerillas that, walking down the line and observing it, he raised his gun and shot the poor fellow dead on the spot. The trackmen were all unarmed and could offer no resistance. This deed was simply the promptings of the devilish nature of the "bushwhacker" and his hatred of anything with "U. S." on it.

SCOUTING FOR A BREAK.

One day the operator had gone to Nashville and all the linemen were out hunting a break to the north of Springfield. I had charge of the office. I was receiving a message from Nashville, when the circuit was suddenly broken, and there was left only a dead wire to work on. I was cut off from communication in every direction. This was a state of affairs I could not allow to continue longer than absolutely necessary. So there was nothing left for me to do except to shut up the office, find a horse, start off to find the break, mend it and return. This time I had to go alone. It was a risky business. I might never return alive, and the chances were that I would not. But I had no thought of neglecting a plain duty. "Telegraphic communication with Nashville must be kept up at all hazards, and all breaks repaired as soon as possible." Those were our standing instructions, which had to be obeyed, if it cost any number of lives.

I went over to the quartermaster and procured the best horse in the stable. Armed with a Colt's revolver, I mounted and started off down the turnpike, which ran parallel with the railroad.

I had proceeded about six miles without finding a break. Ahead of me was an old blacksmith shop surrounded by a thick piece of timber and underbrush, which completely hid the railroad at this point—not fifty yards away. I started to approach this blacksmith shop with the purpose of asking the old negro who worked there if he had seen any "bushwhackers" lately or knew where the wires were cut.

A NUT TOO HARD TO CRACK.

Just at this moment I heard a train approaching from Nashville, and suddenly a sharp, short whistle from the locomotive. The engineer had whistled for "down brakes," and repeated the signal once, twice, thrice. But the train could not be stopped in time to save it. It plunged off the track and into the ditch. Then followed the "rebel yell" and a volley of musketry which was kept up for several minutes.

The track had been torn up by the "gang" of pirates, who, grown bolder with increasing numbers, had concluded they ought to capture a train. This was their first attempt, and it would have been a big success for them, for the cars were loaded with army stores, provisions, and the mail. Ambushed in this thick clump of bushes by the blacksmith shop they had quietly waited for the train, having cut the wires and torn up the track. They expected an easy victory, but the train guard was too much for them.

Bravely standing up, the guard returned the fire of the guerillas with fatal effect, and was about to jump off the train and charge when the guerillas ran for the road and their horses.

A SPRINT FOR ALL HE WAS WORTH.

All this happened in much less time than it has taken me to write it. I had been sitting

quietly on my horse in front of the blacksmith shop, possibly 100 yards from the firing, and had scarcely realized the situation, when the whole gang of devils came out on the road right in front of me. Only one thing saved me then from instant death, and that was the fact that they had all fired the last shot in their guns at the train and had no time to reload. One or two of them had revolvers; they fired at me, but their bullets went wide of the mark. I heard them whiz harmlessly by me.

I turned my horse and started on a two-minute gait toward Springfield with the whole pack at my heels, yelling, "Halt, halt, halt, you d—— Yankee; halt and surrender!" I had no fear of their shooting me. I knew it was merely a question of horseflesh. They hoped to run up alongside of me and knock me off my horse with a blow from their guns, or catch hold of me and pull me off. They might possibly have done this had they caught up with me, but I had my revolver in my hand, ready for just such an emergency. My horse outran theirs, however, else I would not be here to-day to tell the story.

They knew well who I was, having a particular grudge scored up against me. They had sent me written epistles ornamented with skulls and crossbones, coffins, etc., warning me "that if they ever caught up with me outside the lines, I had better say my prars, as I would surely hang." This was a grand chance for them to hang a full-blooded Yankee whom they had good cause to hate, and the race down that road was pandemonium let loose for a few critical and exciting moments. But my horse carried me safely, and I was soon at a safe distance from the furious and baffled gang. I did not hang, I am happy to say, although much nearer to that fate than any man can be with any satisfaction.

Nothing happened worthy of note after this until the assassination of President Lincoln. The news was flashed over the wires one April day. Of course so exciting and sad an event as this set everybody talking about it. I remember well how pleased some of the citizens of that town of Springfield, Tenn., were over the death of Lincoln. In Nashville, we heard, the indignant soldiers shot down in the streets men who were heard to express their gratification and delight over the terrible event.

In Springfield a young lady—the belle of the town—came out and asked what the news was. Upon being told Lincoln was assassinated she clapped her hands with joy, exclaiming, "Oh, how glad I am that old beast is killed." These words were reported to the commander of the post, who ordered the young lady brought to his headquarters. Then she reiterated her sentiments; thereupon the colonel ordered out a guard of negro soldiers and marched her around the square at the point of the bayonet, with the drum and fife playing "Rogue's March." She felt this degradation keenly, but walked with firm step and flashing eye, her face as pale as death. She probably lived long enough to regret her words and change her mind in regard to Lincoln. The whole South soon came to realize that they had lost their best friend.—(C. H. Goodrich.

SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 177.

COMPELLED TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO SONS.

A STORY FROM THE RECORD OF THE BRAVE 184TH PENNSYLVANIA.

Thomasville, N. C., Jan. 24.—While the 184th Pennsylvania Infantry was organizing at Harrisburg a lieutenant came to camp in March or April, 1864, with twenty-five young recruits to be mustered into service. The mustering officer recognized two handsome boys, twin brothers, as the sons of Mrs. Keys, a widow residing at Milesburg, near his home. He objected to them on the grounds that they were under age and running away from home. The boys and the lieutenant earnestly claimed that the mother had given her consent. They were bright, intelligent boys, and greatly admired by the people surrounding their home. The eager expression of their faces showed how strong was their desire to fight for their country.

The Army of the Potomac was then grappling in a terrific death-struggle with the enemy in the numerous battles of the Wilderness. Regiments, brigades and even divisions were being annihilated; and the burning forests were vast funeral pyres of the dead and wounded. The stern determination of Grant to keep hammering at Lee, to fight, and fight continually, until his foe was "worn out by attrition," required reinforcements by tens of thousands to take the place of his wounded and dead. Without time for completion of a regimental organization, seven companies of the 184th, numbering 500 officers and men, were hurried to the front and marched at a quickstep into battle, in the swamps of the Tolopotomy, on the 29th day of May. All of the officers and many of the men were veteran soldiers; but there were many young men in the ranks, who then for the first time faced the foe, experienced the suffocating smell of burning woods and sulphurous powder-smoke, and saw the ground strewn with dead. Yet as to how bravely they fought and how nobly they fell, no higher praise can be given than that recorded by Bates, the historian of the Pennsylvania troops:

"Out of 500 men who stood upon the banks of the Tolopotomy on the 29th day of May, 350, including twelve officers, had been either killed, wounded or taken prisoners in a period of twenty-five days. A loss unprecedented."

The historian should also have added to their honor "and the division to which they were attached, during that twenty-five days, never retreated from a battle nor yielded back a foot of ground they had won from the enemy."

A MOTHER'S APPEAL TO LINCOLN.

On the 14th day of May the great audience chamber of the White House was filled with men and women, seeking interviews with President Lincoln. As Mr. Lincoln passed down the line, speaking in low tones to each in turn, he came to a tall and stately woman dressed in the black garb of mourning, and asked her in his kind and

tender way, "Mother, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Lincoln, I am Mrs. Keys, of Milesburg, Pennsylvania. I have two sons, twin brothers, only nineteen years old, and both have run away and joined the army. I beg you to send them home to me."

"Mrs. Keys, I am sorry your boys have enlisted without your consent. Still, you should be proud of them. Such patriotic young men are now the hope of the country. Look about you in this room. Most here are mothers appealing to me to give back their sons. Day after day, others have been here on the same mission until it seems to me they make a multitude almost as large as our army. The generals insist that to save the Union I must deny their appeals. Refusing their petitions, how can I grant yours?"

"Oh! Mr. Lincoln, I am a feeble old widow. These boys are all I have to comfort me the rest of my days. If they should be killed I will be left alone in the world."

The President stood a little while in silence. He then wrote a few lines upon a small strip of paper and told Mrs. Keys to take it to Mr. Stanton. Looking up to his face through a mist of tears, she clasped his hand, said "God bless you," and then hurried, with a smiling, happy face, to the War Department, and gave the paper to the Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton, upon reading it, asked the name of her son.

"Why, Mr. Stanton, it is not one—I have two boys I want back again."

Mr. Stanton asked her to state the conversation she had with the President. He then kindly told her that Mr. Lincoln had meant to give her a choice; that he had denied the appeals of thousands of mothers for their sons, and in giving her one of her boys he had made a great exception in her favor, as probably over 100,000 soldiers in the army were under twenty-one years of age; that this was all, as a good and loyal woman, she should expect, and she must make a choice between her sons.

What a heart-agonizing trial it was to that mother's love! After a bitter struggle, she chose the one named Robert, as he was not so strong and able to bear hardships and exposure as Irvin.

The Secretary of War promised that the order for his discharge should be sent to the army without delay, and advised her to go home and expect to see her boy in a few days.

OH, THE HORROR OF IT!

By daybreak on the 3d of June the Army of the Potomac had completed the formation of the battle-line at Cold Harbor. As the sun rose and for a brief space of time sparkled on the bayonets of that long, sinuous line of dark blue, with bright flags waving in the morning breeze, it made a beautiful picture. But it was only for a moment. The cannon thundered from every hilltop, and shrieking, hissing shot and shell came hurtling through the air.

The long line moved forward with a measured tread, then faster and faster, with cheers which swelled in volume as the voice of a deep and mighty storm-lashed sea beating upon a rock-bound coast. Onward it charged—over hills, through patches of woodland and swampy places, gathering in cannon which had hurled grape and canister, and still onward and upward upon a hill where the foemen were making a stand behind strong entrenchments. Then there came a deafening crash of musketry, which made the ground tremble and swallowed up the thunder of cannon and the cheering of the armies. Then all was still; and when the breeze blew away the thick curtain of powder smoke it showed 10,000 men stretched upon the field writhing, dying and dead.

The 184th Pennsylvania were the charging front of the Second Brigade, Second Division, Second (Hancock's) Corps. Out of 440 of the officers and men who stood in line on the banks of the Tolopotomy only three days before, 180 were a part of the 10,000 men stretched upon that battlefield. As the smoke cleared away, and the contending armies were breathing and crouching like savage tigers, preparatory to another mighty death struggle, a trooper rode swiftly across the hill, checked his foaming horse at the line of the Second Brigade and handed the Adjutant of the 184th a folded paper, which read as follows:

War Department,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Special Orders, Washington, May 14, 1864.
No. 177. (Extract.)

. . . . . .

53. By direction of the President, Private Robert L. Keys, a recruit for the 184th Pennsylvania Volunteers, now with that regiment, will be discharged the service of the United States upon producing satisfactory evidence to the commanding officer of the department in which he may be serving of his having refunded all bounties (United States, States and local) which he may have received, and expenses incurred in his enlistment.

. . . . . .

By order of the Secretary of War,
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

(Official.)
E. D. Townsend,
Assistant Adjutant-General,
Army of the Potomac.

That handsome boy, a mother's choice, lay first in the foremost line—dead. The twin brother was carried back with an arm shattered and mangled by a shell. It was a hard and melancholy task to write to that waiting mother, who no doubt heard the roar of the train speeding up through the valley, and stood upon the threshold of his childhood's home to embrace and welcome her boy—and who, instead of receiving him, received the message of death, and the poor, maimed and slighted son who died in her arms a few months later from his wounds.

REVENGE.

With courage unabated by the bloody check they had received, the Federal troops threw up breastworks to hold the ground they had wrested from the Confederates; and the narrow strip of land in front of the Second Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps, only forty-three yards wide between the opposing armies, for eight days and nights kept the forces on both sides constantly on the alert. By day the rifles of the sharpshooters kept up a nervous and spiteful fire, and by night the earth and sky were lit up by the flash of cannon, howitzers and mortars.

On the 4th, at midnight, the debatable ground

was filled with Federal soldiers silently gathering the wounded, who had lain so many hours without food or water beneath a burning sun. Suddenly the soldiers leaped within the lines, and following after them came charging columns of the Confederates. Then a fire rolled out at them as if the very heavens were ablaze, and the crash of musketry along the front of the Second Corps aroused from sleep the long line to the right and the faraway camps of the reserves and army trains. The columns in gray were hurled back to their works. The night winds far and wide bore the exulting cheers of Hancock's men, who rejoiced to know that the enemy had received a taste of the bitterness they had so often experienced themselves. Daylight showed the narrow strip between the lines more thickly strewn than ever with soldiers, but this time they were in gray.

WHAT WAS GOD'S PLAN?

Then the hearts of the soldiers seemed to grow more hard, obdurate and cruel, and for days the sharpshooting was prosecuted murderously at everything which moved on either side—not sparing even the wounded between the lines. This made more places vacant in households both North and South, deciding nothing for the right, or for liberty, justice and true religion. It proved, however, that the most cruel of all wars is the one between people of the same tongue and ancestry.

Thus for eight days and nights the opposing armies literally besieged each other.

At last an officer came down the line bearing a white flag—a truce to gather in the wounded and bury the dead. Powder-begrimed but tender-feeling soldiers bore back the twin brother—a mother's choice—and buried him beneath the shade of a spreading oak. Beside him they laid sixty-six of his comrades in the 184th Pennsylvania, and carried 113 back to the field hospitals. In these hospitals many died, while others were able to reach home and friends, where loving hands soothed their feverish wounds, and where at last they were laid to slumber beside generations of their kindred.

In God's great plan of creation the sunshine warms and the rain waters the earth, so that it may bring forth flowers, fruits and golden grain. Could it be but a part of that plan for the blood of the hundreds of thousands of men which crimsoned the soil of the South to become germs of true chivalry, to take root and produce a harvest of patriotism, loyalty and honor that would do all things and endure all things for their mother country, and, like the noble youths from whom they sprung, if needs be, die for her?

THE 184TH ANNIHILATED.

General Lee, to whom history must accord greatness as a leader fighting on the defensive, clung closely to his entrenchments, gave up all hope of driving the Federals back, and refused to come out and fight on open ground. Grant, after nine days more of striving to find a weak place in the enemy's lines, and after losing thousands of men in vain assaults, decided to move across the James and strike Richmond from the south.

In the series of hard-fought battles around Petersburg, from the 12th to the 22d of June, the seven companies of the 184th Pennsylvania participated, losing one-fifth of their number in killed and wounded. On the 22d of June, at 3 a. m., what was left of the Second Brigade, including this regiment, was ordered forward to take an advanced position. In the movement a number of Confederates were captured while asleep in the rifle-pits. The enemy began a rapid and heavy fire, showing superior force, and the brigade, halting in the edge of a wood, tore down an old fence, and with the rails and earth constructed light breastworks. When it became light enough to see they discovered in front of them two large redoubts armed with heavy siege guns, and connected by high breastworks, with blockhouses on the right, fitted with portholes for sharpshooters. On the left of the Second Brigade there were no troops connecting with them, nor works to protect their flank.

"Greeley's History of the American Conflict" speaks of Hill's forces "striking them in the flank, rolling them up and forcing them back with the loss of four guns and many prisoners." This goes hardly far enough to be fair, because the Federal brigade repelled three charges of the enemy during the day. They sent word back to their division commander repeatedly of their perilous position, and the noise of the cannon and musketry was surely additional warning that the little brigade was being hard pressed. Had their old leader, Hancock, been there instead of being disabled by wounds the day might have had a brighter ending. An hour before sunset, while resisting and repelling a furious charge in their front, their flank was gained by a division of Hill's corps, which captured four guns and 1,500 men of the Second Brigade. Of the 184th Pennsylvania fifty-two were killed and wounded and 120 were taken prisoners out of 212 officers and men engaged. Ninety out of the 120 died from starvation and inhuman treatment in Southern prison pens.

A few minutes after the destruction of the brigade the Second Corps charged upon the enemy, driving them back and recovering the dead and wounded: but too late to rescue the prisoners.

After lying all night upon a hill back of Petersburg, near the headquarters of General Lee, the prisoners were marched to the Appomattox, where their names, etc., were enrolled. They were then sent to Richmond. After hours of standing in the hot sun, they were paraded through the principal streets of the city, past the Capitol and President's mansion to revive the despairing spirits of the citizens. A Richmond paper of June 24 contained an article glorifying the victory and replete with abuse of the prisoners, "who, with their high topboots, cocked hats, flowing sashes and poodle side-whiskers, were the most desperate cut-throat looking Yankees, the vilest lot unhung, or that was ever brought into Richmond, etc." The prisoners probably brought this criticism upon themselves; because, learning that Winder and his staff intended to make an exhibition of them, they assumed an important swagger to suit the occasion.

After a brief imprisonment at Libby, the officers, 128 in number, were started southward for the stockade prison in old Camp Oglethorpe, near Macon, Georgia. Because of the destruction of the railroad, they were taken to Lynchburg and thence across country to Danville. While they were marching through Lynchburg an old Confederate mother, dressed in black, tall and stately like Mrs. Keys, came out and stood upon the high porch of her cottage, above the prisoners, with hands clenched and raised to heaven as if preparing to call the vengeance of God upon their heads. Instead of scoffing her attitude, to the wonderment of the Confederate guards, hats were instantly taken off by the prisoners as they marched by in profound silence. To those who knew of the fatal delay of Special Orders No. 177, the sympathy for the mourning Confederate mother was as deep as it was for that old Union mother who had made a choice and yet had to sacrifice all that was dear to her in the cause of her country.

Could these two mothers, and all the mothers, North and South, who lost sons in the war, have met and told each other their sorrows, they could have buried more deeply in oblivion all sectional hate and made more perfect harmony and more abiding love between the warring States than all the lawmakers and wise men of the earth.—(Sidney T. Mufly, Adjutant 184th Penn. Inf.

FIRST DASH AT PETERSBURG.

BUTLER'S GUNBOATS RUN AGROUND.

GILMORE ATTACKS AND KAUTZ ENTERS THE CITY—A LIVELY DAY FOR THE CITY.

In the early part of June, 1864, General Benjamin F. Butler, then in command of the Army of the James, with headquarters at City Point, conceived the idea of seizing the City of Petersburg and destroying the railroad bridge spanning the Appomattox River at that point, thereby cutting off the city's communications with Richmond. He planned to take his gunboats up the river and attack the city from the east, while General J. Q. A. Gillmore, with 4,000 men, was to invest it on the northern side. General Kautz, with his division of cavalry, was to assail from the south.

Since coming in from the south-side raid, Kautz had been lying near Point of Rocks, just above Bermuda Hundred. On the 8th of the month he received orders to move on the coveted city; and rations of hardtack, coffee and sugar were at once issued to his men. About one o'clock on Thursday morning, the 9th, the division quietly vaulted into the saddle, and, riding down the Appomattox, safely crossed on pontoons about eight miles below the city. A halt was then made. Again at early daybreak, without feeding horses or making coffee, the division resumed the march, the 11th Pennsylvania in the advance. In due season the Jerusalem plank road on the south of the city was reached. Taking this road, the division cautiously began to advance toward the town.

Meanwhile Butler, with his gunboats, moved up the Appomattox River, but found the water very low, and was unable to get within range of the city. Consequently no attack was made from this quarter.

Gillmore, however, more fortunate, managed to reach the northern limit of the city. He was here met by the Confederates, and was stubbornly opposed by a strong force of the enemy, whom he at once engaged warmly.

KAUTZ MAKES A PUSH.

Kautz, hearing the thunder of Gillmore's guns, which were hammering away at the enemy far off toward the north, pressed promptly forward, expecting to take the city by surprise. In this he was doomed to disappointment, because our approach had been accidentally discovered. An alarm had been given by the ringing of bells, and a force of 200 armed citizens, old men and youths, commanded by Major F. H. Archer and Captain William H. Jarvis, had hastened out and taken position in their first line of works, situated a mile and a half outside the city limits.

The 11th Pennsylvania, still in advance, suddenly came upon these works about 11 a. m., and were promptly fired upon by two of the enemy's pickets posted at the front. Instantly several cavalrymen returned their fire, and the two pickets dropped dead, pierced by bullets. Then a heartrending discovery was made. One of the persons shot was a smooth-faced, manly lad, not more than thirteen years of age, while the other was a man at least sixty-five, every hair of whose head was as white as snow. It was a most pitiful sight to see these two, one of whom was far too old and the other far too young for the hard service of army life, thus ruthlessly laid cold in death. The man who fired upon and killed the boy, a personal friend of the writer, shed tears freely when he realized the youthful age of the Confederate picket.

About half of the cavalry had now been dismounted and formed in line of battle in front of the long line of earthworks occupied by the Confederates. A lively but brief engagement now took place. The enemy, with one piece of artillery and musketry, threw quite a heavy fire upon our advancing line of blue, and this proved so severe that the advance was finally checked.

Morton's section of artillery was now ordered into battery. Taking position just in the edge of a wood the section at once opened fire upon the foe. They, however, withstood this nobly, and with their artillery spiritedly answered our own, getting our range at once most admirably. Their first two shots struck directly in front of our second piece, throwing gravel all over the gunners, while the third passed just overhead, trimming a shower of branches from the trees.

The cavalry, which had been again pushed forward, soon turned the enemy's flank and managed to get inside their works. Here a desperate and almost hand-to-hand fight of short duration took place, the foe in the end being repulsed and put to flight, leaving nearly half their number either killed, wounded or prisoners in our hands. Their killed, eleven in number, all citizens, were Henry A. Banks, W. C. Banister, J. W. Bellingham, J. Crowder, William Daniel, John E. Friend, W. H. Hardee, Wayles Hurt, Guy G. Johnson, George B. Jones and G. Staubley. One of the prisoners captured was the redoubtable Anthony M. Keiley, afterwards Mayor of Richmond, and more recent of ministerial fame; the same person appointed by President Cleveland as ambassador to two different foreign countries, both of which refused to accept him. The exact Union loss in this engagement I do not remember, but it was not heavy. Of the 11th Pennsylvania, however, four men were killed, one of whom was 1st Sergeant Lamb, of Company F, a most noble young fellow. We also captured the enemy's piece of artillery, which some of the men immediately seized and turned upon its former possessors. Strange to say, before they got it to working a shell fired at us from a battery posted in the city struck and rendered the gun useless.

The delay caused by this fight enabled Dearing's cavalry and Sturdivant's and Graham's batteries to be brought up and placed in position in our front, just within the city limits.

PREPARATIONS TO STORM.

As soon as the fight was over the dismounted

men vaulted into the saddle, and again the division pressed on toward the city in pursuit of the foe. When the artillery came to limber up it was found that the recoil of the second gun while firing had broken its axle; consequently one of the wheels had to be locked to keep it in place, and in this disabled condition the section started on, bringing up the rear of the division. Near where the engagement took place resided the Hon. Timothy Rives, an ex-member of Congress, who, it was claimed by some, was a stanch Union man. He was captured by our men and taken along in order to guide us by the shortest route through the town to the Appomattox Bridge, which we were most anxious to destroy. A ride of a mile and a half brought the division to the city limits. Filing over a bridge which here spanned a small creek, we entered one of the streets of Petersburg, the head of the column reaching to the foot of a hill, on which the reservoir was situated. It was on this hill that the reserve Confederate force had taken position; and here, joined by those who had been driven in, they now opened a light fire upon us bluecoats.

Captain Gerald Reynolds, Company M, of the 11th Pennsylvania, at once called for a score of volunteers to lead in a charge about to be made. These were quickly secured. Among the brave men who responded I call to mind 1st Sergeant Irvin Bacon, 2d Sergeant N. W. Ward, Sergeant D. C. Sheckler, Corporal John Q. Rathburn and Private John M. Taylor. Formed in line for the charge, the 11th Pennsylvania moved promptly forward up the hill, the 30th New-York at the same time advancing on the left, while the 1st D. C., with the 5th Pennsylvania and artillery, were held in reserve.

Just at this juncture one of the enemy's batteries, masked in a grove on the hill to our right, suddenly opened with a most terrific fire upon the assaulting column. On, however, pressed the line of blue undaunted, the storm of deadly missiles flying thickly about them through the air. But now a most unexpected incident occurred.

A SURPRISE.

General Gillmore, unfortunately meeting with considerable resistance, and thinking the city too strongly fortified to be captured, had abandoned the enterprise and fallen back. Then Breckinridge's infantry, which had engaged him all the morning, was at once hurried from the north to the south of the city to confront Kautz. This force most unexpectedly now moved down upon our assaulting line, pouring upon it a very severe fire of musketry, which, with that of the artillery, completely checked our advance.

Colonel Spear at once realized that the division was greatly outnumbered and held at considerable disadvantage. Therefore, to save life, he was about to order the line to fall back, when the same word was received from General Kautz, and, of course, immediately complied with, although all were most unwilling to abandon the enterprise. No sooner had the advance wheeled about, in order to retire, than the foe renewed their energy and redoubled their fire, throwing the line into confusion and driving it pell mell down the road. Colonel Spear, Captain Reynolds and sergeants Ward and Rickards were the last to withdraw.

THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

Once the advance had begun to fall back, the whole division took to its heels, and at a break-neck pace galloped to the rear, each man doing his best to distance all others in the wild race. Morton's section of artillery was the last to enter the city, and as it filed across the creek obliqued to the left, entering a deep cut by the roadside. The cavalry in its wild dash to the rear choked up the road to such an extent that the artillerymen were forced to remain inactive until the road was cleared before moving. This accomplished, however, they were then ordered to get back the best way they could.

Lamont Saunders, the driver of the leading team of the second piece, on account of the limited space in which it was standing, now requested one of the sergeants to unlock the locked wheel. The sergeant demurred, but Saunders insisted; consequently Corporal Thornton complied with the request. Then wheeling about the drivers, Saunders, Tuttle, Marten, and Smith, lashed their teams into a wild gallop and skipped off up the hill at a tremendous pace. Soon off went both wheels and down went the gun. Notwithstanding this, on dashed the reckless drivers, dragging the powder begrimed nose of the gun in the sacred Confederate dust.

The first gun squad, which in the advance was ahead, now wheeled and the drivers, McCall, Daily, Merehew and Grier, too, lashed their horses into a run and started off up the hill in hot pursuit of the second piece. Shot, shell, grape and canister, were flying thickly about, and before they had proceeded far a charge of the latter was hurled upon them, killing and disabling seven of their eight horses. Some of the animals in their fall tumbled into a deep ditch by the roadside, dismounting the men most unceremoniously. For a moment considerable confusion prevailed among the gun squad. Then Merehew, whose riding horse was unharmed, went to work cutting it loose in order to continue the flight, while another dashing fellow, Corporal Squire Lee, with an axe and file, deliberately spiked the gun, which could be taken no further, rendering it useless for the present at least.

By this time the foe was in hot pursuit and near at hand, and as three of the drivers were dismounted it became necessary, in order to escape capture, that they should double up with some of their comrades, or, in other words, two men ride one horse. Consequently Merehew took on Daily, Secord a gunner, Grier, while Sergeant Andrew Shafer called on McCall to mount on behind him, which invitation he, of course, readily complied with. As McCall vaulted on to the horse Shafer partially raised himself out of the saddle, when the former slipped into it, crowding the sergeant over on to the horse's neck, in which condition they rode for about a mile as fast as the animal could carry them. McCall, seated in the saddle, rode with the greatest of ease,

while Shafer, astride the horse's neck, was forced to hang on tenaciously for dear life. Although the occasion was quite a serious one, yet a most hearty laugh did their comrades have at the ridiculous figure which they cut.

Once out of range, Saunders, of the second piece, reined in his team, causing a halt. Then dismounting and calling on his fellow-drivers to do the same, he set determinedly to work to sling the disabled gun under the limber. The gunners gave their assistance, and soon this was accomplished. Then remounting, they again galloped on after the flying cavalry.

KAUTZ SHOWS HIS TEETH.

A mile outside of the city limit the division, in response to the call of its leaders, came to a halt and formed in line of battle. It was rather expected that the enemy would continue to pursue in force, and Kautz determined, should such be the case, to again try the issue with them. However, on seeing the division rallied and reformed, the Confederates halted and then fell back to the shelter of their artillery, posted on the opposite hills from our new position. That left us with no other alternative except to start on the return to Point of Rocks. At once the return march was begun, and after a long, weary ride the column reached the old camp about 2 o'clock the next morning, the 10th, having been almost constantly in the saddle and in line of battle for over twenty-four hours.

Thus failed a finely conceived plan to capture Petersburg. The cause of the failure lay principally with the checking of the advance of General Gillmore, who, many think, under the circumstances, should have continued the fight as long as it was possible, or until he was satisfied that Kautz had abandoned the undertaking. However, Gillmore was a good commander, and that he should have erred at times was only human.

That very night several thousand Confederate troops were transferred from Richmond to Petersburg, and the place was strongly garrisoned. Then for ten months and until April, 1865, was carried on the siege of that city, which only succumbed when completely reduced by the very hardest of fighting, as thousands of old veterans can attest to-day.

JIMMY BARRON'S WHALE.

Corry, Penn., Oct. 24.—About the 1st of October, 1861, the United States ship Valley City, on which we had embarked some time previous, left the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, N. Y., for Chesapeake Bay, where it remained some time, much longer than we in our eagerness would have had it. We had a brisk little engagement at Aquia Creek, and came away with our foremast split just below the cross-trees. We also had an exchange of attentions with an old side-wheel passenger steamer called the French Lady, which came down the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg with 200 rebel soldiers on board. She intended to board us as we lay at anchor blockading the mouth of the river. But her captain soon concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and she was speedily put about. We followed her and threw shell after shell into her from a Dahlgren gun on our bow. The soldiers on board of her soon discovered the bushes which lined the river to be exceedingly attractive, and most of them jumped overboard and swam ashore.

Not long after this we received orders to go directly to Fort Monroe, and there we lay, not "under the guns of the fort on the hills," but under the guns of the old Union stronghold. It will be remembered that this fort was never in possession of the rebels. It was not long before orders came to prepare for sea. We felt highly elated at the prospect of change of scene, and willing to take the chances off Cape Hatteras, even in our old flat-bottomed scow. It was now understood that ours was one of the many vessels which were to participate in the Burnside expedition to capture Roanoke Islands and other points.

We left Fortress Monroe in the afternoon and made Cape Henry light about dark. A fresh breeze was blowing from the southeast, and we promised ourselves a lively time before morning, which promise was fully verified. Many a vessel of the fleet never rounded Cape Hatteras at all, and their bones still line the coast of North Carolina.

At the end of the fore-yardarm of our vessel, on the starboard side, was a block with a line rove through it, used to lift water over the side to wash decks with. A guard knot had been tied about eight feet from the block on the inside to keep it from unreeving, the weight of the canvas bucket serving the same purpose on the other side. This will be readily understood by any person familiar with the sea.

An Irishman named James Barron, from Lawrence, Mass., who had shipped in New-York as a landsman for three years or the war, was a stout, burly fellow, a weaver by trade, and, of course, uninformed about the sea. Jimmy Barron, as he was familiarly called, was never (as he told the captain) higher from the ground than a horse's back, and the idea of his going aloft was out of the question. Accordingly, he was appointed mess cook. He had to stand watch, however. Eight bells brought Jimmy on deck this night to go to the lookout on the forecastle. It was cold, but he was prepared, having on three pairs of trousers, as many shirts, and what was called a "shammy," made of a Government blanket doubled and quilted, with a hole left for the head, and a skullcap with a cape, used mostly by whalers in the Arctic seas. When Jimmy went to the forecastle the vessel was dancing a lively jig indeed to the music of the waves. The watch on deck heard him say, "The divil a bit will Oi sthand here with the wind a blowin' ov me into the say; Oi'll be afther a tyin' ov the rope aboot meself, sure." He accordingly untied the rope before mentioned from the bucket and made it fast about himself. He must have done this from fear of his own safety or else his guardian angel prompted him, for it was the means of saving his life.

While there was a strong breeze blowing, it

was bright starlight, so that everything which occurred was easily discernible. Every now and then the spray was dashed over the bow and the decks were soon extremely slippery. What was worse, the round shot had left the racks by the guns and were rolling fore and aft. For their own safety, the watch on deck strove to secure them. Just at this crisis the rope which Jimmy had secured about his waist was seen to unreeve through the block on the yardarm as far as the knot. A splash was heard, and the cry "Man overboard!" rang fore and aft. The cry was heard even by some of the men below and they came tumbling up the companion-way. In an instant the rope was manned by twenty strong men, and what was their horror and astonishment to see hanging to the line and flapping about an enormous fish, about seven feet in length. To man the brace and haul the yard inboard was the work of a second. It was done none too soon. The shark, as it proved to be, broke loose and fell with a heavy thud upon the deck. The crew stood as if dazed, gazing up at Jimmy hanging just below the block, when they were startled by the exclamation:

"Where am Oi now? Sure, an' is it in purgatory Oi am?"

This brought the men to their senses: and the boatswain's mate took hold of the rope to lower Jimmy to the deck; but seeing him all right, he thought he would have a little fun with him.

"Who are you?" said the mate.

"I'm Jimmy Barron, yer honor."

"Where are you from?"

"From Lawrence, Mass., but Oi was lost at say an' swallid by a whale an thin dhround, yer honor."

"How came you to be hung?"

"Holy Mether of Mosis! Is it hung Oi was as well as being dhround an made bait ov fer whales, an' all fer the wan little offince ov kickin' the head off ov Pat Maloney at McGinniss's raffle? Forgive me sins, O——"

The crew could stand it no longer, and with one accord they shouted, cheered and roared with laughter. Jimmy was safely lowered and his "shammy" pulled away from his eyes. As a light was held up, he gazed about in wonder for a moment, then it seemed to dawn on his mind that he was still in this world. The expression of wonder and bewilderment which flitted across his face was comical in the extreme. When he was shown the whale that had tried to swallow him he turned deathly pale, but soon recovered, with the remark: "Begorra, Oi have wan satisfaction annyway; Oi'm as big a mon now as Jonah, an' me name, loike his, will be handed down in hishtory, sure." Jimmy was good-natured, as his people usually are, and soon entered into the fun as heartily as any of us.

The shark's teeth, three of which are still in my possession, were caught in the "shammy" which Jimmy had luckily thrown about him and which saved him from being injured by the shark. If any one wanted to get up a fight on short notice after that, he had only to mention "McGinniss's raffle."—(John Cary.

"RED STRINGS" OF CAROLINA.

"THE HEROES OF AMERICA."

AN EXPERIENCE WHICH A BAND OF UNION OFFICERS WILL NEVER FORGET.

Thomasville, N. C., March 4.—A long stretch of mountainous country through the western part of North Carolina known as the Piedmont Region was settled in early colony times by Palatines, or Germans, who fled from the civil wars, religious persecutions and political oppression in the "Vaterland." These plain, unpretentious people incorporated many things into their religious creed. Their social intercourse, their business dealings, man with man, and even their voice and vote in politics were of as great importance to redemption as were their prayers. These pioneers left as a heritage to their offspring an antipathy to slavery and all tyranny, and a strong love for the Republic for which their forefathers endured so much and fought so heroically to establish. The year 1861 found their descendants as primitive in manner and dress as when the forests were being hewed away and the log cabins erected.

When the crisis came, although a majority of the people declared at the polls against the ordinances of secession, their votes were suppressed and a reign of violence, oppression and terror was begun of which the hundredth part will never be told. Andrew Johnson's amnesty proclamation saved from trial and just punishment many of the vilest murderers who ever encumbered the earth, and many inhuman tyrants, to-day standing high in social and political life, who barbarously hanged old gray-haired mothers by the thumbs to force them to reveal the hiding-places of their sons and husbands.

For mutual protection and support the Unionists organized a secret order first known as "The Heroes of America," afterward more popularly called the "Red Strings," on account of the insignia of the order—a red, white and blue cord, but more commonly a red string, worn around the hat, wrist, ankle or somewhere about the clothing. From North Carolina the Red Strings increased to a mighty host, spreading from State to State, and pervading not only the secret councils of the Confederate Government, but the very rank and file of the armies striving to destroy the Republic. Many orders for the arrest and murder of Unionists were frustrated by timely warning from a "Red String." Many old men and young boy conscripts, dressed in brown and gray, were found among the heaps of the slain on battlefields wearing the red string badge of the "Heroes." It would require volumes to explain how many of them aimed their muskets too high or too low, in order that they might not hit the dear old flag or the blue-uniformed soldiers who bore it; the many bloody tragedies, and the "Red Strings" who became martyrs for their country.

A STAMPEDE FOR LIBERTY.

In February, 1865, Sherman's victorious march from Atlanta to the sea forced the Confederates

to remove from a stockade prison at Columbia, S. C., 1,600 Federal officers, captured probably in over a hundred battles, many of them held since the closing campaign of 1863. While Sherman's guns were giving out a continuous roar which echoed over the country to the doomed city, the long line of Federal prisoners were marched out of the stockade between strong lines of guards, and placed in a train of fifteen cars to be taken to the stockade prison at Salisbury. To memory's eye, after even the lapse of twenty-five years, what a weird and fearful picture they made, gaunt, cadaverous and hollow-eyed, their faces fierce with the glare of hungry savages; and their long-worn uniforms rent and hanging in rags. The sullen echoes of those cannons thrilled them with a wild and eager desire to be over there with Sherman, and a passionate wish to fight out the pent-up anger engendered by long weary months and years of brutal treatment, and strike one more blow for their country and a thousand for their fellow-soldiers who had starved to death in prison.

After a run of about 100 miles, over worn out rails, the old rickety engine broke down, and the prisoners were marched to an old field, or pine barren, and camped without shelter in the midst of the storm of rain and sleet. Notwithstanding that they were clothed in rags, their shoes worn out, almost without blankets, and all of them hungry, wet and cold, yet they slept and dreamed all night long that they heard the thunder of Sherman's artillery. When daylight came, hundreds gathered in eager haste on the brow of the hill facing toward the north and home. Glancing at the line of Confederate guards, whose fixed bayonets and loaded muskets glittered in the rising sunlight, they gave one wild cheer, charged across the dead-line and dashed the guards to earth as if they were decayed and brittle corn-stalks left standing from last year's harvest. What cared they for whizzing bullets and the shouts and hurried tramping of the guards? Behind them stood the terrible Salisbury prison. Before them lay "God's Country," where loving friends waited for them—and which after their long agony seemed as Canaan did to the Jews, veritably a land flowing with milk and honey. It is not the purpose of this sketch to relate the history of these escaped prisoners, but only to follow the fortunes of one of them, who met the "Red Strings" and found them brothers.

In the mad charge for freedom (the Southern papers said) "one of the prisoners was killed and seven were wounded." The others broke into small bands, the better to find subsistence and concealment. Four of them, who came from the same valley home in the North, had been among the first to make up the great army and had risen from the ranks, and they now decided to cling together in adversity. Traversing a narrow strip of woodland, they came to a little brook flowing through a meadow. Lying prostrate in its chilling waters, with their faces hidden by the banks, they remained concealed until nightfall and heard the tramp and shots of the Confederate skirmish line in the woods beyond. During the night they travelled long and hard through swamps, brambles and creeping vines to reach a bridge spanning a wide, deep river, before the enemy might think to guard it. With shoes in hand and stealthy tread they crossed the bridge. At the further end they passed a guard, sitting there, his gun between his knees and his face resting in his hands, apparently sleeping. This danger passed, the little unarmed band followed the curving road around the base of a high hill and suddenly came within sight of the bright light of a campfire. Like silent, ghostly shadows they disappeared among the trees. A hurried, toilsome climbing of the high hill to avoid this new danger so exhausted one of them that he fell to the ground unable to go further. After much urging, his companions shook his hands in farewell and left him, and while crossing another river in a canoe were recaptured by the enemy's cavalry. These men were Captain R. C. Richards, 45th Pennsylvania, Ontario, N. Y.; Captain Waldo C. Van Valen, 45th Pennsylvania, Fleming, Penn., and Lieutenant J. L. Hastings, 7th Pennsylvania, R. V. C., Salona, Penn. They were shortly afterward exchanged, and going home told an old mother in the far North how they were forced to leave her boy dying in the wilderness.

AT THE HOUSE OF A "RED STRING."

The one who had been left behind, myself, lay he knew not how long, but when he awoke from sleep, or unconsciousness, the setting sun of another day was shining in his face. As the darkness came on again, hunger, loneliness and anxiety spurred him to move onward. He travelled with painful effort about a mile, which to him seemed twenty, and by then had the good fortune to reach the log cabin of a slave, one of the lowly race for whose possession the South had plunged a Nation into a stupendous war.

For days the prisoner lay concealed among the corn-shucks in a barn loft and was tenderly watched over by the slave. With returning strength, the soldier's impatience to move on, even if it were only a few miles nearer home, became almost unbearable. When the black man found he could no longer persuade him to wait, he brought an invitation from a neighboring planter for the prisoner to come and stay with him. When night was far advanced, the slave and his brother, armed with heavy clubs, guided the prisoner along winding paths and through deep thickets, over the high hill where he had fallen exhausted, down past the long bridge and by the river bank to a quaint old house, where he was met by a white-haired gentleman and cordially welcomed. Here he was made better acquainted with the secret order of the "Red Strings," and the fact that this old gentleman was a chief of the clan. On that first night he was the guard at the bridge and had orders to turn back or kill any prisoner who attempted to cross. That night, and many nights when he had been stationed there, he had feigned sleep in order that Union refugees might take heart and push on.

In his hospitable house there were five fellow-

prisoners who had taken part in the desperate charge at the old field camp. To welcome them and supply them with food and clothing came many "Red Strings" with their wives and daughters, who kept well the secret of their hiding-place. The party of six, thus constituted, were Adjutant George O. Wilder, 15th Massachusetts, Holliston, Mass.; Lieutenant Joseph Ruff, 67th Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; Captain Lyman T. Borchers, 67th Pennsylvania, Dyberry, Penn.; Captain James T. Chalfont, 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, Pittsburg; Lieutenant Cyrus P. Heffley, 142d Pennsylvania, Berlin, Penn., and Adjutant Sidney T. Muffly, 184th Pennsylvania, Bellefonte.

Between them and the hosts of Sherman stretched 100 miles of unknown country, broken by mountainous and swamp land and crossed by broad rivers and, too, there marched the sullen and defeated army of the Confederates, while nearer prowled mounted bands of "Wheeler outlaws," over whom their officers had lost control, and who ravaged the country, sparing neither friend nor foe.

A MARCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

Impatient to be gone, the six prisoners, supplied with the signs, grips and whispered passwords of the "Red Strings" and a bountiful supply of food, turned their faces westward with the hope that they could escape into Tennessee. These young men did not hesitate over the dangers they would encounter, although hundreds of miles of an enemy's country lay before them. They knew that besides the risk and suffering of the journey they would at last have to climb the Great Smoky Mountain range and make their way through the lines of vigilant and hostile Cherokee Indians, who were paid a bounty for every capture they made, and perhaps also for every murder they committed. But their courage was unflinching.

The men travelled night after night up the rocky banks of a river, and day after day lay hidden in deep wooded places. Several times they reached "stations," where "Red String" help and advice were freely given. At one place an old miller responded to their hail at midnight and ferried them, one by one, in a little dug-out canoe, across a wide river through noisy, roaring rapids, and past dangerous rocks. At each "station" they were told in whispers the name of the next—sometimes the distance to a "station" was fifteen or twenty miles, and sometimes fifty or a hundred. Great divergence from a direct course had to be made at times to avoid camps and garrisoned towns.

After 170 miles had been traversed in this way a chilling rainstorm came on, and for days and nights raged with unabated fury. The little band encountered mountain brooks which had become raging rivers. Their wet and tattered uniforms clung about them with a coldness which seemed to benumb their very hearts. Their small stock of food became wet and sodden, and in their dire necessity, with aching limbs and eyes dull and heavy for want of sleep, in a scantily timbered place with flint and steel they built a fire rather than perish. The fatal glare of that camp fire on a dark and stormy night was a beacon light to the foe. With the first faint streak of day the morning winds brought to the prisoners' listening ears the deep bay of hounds and the echoing sounds of a huntsman's horn. A little while later they met a terrified slave who warned them that bloodhounds in charge of a party of soldiers were in pursuit of them.

With what exciting pleasure the practised slavers, who had all their lives trained the savage brutes to hunt the black man, now urged the chase for higher game. The prisoners wished no further warning. Wet and cold were forgotten, and excitement sparkled in every eye. They plunged through thickets, waded down streams and dragged cedar boughs behind them to baffle the keen-scented brutes. On they pushed with a strength and endurance begotten of rest and kind treatment among loyal friends. Now they knew that not only the hostile Indians ahead of them would be on the alert, but that, if they baffled the bloodhounds, their pursuers would probably still follow the course they had been taking toward the Great Smoky Mountains. Still dragging the cedar branches they filed off to the left and, making a wide detour, came back to their last camping place and travelled backward on the broad trail of their pursuers. As they diverged again from the trail to a westward course the baying of the hounds and echoes of the horn grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased to be heard. Still they travelled on, and when the pitch-black and stormy night came again they believed that many miles had been placed between them and danger. When they could no longer tell which way they were going they sought shelter and rest in a farmhouse whose tempting light invited them. After drying their uniforms, too weary to want for food, they cast themselves upon the floor before a blazing hearth and slept.

RECAPTURED.

Before day the house was surrounded by a company of soldiers and they were again made prisoners of war—finding out too late that like lost men they had travelled another great circuit and come within the lines of the enemy. They received courteous treatment from the Confederate captain, who extracted only their word of honor to give him no trouble by trying to escape. This was freely given. While breakfast was being prepared the prisoners noticed that many of their captors would frequently stroke their beards with their hands, and some few without beards would stroke their chins. The captives at last, pushing back the locks from their temples, gave the answering sign; and lo! they found these men in Confederate gray were "Red Strings."

Officers and men treated the prisoners with kindness; and had it been in their power they would have saved the prisoners much subsequent suffering at the Salisbury stockade and in other prisons. The many thousands who died in prison from starvation and brutal treatment, at which men high in authority at the Confederate capital must certainly have connived, it is not my purpose to dwell upon. There are volumes now giving the facts of this damnable crime. And the mounds of

dead men's bones at Andersonville, Salisbury and elsewhere attest the truth.

From their captors the prisoners learned that their pursuers had given up the chase and returned to camp, as the bloodhounds, for some strange reason, had been constantly at fault, and could not keep the trail. But finally they had been betrayed by the man with whom they had taken shelter.

The storm rolled away and the sun rose warm and glorious as if to mock the prisoners in their calamity. A few hours' march under guard brought the party to a little mountain town which no Federal soldiers had yet entered, and where the people could only judge of war by the scarcity of luxuries and the vacant places in their homes. To the courthouse, where they were held under guard, the population thronged to see the Yankees. Great was their surprise. Instead of villanous-looking cutthroats, "vile scum," they found beardless young men, or boys, to whom a night's rest and a good breakfast had restored their buoyancy of spirits and a disposition rightly to take a soldier's fortune, come as it might. Many a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked young rebel gave them admiring glances; and all the people vied with the captain and his guards in treating the prisoners with kindness and courtesy.

After being searched and heard before a provost marshal, the prisoners were sent under guard to Charlotte, where they were gratuitously informed by an officer with a star on his collar "that they would not be exchanged, but would be held until the war should close, because of their attempt to escape." The prisoners retorted that "from the present signs the war would end very soon, and, thanks be to God, in the right way—a good and deserved thrashing to the South."

IN A SLAVE PEN.

For two days and nights they were imprisoned at Charlotte in a slave pen, a brick building about sixteen by twenty feet square, with one small window or opening six inches high and two feet wide, fifteen feet from the floor. Around the pen lay scores of cotton bales, torn, scattered and trampled in the mire. Cotton had ceased to be king, and that gloomy slave pen was destined no more to resound with the clanking chains, the sighs and groans of black men torn from their wives and children and doomed to exile and bondage in the miasmatic lowlands of Alabama and Mississippi.

Into this suffocating pen the prisoners were packed with forty of the famous Wheeler outlaws, whom a fellow-feeling for others in durance vile made wondrous kind, for they swept one corner clean and, under guard, brought in cotton and piled it waist deep in order that the newcomers might sleep warm and comfortably. They also refrained from ribald and profane talk, and in homely Southern style told many amusing anecdotes of their adventures.

With gifts of tobacco and corn-bread from the outlaws and good wishes to them in return the six Federal prisoners were then escorted to the Salisbury stockade.

BACK AMONG THE DEAD.

How gloomy that old prison was! The thousands of dead—a magnificent army of 11,700—lay corded many deep in trenches not occupying a half acre of ground. The few thousand living had been paroled under a new cartel and gone home to be nursed back to health by loving kindred. The old tall, windowless factory and the many deserted caves and pits in the soggy ground made a dismal picture. The shattered, scarred and broken trees recalled the terrible 25th of November, when prisoners day by day had been dying from hunger by hundreds, and the poor, miserable, unarmed living made a feeble effort to break through the palisades for food, and when cannons above them, behind them, in front of them, volleyed and thundered and fed poor starving men with iron.

Here, by the arrival of seven more men who had taken part in the mad charge for freedom, the band was increased to thirteen, an ominous number, and the last of the old prisoners of war. The unlucky thirteenth, Major Duval English, of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, had gained the summit of the Great Smoky Mountains, and while gazing down into "the promised land"—Tennessee—was recaptured by Indians, who cut off his gilt buttons and as an even "swap" decorated his coat from collar to tail by closely cut slits tied with buckskin strings.

The near approach of Federal cavalry raiders forced a removal of the prisoners, together with some others lately captured from Sherman's army, to an old tobacco factory in Danville, Va., where some of them had spent the 4th of July the year before. From there on again to Libby Prison, Richmond, the last stronghold. Here through the bars of their prison they watched all the day the long dusty lines of gray marching in full retreat from the Confederate capital.

JOY TOO GREAT FOR WORDS.

In the afternoon of that memorable Sunday—April 2, 1865—the doors of old Libby were thrown open to give freedom to her last lot of captives. The flag-of-truce steamer carried them to Aiken's Landing, and they saw across the river's bend the grand old flag, fire cleansed and purified and waving gloriously in the evening sunlight. The lately captured men (or in prison parlance "the fresh fish") shouted and danced with joy. But the long-time prisoners—the poor "old dried cods"—could not do that. A choking lump came into their throats, and one by one they strayed apart and made a mighty struggle to keep back their tears.

With the fall of Richmond the wires flashed to that old mother in the far North that her boy was still living. And when he hurried to her arms she fell upon his neck and wept, and, like Jacob of old, she cried: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

The reader must bear in mind that it was no light risk which men in the South took upon themselves to join the "Red Strings," and to harbor and befriend Union prisoners. When discovered, they were put to a most degrading death.

That dear old mother has now been peacefully

sleeping for many long years. But in her dying prayers she called to God for his richest blessings upon those Southern people who had saved the life of her son. That son is now growing old, with silvery hairs streaking his head; but while life shall last he will revere, honor and love the loyal "Red Strings."—S. T. Muffly.

FIRST EXPERIENCES AT PETERSBURG.

CAPTIVES ON PICKET DUTY—A DAY OR TWO OF INTENSE STRAIN AND ACTIVITY PRECEDING THE LONG MARCHES AND HARD FIGHTING.

Cottage Grove, Ore., Feb. 10.—Well, here I was on picket, a sergeant in Company H, 5th Wisconsin Infantry. A dark and rainy night, just the time for a boy's mind to wander back to home and his mother, and to picture scenes of happiness and comfort there and wonder how long the cruel war would last. I was called back to the present situation by the challenge of "Down, Yanks, we uns is going to shoot." "Bang!" "Zip!" came a minie ball right over our heads. "To arms and get to the vidette post," was the order. A few more shots were fired, and the cracking of the brush indicated the arrival of a "Johnny" deserter.

"Halt, who comes there?"

"Oh, it is we uns. We'er tired of fighting you'ns. And say, Yanks, have you got any terbacker about your old clothes? I'd like a chaw mighty well."

"All right, Johnny," was the reply, "here's yer backer. Are there any more coming to-night?"

"Wall, yes: there is a right smart lot on 'em that 'llowed to come over, if the guard didn't shoot 'em: but when they holler 'Down, Yanks, we'er going to shoot!' you can cakerlate that they'er going ter shoot deserters and not you'ns."

Our campfire was soon once more blazing high and all was quiet on the Potomac except for the lone sentinel's tread and the patter of the rain on our gum blankets. The night wore on and day dawned at last, and we marched our prisoners to headquarters. That was my initiation on picket in front of Petersburg, Va.

My first battle occurred the next morning after I was released from picket, and took place just as the gray streaks of dawn were breaking the eastern sky. "Boom!" went a cannon down at Fort Sedgwick to our right. I cooked my coffee and bacon; made my tent mate turn out, and we then ate our breakfast. We had just swallowed our last bite when the long roll beat, and we were ready for business. I never before had seen such scrambling and getting into ranks. Some of the men were bareheaded and barefooted.

"Get on your clothes and cartridge boxes, and get your guns," came the command from our orderly sergeant. "You are a pretty looking outfit to go into battle with."

Roll was called. All except one answered "Here." One man was missing: no fight in him.

We marched to our parade-ground, where our band was playing and the flag flying in the breeze. Colonel Allen rode up on his prancing black horse, and said: "Well, boys, we are going to have a little fun to-day I should think, judging from the music they are making down at Fort Hell."

We made quick time to the fort named, passing many a mangled and bleeding comrade. We were drawn up in line of battle as a reserve, and held there until 10 o'clock a. m. There was a general engagement all along the line. "Zip!" "Zip!" how the minie balls whistled: and those horrid shells, how they screamed and moaned! We were held under fire until the battle was won and 700 prisoners were taken.

But, hark! Away to the left a fiercer battle was then raging. "About face; double quick; march!" Back past our camp we flew, halting long enough to get our haversacks, and then rushing on to Fort Fisher. We were drawn up in line behind the breastworks, expecting that they would attack us. On the contrary, however, we had to leave our breastworks and attack them, charging across a cotton field and through a small piece of woods. We came out into the next field, gave a yell, and charged forward. The rebels fell back to the hills. "Steady, boys," commanded Colonel Allen; and our line closed up and rushed on in a double quick to the next belt of timber, where shot and shell were making havoc in the treetops. We were then drawn up in line of battle just at the foot of the hill, our skirmish line being in rifle pits at the brow of the hill.

Our Colonel was placed in command of the brigade and our Lieutenant-Colonel in command of our regiment. The latter came riding up and ordered two companies of our regiment out to the skirmish line. Some of the boys were trying to dodge the minie balls. But our commander said, "There is no use dodging: you are just as apt to dodge in front of a ball as to dodge away from it." Just then a shell came screaming overhead, low down, and our Lieutenant-Colonel ducked his head, whereupon some one shouted, "What makes you dodge, Colonel?" "Oh, you can dodge the big ones," he said. He put spurs to his horse and went down the line bareheaded. How the bullets whistled through the trees! Charge after charge was made upon us, and every time the Johnnies were driven back. We held the situation until darkness came.

We then had orders to fall back to the edge of the woods and throw up breastworks, which we did by straightening logs out in line and digging up dirt with our bayonets and tin plates, being spurred on by the shot and shell. We soon had a trench dug big enough to crawl into, and there, tired and hungry, we lay listening to the mournful cries of the wounded out in front for "water, water." We had no water to give them. At midnight we were given orders to fall back to camp, and there we lay quiet until the battle of Petersburg.

Then came the long, hard, forced marches and hard fighting.—F. E. Miller, Sergeant Company H, 5th Wisconsin Infantry.

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